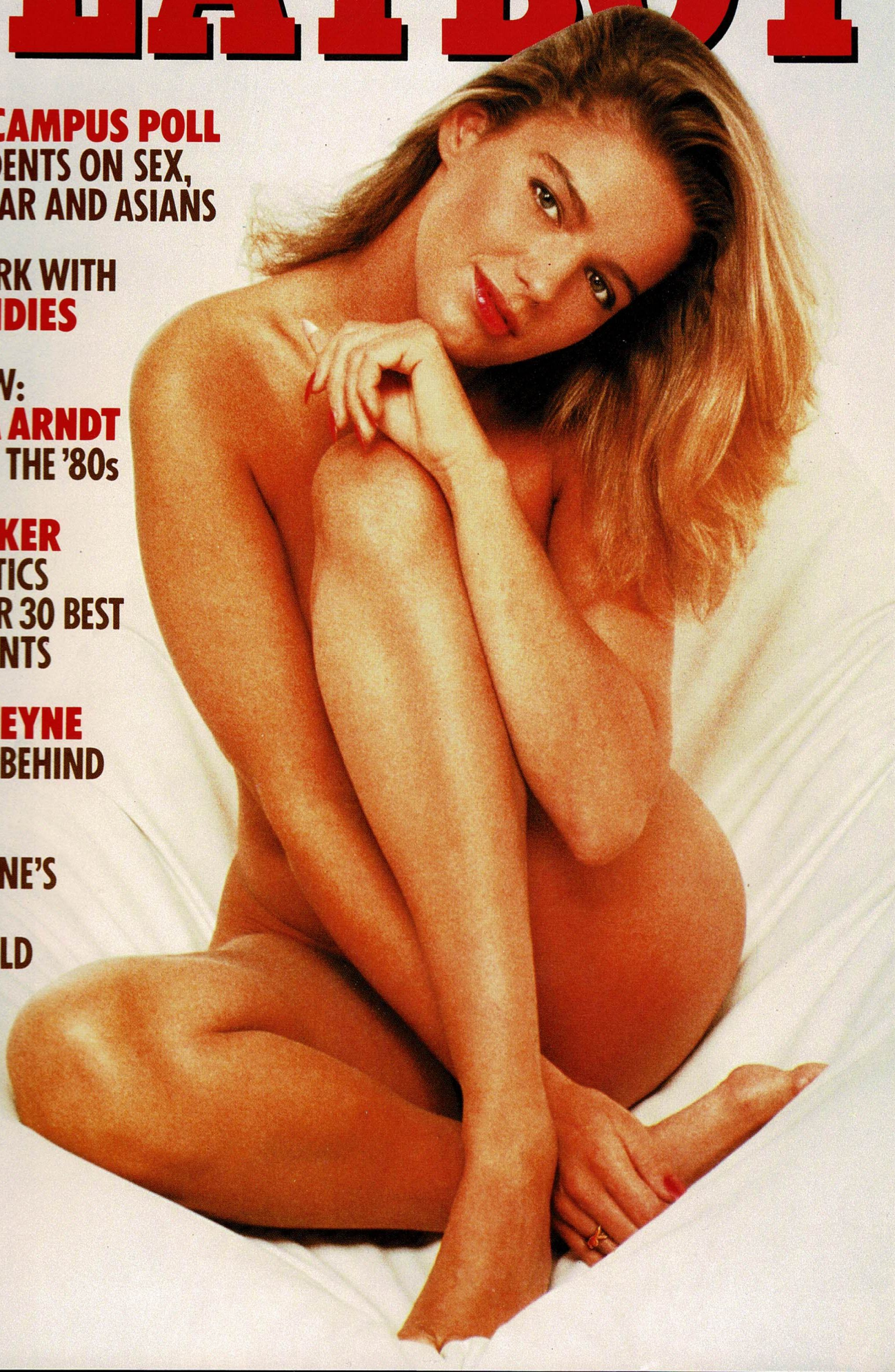
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
MARCH 1985 • $3.40*



AUSSIE CAMPUS POLL
OUR STUDENTS ON SEX, DRUGS, WAR AND ASIANS

AFTER DARK WITH
THE WINDIES

INTERVIEW:
BETTINA ARNDT
ON SEX IN THE '80s

TOP TUCKER
FOOD CRITICS NAME OUR 30 BEST RESTAURANTS

JAMES REYNE
THE MAN BEHIND THE LEER

MELBOURNE'S SULTRIEST CENTREFOLD

There is absolutely no secret to Drum's success.

When you buy Drum roll-your-own tobacco, there is no hiding what you're getting. In fact, we put it right on the pack: Excellent, bright and dark cigarette tobacco.

And that's exactly what you find inside; a perfect blend of tobaccos – bright strands of flue-cured Virginian, with the darker, aromatic strands of fire-cured Kentucky leaf.

You will notice the strands themselves are longer, which makes Drum very easy to roll. We achieve this by selecting

carefully only the larger leaves, and by laying them out by hand so we can cut each strand across the full width of the leaf. (The small circles of tobacco you will find are proof of this; they're actually tiny cross-sections from the central vein of the tobacco leaf.)

You'll also be able to feel and smell the total freshness of Drum tobacco.

This is mainly due to the specially designed polyethylene wrapper you had to remove after you bought the pack.

This wrapper allows the tobacco to 'breathe' without allowing moisture to escape. And that means your Drum tobacco stays fresher, longer.

So our secret is really no secret at all. We simply take the care and the time to put only the very best quality tobacco into every pack of Drum we sell.

Which is why, when you know what you're looking for in a cigarette, you will look for Drum.

DOUWE EGBERTS
DRUM®
Excellent
bright and dark cigarette tobacco

PLAYBILL

IF YOU WANT a glimpse of your country's future you must first peer into the minds of your country's young people. It was with just this aim that Australian PLAYBOY commissioned its first nationwide survey of male university students to discover how they intend to run this country when they assume control of the Australian establishment in the 21st century. The results show our future leaders veering sharply to the right — virtually a 180 degree turn from the anarchic idealism of university students 10 and 20 years ago. *The First Australian Playboy Campus Survey* makes compelling reading.

As regular readers of this magazine will know, Bettina Arndt has been dispensing wit and wisdom to the sexually inquisitive for many years. In so doing she has become Australia's foremost authority on sexual matters. It is not a role Ms Arndt takes lightly. Whether it is a letter through the columns of Australian PLAYBOY, a coy query to her TV and radio shows or a personal plea for help, she takes her work very seriously. We sent senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** to interview Ms Arndt about her work and the result is a revealing trip through the acute, sensitive and very funny mind of the female who knows more about the sexual foibles of Australian men than any other woman in the country.

Unless you're Robinson Crusoe you must have noticed those fun-loving gentlemen of the West Indian cricket team have been enjoying themselves in Australia these past few months, taking time out to play the occasional cricket match. Whether it's cricket or calypso, the Windies undeniably have something special. Thousands of Australian women can't all be wrong. Sports writer **Ray Graham** captures the spirit of the Windies with his story on *The Big Bamboo* — it's all about the real sporting action when the sun goes down. **Frants Kantor** supplied the art.

In the outback of Far North Queensland, the blokes will pull some weird stunts to liven up a dull night. That's how the dinkum Aussie sport of goanna-pulling was invented, a breakneck sport in which a couple of blokes use leather belts and sheer neck power to try and pull each other's heads off. **Robert Reid** reports on the origins of a truly bizarre piece of Australiana and profiles the current goanna-pulling champion of Australia.

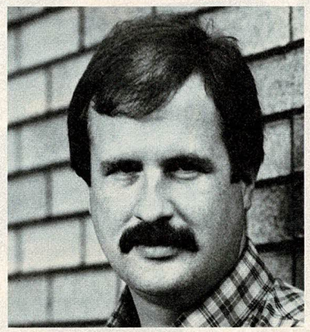
In this issue sci-fi fans will find a superb piece of mini-fiction entitled *The Saved* by **Frederick Pohl**. Pohl is a master of droll sci-fi humor and specialises in the twist in the tail. Artist **Michael O'Brien** deserves praise for his sculpture in the illustration.

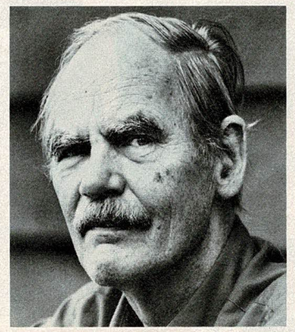
Since we discovered his work last year, photographer **Michael Ancher** has acquired a small army of admirers for his taste in women. This month we feature another Ancher beauty, Charlotte, in a warmly erotic pictorial tribute.

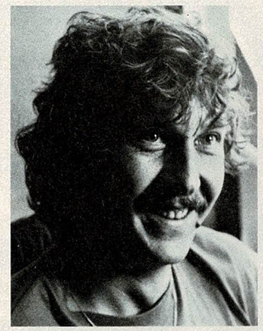
After a decade of informality it seems the art of seduction has invented a new set of rules. Or rather conservatism is back. Remember those days when you actually had to romance a woman to get her into the bedroom? In case it never happened before, **Dan Greenburg** and **P.J. O'Rourke** offer you an instant survival kit to make sure you don't miss out on your share. **Ron Villani** captured it all in art.

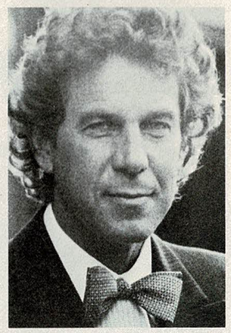
And just to make sure you know where the best restaurants in Australia are to aid you in your seductive quest, we present *Critics' Choice*. We asked the top food critics in the country to nominate our best eateries. If the food at these places doesn't impress her, get a new girl. **Susan Kurosawa** and **Alicia Larriera** co-ordinated the whole exercise and they can personally guarantee that the tucker at these top establishments is instant aphrodisiac.

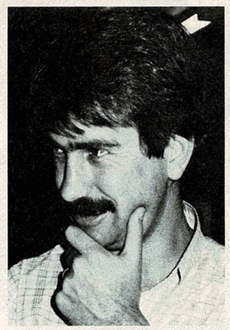
This month's centrefold is the splendiferous Susie Croucher, a stunner from Melbourne who says there is nothing like the beat of the '60s to turn her on. **Rennie Ellis** captured Susie's smouldering beauty in the portfolio of pictures leading to the centrefold shot by **Rico Mettbach**. Add to all this a survey of the absolute latest and best in fully automated cameras by **Seth Gregory**, leather fashion by **Vitek**, motoring by **Rob Luck**, all our regular pictorials and columns and you've got enough fun, fantasies and information to last all March.

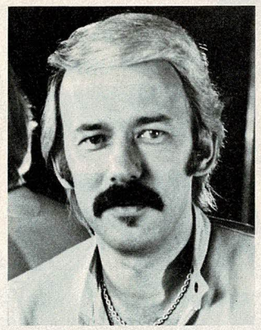

O'BRIEN

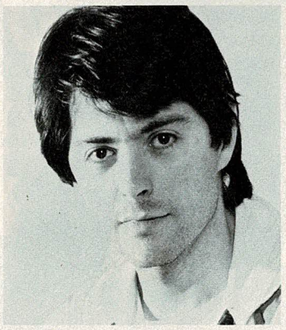

POHL

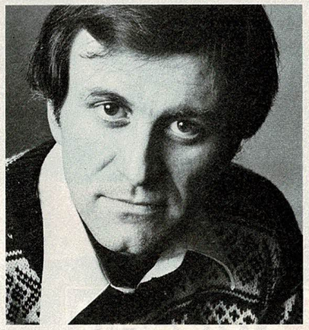

METTBACH


ELLIS


JARRATT


ANCHER


KANTOR


VILLANI

PATROL POWER

6-Cylinder power to go and power to tow.

From Patrol Pick-Up, Cab Chassis, Hardtops, 6-seat Wagon, to the Deluxe 7-seat Wagon, Nissan know-how gives you 6-cylinder power. After all, if you've got some really tough driving in mind you'll need more than a four.

Turbo diesel, 4-litre petrol and more.

Choose your power. There's the gutsy 3.3 litre diesel turbo. Compared with a 4 litre diesel Landcruiser it offers around 10% more power and torque! Or you can choose from the economical standard 3.3 litre diesel, the 2.8 petrol with optional automatic on Deluxe Wagon, or the big 4 litre petrol, a great engine for towing.

Limited slip rear diff is standard on every Patrol, too, so you can be sure of great traction. Landcruiser doesn't have it as standard, it took Nissan know-how to bring it to you.

The whole world knows Nissan reliability.

In 148 countries around the world and with 50 years' experience in Australia, Nissan has earned a reputation for reliability and economy.

And, with an Australia-wide service network of some 300 dealers, you're never far from Nissan know-how.

So, when you're looking for 6-cylinder power and performance, you can't go past a Patrol.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

NISSAN KNOW-HOW

NISSAN NISSAN

AA6

CONTENTS

MARCH 1985 • COVER: PETRA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. HARDER

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
WORLD OF PLAYBOY 12
MONEY 16
MEN 19
WOMEN 20
MOVIES 24
MUSIC 28
SPORT 32

35
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Australia's leading sexologist, Bettina Arndt, knows more about the sexuality of the Aussie male than you do.

44
CAMPUS SURVEY
The cream of Australia's youth turn to the right — and therein lies a message for our future.

48
CHARLOTTE
Photographer Michael Ancher lovingly captures the mood of a young temptress.

54
THE BIG BAMBOO
The legend of the Windies puts even our hell-raisers in the shade.

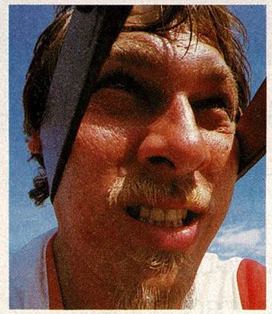
58
THE SAVED
It's the end of the world and only a few can be saved. Will you be one of them? Fiction by Frederick Pohl.

60
SIXTIES BUFF

Playmate of the Month, Melbourne's beautiful Susie Croucher, turns on to '60s rock and '80s fashion.

74
THE DATE
Old-fashioned courtship is back. Women want romance and we tell you how to give 'em what they want while you get what you want.

78



PULLING POWER
Goanna-pulling — a dinkum craze custom-built for Australia?

84
IN A CLASS OF HER OWN
When you're gorgeous you can let the whole world know it. Cherie Witter shows why she's tops.

96
KING LEER
There's more to James Reyne than the sneer that launched a thousand quips.

102
CRITICS' CHOICE
Absolutely the best 30 restaurants in Australia by the critics who know.

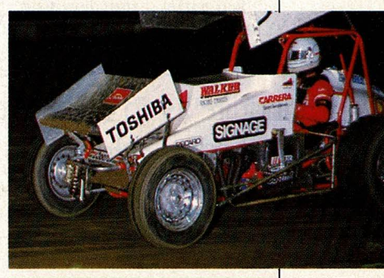
107
LISA
Ballet dancers do it tutu.

112
AFTER-DINNER DRINKS
Save the best till the end.

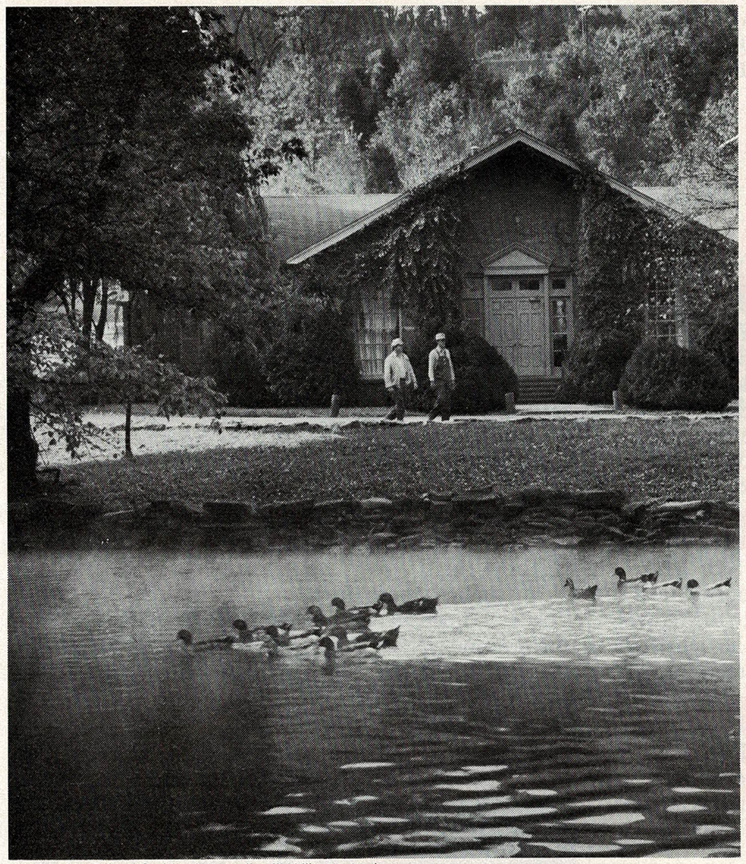
116
FASHION
Fashion editor Vitek shows that the right leather jacket goes anywhere.

120
CAMERAS: THE NEW GENERATION
Seth Gregory on the latest fully automated cameras.

128
SPEED FREAK
Rob Luck looks at the rough and tumble world of speedway.



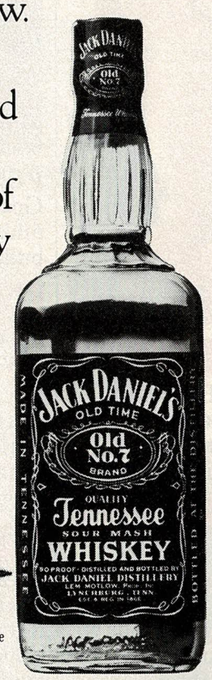
133
SEX
The latest developments from the world of human sexuality.



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

WE NEVER DREAMED we'd be adding on to the main office in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Reagor Motlow built the front three rooms in 1952 and everyone wondered what he'd do with the space. Since then, we've added a little to the left of it and some to the right. And recently we've put several newer rooms out back. Occasionally, good friends inquire as to how we've grown to such size. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, they have their answer.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

JWT563.P.261 AB3274/84

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

EDITORIAL
PAUL MANN associate editor; SUSAN KUROSAWA chief copy editor; TONY LOVE copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; RICO METTBACH staff photographer; ALICIA LARRIERA editorial assistant; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; GRAHAM BARRY, IAN TONKIN proof readers;VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, NEIL JAMESON, CHRIS PRITCHARD contributing editors.

ART
KEITH DAVIS creative director; GARY FLETCHER art director; STEWART O'BRIEN, TONI HOPE-CATEN art assistants.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; GRIEG LYTHALL senior sales executive; AMANDA EYLES advertising sales executive; GORDON HINDS merchandising services manager; DEBBIE PIKE assistant to the sales director; CHERYL BROWN advertising production; CHRISTINE PATSOURIS advertising assistant; victorian sales GEOFF WOODSIDE (03 63 1811); queensland TED VINING (07 229 8477); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); western australia RAY BURNS (09 322 2066); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator.

FINANCE
PHILIPPA BRENNAN accountant; ANGIE DASKALAKIS accounts receivable; ANASTASIA BATSILAS accounts payable; PHYLLIS AGIOS accounts assistant.

MARKETING
LYNDA PRINCE promotions manager; TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher; NAT LEHRMAN associate publisher; LEE HALL director, international publishing; HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Get Set Typesetting Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 5006), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02 268 0666).

©1985 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd ©1985 PLAYBOY as to material published in the January and February 1985 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to Australian PLAYBOY must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and Australian PLAYBOY cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the author and not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $3.40. New Zealand $5.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $42.00; Overseas, $A52.00 (by surface mail).

CREDITS:
Centrefold: chair from Arredorama, 1 Ross Street, Glebe NSW. Artwork for *The Date:* Archie and Veronica characters ©1984 by Rado Comics Inc.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

ALL AT SEA

I'm writing to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. As a prawn fisherman in the Gulf of Carpentaria, I feel that my opinion is wholeheartedly shared by all the fishermen up here.

We spend months at sea with no contact with the rest of the world apart from the radio and infrequent meetings with supply barges. Your magazine offers us entertainment and interest from cover to cover. The interviews and other articles provide food for thought and fuel for discussions over meals, whilst the girls are so critically appraised that they would do more than blush if they could hear what was said!

Copies are swapped from boat to boat and my only regret about Australian PLAYBOY is that it is not bigger and published twice a month!

Bruce Paterson,
Cairns, Qld.

WORTH EVERY CENT

You deserve a pat on the back. I've been buying your magazine for three years now and I must say that the quality of photography and articles has never waned from issue to issue. Your features never cease to amaze me in their variety and their awareness of the latest trends.

Recently, in an unbridled fit of extravagance, I saw fit to buy another men's magazine which was not only more expensive but, when I had finished perusing the models and doing a quiz (all of which took 10 minutes), I promptly threw it in the bin.

Congratulations! Keep producing a quality magazine which doesn't lose its appeal after 10 minutes and offers more than scantily clad models (not that they aren't nice!).

C.R.B.,
Mackay, Qld.

SAY, SAY, SAY

When I saw Australian PLAYBOY had scored an interview with Paul McCartney I was highly sceptical about how close to the bone you would really get with McCartney. I can't tell you how much pleasure it gave me to read that John Lennon's niggling finally did get to cutesie Paulie. Engelbert Humperdinck, eh? That's great.

Lennon said what a lot of ex-Beatle fans have been thinking for years about McCartney's music. Grudgingly, I have to concede McCartney had some guts in owning up to the fact that that one comment from his old mate, John, was what stung him the most. Still hasn't stopped him making shit records though, has it? Many thanks for the first interview I've ever seen on McCartney that really told the whole story.

Alan Whelan,
Parkside, SA.

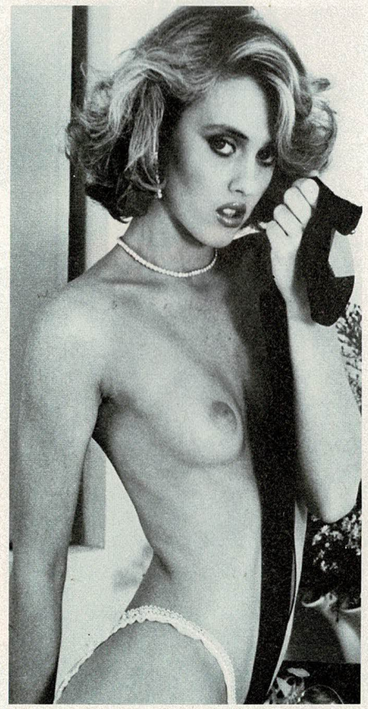
SMALL WONDER

Month after month Australian PLAYBOY parades before our eyes some of the most beautiful women in the world. Needless to say they are more often than not of above-average measurements as well as looks.

In January, though, I turned to the centrefold to be dazzled by one of the most delicate and petite bundles of femininity I have ever laid eyes on. Lisa Maher has given a whole new dimension to the saying, "Good things come in small packages." And I am ever so glad she has! Any chance of another of her smouldering looks on the Dear Playboy page?

Simon Baxter,
Mollymook, NSW.

Just to keep your fires burning, here's another tantalising look — Ed.



STRANGER THAN FICTION

One of the reasons I buy Australian PLAYBOY is for the excellent fiction but in the October edition it was hard to get through to page 92.

The Kim Evenson pictorial was terrific, even though it caused a long pause. A pause to look and wonder if it was worth going further. *Stage Fright* wasn't far though. . . just turn the page and read, and flick back, forward and back. Would it be possible to put the fiction at the front?

A.W. Nolan,
Clare, SA.

BETTER WITH AGE

Your November issue was the best Australian PLAYBOY ever. I've been a reader of the magazine since day one and I've followed you through a lot of changes. I reckon your November issue was tops.

Usually I pick what I want out of the magazine, I rarely read everything. But this one I read cover to cover. Congratulations, fellas, you're not getting older. . . you're getting better.

Jeff Nolan,
Coolangatta, Qld.

Thanks, Jeff, write in anytime — Ed.

TWICE AS NICE

You blokes must be joking!

Miss December, Roberta Vasquez! Do I have to say more. Are they real? Is it done with mirrors? Did somebody pump 'em up? Does she need somebody to help her carry them?

My first reaction when I opened the centrefold was to laugh. But Roberta is on the wall of the garage where I work and I can tell you that she stops everybody.

It just goes to prove that you can never get too much of a good thing. She can smother me with affection anytime.

Dave Boland,
Terrey Hills, NSW.

LAPS AHEAD

Congratulations on the comprehensive coverage given to the James Hardie motor race in the October issue. The test drive in Brocky's car (which, as it turned out, won the event) was well timed. After reading through the article, I now feel that those drivers must have overdosed on bravery pills!

Also, looking back on recent issues, thanks for the interview with Joan Collins and the write-up on Victorian supercoach Ron Barassi (boy, would a rugby league team love to have him for a coach).

Finally, top marks for Bo Derek and Sigrid Ortner in your August issue.

Stephen Rentel,
Strathfield, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

Catch Menthol freshness.

Alpine fresh.

PHL1709 CC1851/84

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SEX SHOCK HORROR PROBE

From the Deep South we have news of a sex row shock horror scandal probe furore, as our friends in the tabloid press might put it. According to reports, the Monbulk Primary School in Melbourne has been convulsed by a series of squabbles concerning sex education at the school.

One mother, who did not want to be identified (we wonder why), claimed sex education of primary school age children could lead to nightmares and serious problems later in life.

LAST TANGO IN TEXAS

After performing what might be described as the ultimate dip, an elderly Texas couple were found on the floor of their San Antonio apartment, both dead of apparent heart failure. Local authorities guessed that the husband had collapsed on top of his invalid wife, trapping her as he was trying to lift her off the floor next to her bed. Pinned underneath her husband's body, the woman apparently died two days later.

LATE FOR DINNER

Everything tastes better outdoors. When Dianne Fellman found out that her husband, Elroy, had contracted a seriously debilitating disease, she did not take the bad news gracefully. Mrs Fellman, 36, pulled out a .22 automatic pistol and pumped several bullets into her husband, killing him. She then reportedly hacked his body into bits and threw part of the remains on to the family barbecue, where she proceeded to grill them and occasionally gnaw on one of Elroy's charred arms. Said the prosecuting attorney in the ensuing case: "She told people she would never push a wheelchair." The moral? Sometimes it pays to marry a vegetarian.

TRUTH ABOUT AUNTY

The Brisbane *Sunday Sun* ran an article in which Mr Angus Innes, Liberal MP for Sherwood, expounded on the controversial subject of homosexuality at the ABC. Mr Innes said: "I believe some of these young men may lead heterosexual lives under normal circumstances but when they join the ABC they become homosexuals because they are given an enormous amount of attention at a very young, susceptible age."

Mr Innes claimed a survey which had never been made public showed there was homosexual harassment of young male staff at the ABC.

"The report showed senior homosexual staff swarm around young male employees like bees to a honey pot," he said. "They cook them cakes and bring them morning tea in an effort to win their attention."

RAT TRAP

A report from British showbiz trade papers says actor John Hurt played a pretty gutsy scene in the remake of *1984* in which he co-starred with Richard Burton. There were no special effects in the scene in which a cage of rats is placed over Hurt's head. That was really Hurt's head in there, they were real rats and they did have a go at him. As we all know, Hurt survived. However, two of the rats didn't. They died some time later.

THE QUIET LIFE

It seems life in Adelaide, the Athens Of The South as it once presumed to be called, is so dull that people are in a rush to die. Recent news reports say there has been a rush for forms under the state's Natural Death Act which enables South Australians to opt for the right to die.

People over 18 can sign a form which guarantees under law their right to be taken off life support systems, should their prospects look grim.

Which leads to the question: Is there really much difference between life and death in South Australia?

BUGA UP BLUES

Two anti-smokers appeared in Sydney District Court charged with maliciously injuring an Alfa Romeo, according to *The Sydney Morning Herald*. The *Herald* reports that the two defendants sprayed paint and sprinkled cigarette butts and ashes over the car — a Formula One racing model decorated with Marlboro signs and on display at the Art Gallery Of NSW. Both men were supporters of BUGA UP, the league of creative billboard artists whose full title is Billboard Utilising Graffitists Against Unhealthy Promotions.

The two men also kicked the car and tried to drag it out of the gallery. In court they gave their names as Richard Lewis Bolzan, 34, a part-time teacher from the inner-city suburb of Darlinghurst, and Lord Bloody Wog Rolo (his name by deed poll), 39. Lord Bloody Wog Rolo gave his occupation as a professional alarmist.

PULLING POWER

Newsflash-of-the-month comes from Cairns where police believe some hoon has built a giant catapult and cunningly camouflaged it in the suburbs. Police reckon the catapult is responsible for hurling large rocks more than 300 metres to bombard Cairns homes.

Several houses have had windows broken and holes smashed through roofs. Even the police came under attack while interviewing residents.

What we would like to know is where they're going to find a pair of handcuffs big enough to hold the bloke who's pulling the catapult.

SNIFFED OUT

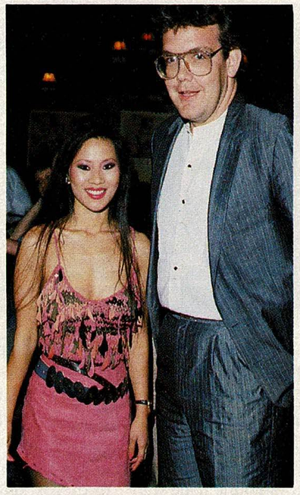
A couple living in Colwyn, North Wales, were taken to court by their neighbors because of the state they had allowed the house to get into. Apparently the couple had never cleaned their home or put the garbage out and the house had become an inhabited refuse dump.

Dorothy and William Roberts were fined $3 a day for each day they delayed cleaning up the mess.

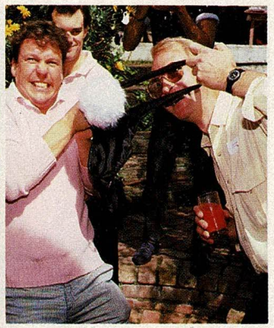
Mrs Roberts told the court her husband was the type of bloke who would start a job but not finish it. Then she blamed her daughter, saying she wouldn't do anything to help. The crown prosecutor told the court:

"The squalor defied description. It was a risk to the health of the people living there. A simple bit of elbow grease would have solved the problem."

WORLD OF PLAYBOY



NIGHT MOVERS: That ebullient early bird of breakfast TV, Gordon Elliott, also happens to be one of Australia's liveliest night-owls. But no matter how late he stays out raging, chasing the women and generally carrying on like every other red-blooded Aussie man about town, he always manages to get up and go to work as co-host of *Good Morning Australia* the next day. And you can imagine the godawful hour he has to get out of bed. How does he stay so cheerful? Gordon is seen here, enjoying a chat with our luscious March 1984 centrefold, Grace Parr.

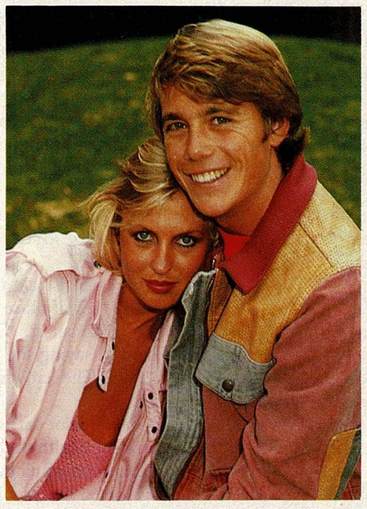


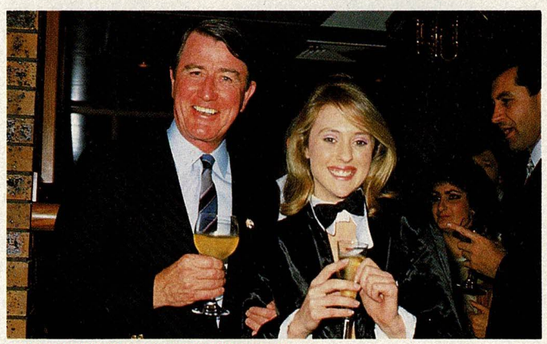
WHO SAID MELBOURNE'S DULL?: Just ask racing car driver, big game hunter, mad renovator and playboy Peter Janson. Peter found himself drowning in lovelies during a party to present The Girls Of Melbourne. Looks worried, doesn't he? Meanwhile TV personality John Blackman and man about everything Shirl Strachan went quite berserk and we still have no idea what happened to the former occupant of the cotton tail costume.

HOT RODS: You know all that stuff about throbbing engines, screeching tyres and hot vibrations up the legs? Well, it's all true. It *does* attract women. Just ask Stephen Gall, four times Mr Motocross winner, current Australian national champion and sprint car demon. Stephen just switched his engine on and gorgeous Lisa Maher and Linda Gregory were right there.

JUST GRINNIN' IN THE RAIN: Australian legend and scourge of the New York Yacht Club, Ben Lexcen explains the aquadynamics of the umbrella to lovely Sheree Allbeury, (whom you will see in an upcoming pictorial) at the launching of a new 18-foot skiff by Ben. Those umbrellas may be some kind of portent of Ben's secret plans for the America's Cup defence or it may simply mean it was raining!

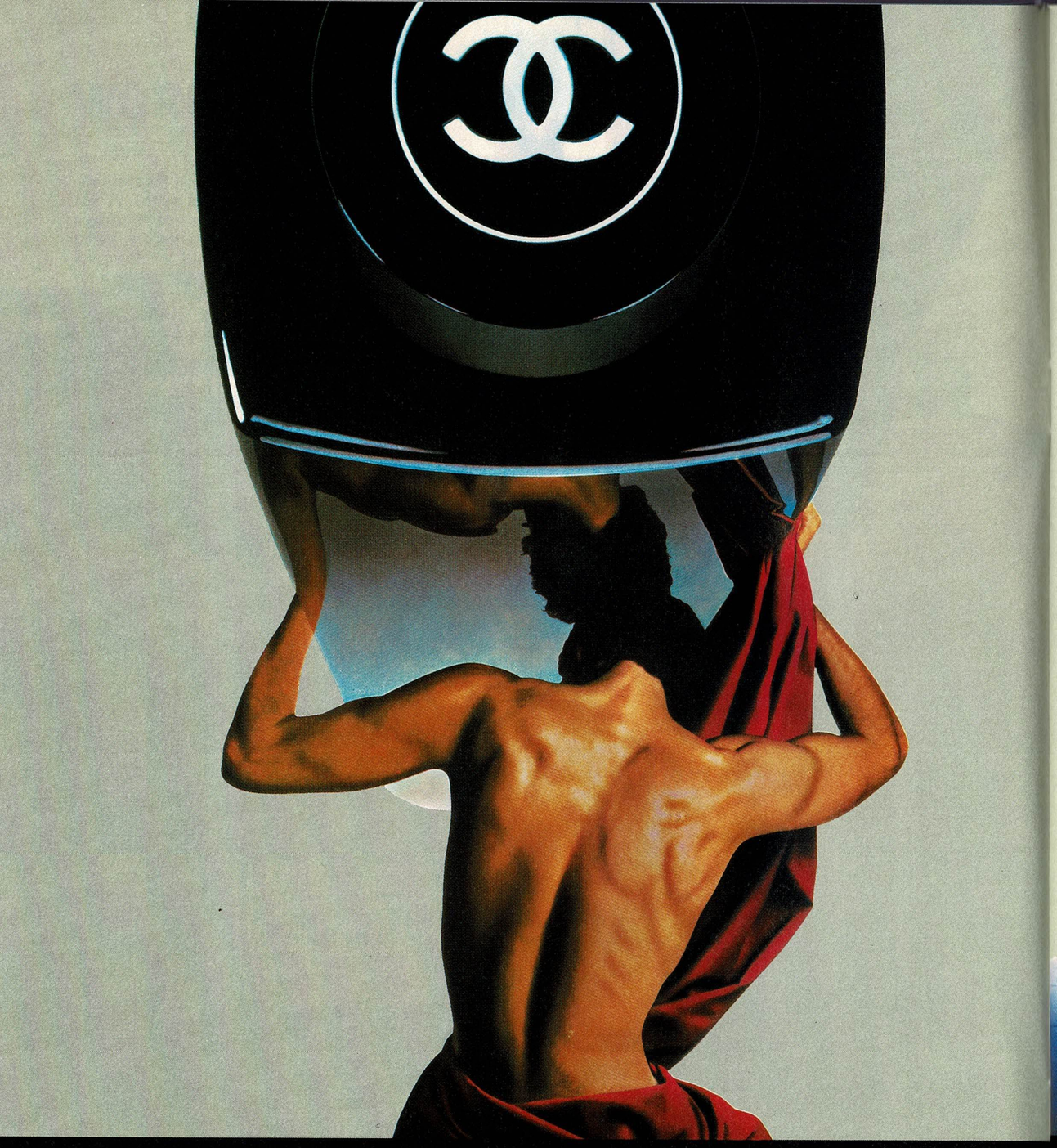
COUPLES: American heart throb actor Chris Atkins confesses that he's always had a soft spot for Australia ever since he holidayed here while making *Blue Lagoon*. During one of his most recent visits, Chris fell for Australian PLAYBOY's 1982 Playmate Of The Year, Lynn Barron from Queensland's Gold Coast. One of our most popular centrefolds ever, we can only approve of Chris's taste.





NIFTY'S LITTLE PLAYMATE: NSW Premier Neville Wran escaped briefly from the pressures of office to open a posh pub for upmarket piss artists in the Hunter Valley, to be known as Charbonnier Of The Hunter. Nifty just looked relieved to have an hour off, a glass of wine and the company of our January 1985 centrefold, Lisa Maher. This is clearly one office perk no one could grumble about.

GUINNESS EXPORT STOUT
GUINNESS
ST JAMES'S GATE DUBLIN
250ml
GUINNESS
SHARE THE SECRET
What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste?
Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.
AB3615/84
Ogilvy MGU 0013 PB



ANTAEUS

POUR HOMME

Antaeus.
The myth becomes a man today.

Powerful. Rich. Distinctive.
A reflection of
man's strength and sensitivity.

CHANEL

THE NEW RANGE FOR MEN

CHA325/84

MONEY

Here's how not to get lumbered with a pile of junk when you do battle in the auction room.

If you think that "new blood" is the recently bled variety rather than the transfused kind, then you have not been to an auction lately.

To the cognoscenti, "new blood" refers to the clod who is too timid to originally bid but, by the time the lot is skyrocketing in price and the auction nearing its frenzied climax, feels brave enough to put his hand up.

The result is that he pays too much, wakes up next morning feeling very sheepish and tries creeping out of bed to avoid looking at his new purchase while vowing to be forever faithful to the big, safe department stores.

Despite such drawbacks, auctions are an increasingly popular method of buying and selling. Everything from works of art and real estate to 30,000 sewing needles or the "pig by description".

There are a number of sound commercial reasons for this popularity and if you are intending to buy or sell anything, you should be aware of them.

The format: An auction is conducted by a fellow called the auctioneer who is generally a mixture of ringmaster, country race-caller and circuit judge.

He is paid a percentage of the sale price as his commission so he's not to be trusted on anything remotely connected with the auction. When he puts up a lot he asks for a first offer or bid and generally nominates a starting point which is far too high. Eventually someone reluctantly offers him a figure which he disdainfully accepts and the auction is away.

From then on, bids are accepted, escalating in ever-decreasing jumps as the finalists slog dollar for dollar until only one contender remains.

Selling: In some areas — especially art, cattle and racehorses — auctions have always been a fashionable means of sale. By the transfer of stocks and shares through the stock exchange, auctioning is also the method by which most of the country's large companies change hands.

In other areas, housing for example, an auction used to be a sure sign of rising damp or imminent zoning for a 10-lane freeway. Not anymore. Even million-dollar properties go under the hammer today.

One reason for this trend is that an auction brings a degree of commitment from purchasers and mixes it with a hyped atmosphere that's destined to bring a good price.

Anyone who is a serious purchaser at an auction has the funds ready to go; each contract is strictly for cash and any defaulter faces a suit for damages.

If a potential purchaser wants what you are offering, he also knows he has to be on the spot at the right time with all his homework done. There's no endless hanging on the telephone or months of inspections.

Once you start serious bidding — that is when the reserve price is reached — the auctioneer is likely to say, "I can now sell this property."

Anyone who puts his hand in the air is quite committed. However, there is another element. When a person goes to bid at auction, they voluntarily submit themselves to a form of high-pressure selling that streaks ahead of the salesman with his foot jammed in the door.

We've all heard the well-worn phrase: "I have another buyer who is interested, I don't think that it will be here tomorrow."

And sure enough, two weeks later the object of your desire is still preening its feathers or wagging its tail hopefully in the display window.

With an auction that other buyer is not just a figment of the salesman's imagination. He's real and he's in there bidding.

The smell of the grease-paint and the roar of the crowd sells. However, if you're the vendor, assuming you have put your show together well, assembled the right cast and advertised it sensibly, you probably can't lose. They will almost throw money on to the stage.

Buying: *Caveat Emptor* — let the buyer beware — is the first lesson for any would-be bidder. Most auction catalogues bear a condition more or less stating: "The auctioneer will not accept liability for anything whatsoever, whether he is at fault or not."

The bottom line is that you get what you see, not what you thought you saw, or were told you saw.

Even if the auctioneer says the horse is sound, it is up to you to make sure, not to wait until it has to be put down.

Where many buyers go wrong is that they have no idea of the value of the items for which they are bidding.

You would think that most Australians have a fair idea of their liquor prices, yet I have been to Customs Department auctions where bottles of Johnnie Walker Red Label and Bundaberg Rum, both fairly common commodities, have fetched higher prices than would be charged at any local bottle shop.

The cardinal rule is to inspect the items beforehand, price them and determine both the fair market value and the highest price you are prepared to pay.

As a general rule, many auctions are aimed at dealers, so in arriving at your fair market value this should be taken into account, particularly as you'll certainly want to avoid being spat upon as you leave the place.

A good rule of thumb is that a dealer will want a 50 to 100 percent mark-up on the goods, so buy for half price or better. As mentioned before, watch the auctioneer, and be careful there isn't a stool-pigeon around who's been briefed to run you up. And ignore any blandishments. You must remember that nothing is so precious that you can't let someone else pay too much for it.

You should also take into account what economists call the "opportunity cost". In simple terms that means that if it costs you $5 to drive to the auction and you take four hours off work at $10 per hour, thus spending $45 to save $20 on a microwave oven or a pop-up toaster without a manufacturer's guarantee, you have wasted your time.

Another thing to consider is title. When the Mayor of Casterbridge auctioned his wife it was a fair bet that the highest bidder did not have clear title.

And bear in mind that just because something is being auctioned, it does not necessarily imply that the item is the owner's to auction.

So now, you're all set to go out and get "blooded". Speaking of which, is any one out there interested in 18 chest-expanders or 24 pairs of size 40 running spikes? —GRAHAM YOUNG

Where would we be without Red?
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
37.5% ALC/VOL
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD
~ MASIUS WAL10092 AB3046/84

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...

This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes . . . except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary . . . better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ 206

MEN

Snaring a new-wave woman these days means really getting down to business.

"I don't know how to relate to women today, do you?" Darryl asked me. "I'm having a terrible time. What am I doing wrong?"

"Well, for one thing," I said, "you can't use a word like 'relate' any more. Don't you know that, Darryl? 'Relate' is way behind the times. It doesn't have that hard-nosed edge to it. Women think you're a wimp if you use terms like 'relate'."

"So what should I use?" Darryl asked.

"Try 'merge'. Or 'establish a limited partnership'."

"You make romance sound like a business," Darryl said.

"Exactly," I nodded.

"That takes all the fun out of it," he argued.

"Okay, Darryl, stay lonely. See if I care. But today's women are all business."

"I don't get it," Darryl sighed.

"Darryl," I said, "give me your standard line, okay? You see a beautiful woman, how do you come on to her?"

"Oh, I say something romantic, something warm to break the ice."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. I saw a gorgeous woman at the Art Gallery yesterday. I told her she reminded me of a Botticelli painting I'd seen in Florence."

"Did that get you far?" I asked.

"She asked me what school I went to. 'Look, I'm 35 years old,' I told her. She laughed and walked away."

"See?" I said. "You're operating with all the old lines. They don't work anymore."

"What works?" Darryl asked.

"Try something like 'That Menzies was a hell of a prime minister, wasn't he?' Or, 'Speaking of deficits, how much larger can we allow these transfer payments to grow?' Lines like that."

"Are you kidding me?" Darryl asked.

"No," I said. "Women are all business now. They are super-capitalists. They are totally absorbed in their careers. They see the golden doors of business swinging open to them for the first time in history.

"You can't expect them to be critical of a club they are finally able to join, Darryl. It's just human nature."

"How about, 'Have you heard what the Reserve Bank did today?'" Darryl asked.

"That's a very good one," I said. "You can go either way with it. Either they haven't heard and you can tell them, or they have heard and they'll tell you. You're learning, Darryl.

"The only common vocabulary now between the sexes is business. Politics is too controversial. So is religion. Nobody can see all the movies you're supposed to see today. Or listen to all the songs. Right now, business is it."

"Would you help me clean up my act?" Darryl asked. We were standing in his living-room.

"All right, but remember, I have to be honest, Darryl. Don't get insulted, promise?"

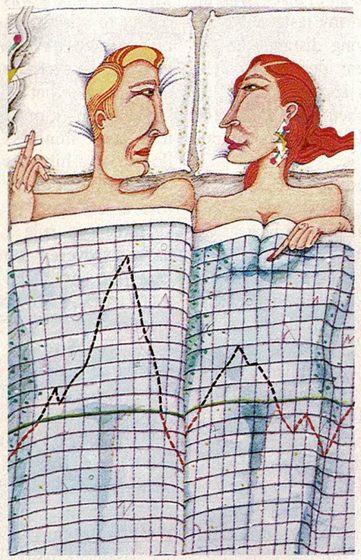
"I promise," he said.

"Let's start with your walls," I said. "What's a woman going to think when she walks in here for dinner the first time? Look at those scouting badges on the wall. Look at the picture of your mother over the fireplace and that stupid '60s poster.

"As you decorate your flat, so shall you reap, Darryl. I feel like I'm in a sugar factory. Most women I know would walk in here and puke."

"Help me, help me," Darryl cried.

"Toughen it up," I said. "Let's see some commodity price charts on the wall. Let's have stock market quotes coming in. Give her something she can talk about. Darryl, did you ever list the women in your life and what they do? Beryl is in soybeans, right? Linda's in banking. Diane's into real estate."



"Helen is a stock analyst," Darryl was tracking with his fingers, "Joy is a government statistician, Monique is an air hostess — does that count?

"What did she tell you last week, Darryl? She's buying shares in the airline, right? Either that or taking over the flight attendants' union? I suppose that counts."

"So I've been projecting the wrong image?" Darryl inquired.

"No question about it," I said. "How are you dressed right now? Camouflage T-shirt, cut-off jeans, red tennis shoes and shell necklace. You could be right out of *Hair*. Does not make it in today's world, Darryl. I'll bet when you're walking down the street with a girl, if a dero stops you, you give him some money, huh?"

"Not *too* much money," Darryl blushed. "Isn't that all right?"

"You want to impress your friend? I'm sorry, your colleague? Ask that dero if he really milked his depreciation schedule and if he's maximised his assets test allowances. Then keep on walking like you own the whole town."

"You know, sometimes everything seems okay until we reach the bedroom. Then something happens. They turn away."

"Obviously," I said as I stood in his bedroom door. "A waterbed? A Jimi Hendrix poster? Books on East Timor? Not one on women's liberation? No wonder you're in trouble, Darryl. Where's the computer and the modem?

"She might want to play around with you but you can't expect her to stay away from the markets just for some loving. She'll be too nervous.

"You set up a research centre right by the bed. Some business magazines, a couple of economics textbooks, a few market newsletters. Food for the mind, Darryl."

"I've been doing it all wrong, haven't I?" Darryl asked. "I should get a haircut, look prosperous, change my image."

"And change your thinking," I said. "You want to model yourself after somebody the women of today can respect. Don't come on like James Dean. He couldn't hold a corporate position for five minutes.

"Don't be such a has-been. Get a briefcase, always wear a suit, talk without moving your lips, try to look like an executive. Then you'll have a chance. One business person attracts another, understand?"

"I understand," Darryl said.

"You think you can do it?"

"Are you kidding me?" Darryl said. "I'm just like everybody else. I want approval and I'll do anything to get it. Deep down, I probably don't have any beliefs at all. But I do have a question."

"Ask away," I said.

"Can I keep the waterbed? It's not filled with water, it's filled with thousands of $100 notes."

"Darryl, my man," I said, hugging my old mate and toasting him with my can of beer, "don't change even one hair for me."

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

If you're being unfaithful to your woman, just be careful to hide the evidence!

WORST THING in the world happened the other day. I was looking for a book and came across a secret cache of letters. Well okay, *one* letter. The boyfriend was in England, thousands of miles away, and here was this letter I'd never seen before. Girlish handwriting. What to do?

I read the breezy little missive in a flash. Old girlfriend. Pining away for him. Lying in bed, eating salted nuts, drinking hibiscus tea, thinking about him.

Drinking hibiscus tea, thinking about him. The cow. The slut. The tramp. The tart. The moll.

I read the letter at approximately one in the morning. By 2.30 it was clear that I had to break up with him. By 3.30 I realised I had no choice but to seek this woman out and ruin her life. By 5am they were both stone cold dead as doornails and I was appearing at his funeral all in black, with an engimatic smile behind my tasteful veil.

Ever have a fight long distance on the phone? Not the greatest idea. Every well-chosen invective costs about $2.75. "Just come home!" I screeched after about $45 worth of strangled expletives and poisonous silences.

I was too enervated by my night of obsessive fury to even round up the usual girlfriend network and spill the beans. My paranoia was rampant. Tried to make a piece of toast, threw it across the room. Took a valium or seven. Dissolved into tears a few times. Finally called Joanne.

"I found this letter," I said.

"Come right over," she replied.

A good girl, Joanne. She pointed out that there was the possibility, however slight, that I was over-reacting.

"Give me a goddamned break," I said, "how about the bit where she can't wait to feel his arms around her again?"

"*Again* is an extremely imprecise adverb," she advised, "and just remember *she* wrote the letter, *he* didn't. She's obviously a silly tart, and may well be going back 10 years. Believe me, this is a letter from a desperate woman."

"She's going to be a lot more desperate after I've shoved knitting needles in her eyes," I squawked.

Over-reacting? *Moi?*

"Jesus Christ!" said my lover, "*She* wrote the letter, *I* didn't."

He had taken the next plane home after speaking with me. He looked worried.

At approximately 6am, crazed with jetlag, he admitted that there had been a certain episode that wouldn't please me. A small indiscretion, last Christmas. He had been out of town for a month, separated from me, there she was.

"Lust," he said, "plain and simple."

I almost killed him. I'm still trying to forgive him.

There are two morals to this story:

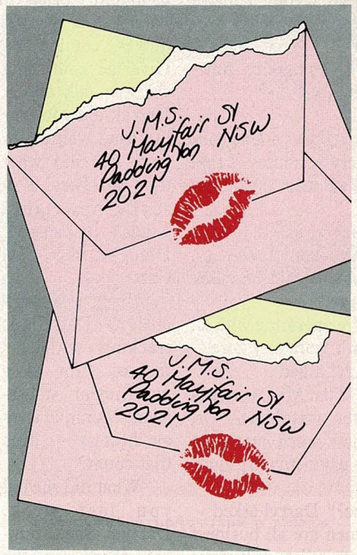
1. Don't leave incriminating letters lying around.

2. Don't look for trouble.

Obviously, the two are intertwined. A person who leaves letters around the house is down on his hands and knees.

Being a firm believer in the "there are no accidents" school of life, I refuse to believe that my lover just "happened" to leave that bombshell where I could find it. I think things were going too well, that's what I think. I think he wanted to stir things up a bit, the toad.

But what kind of moronic impulse made me read it? I think things were going too well, that's what I think. I think I was trying to stir things up a bit. Was it really of earth-shattering importance that I know that he slipped it to some mindless floozie of a hibiscus tea-drinker more than a year ago?



Here is a rule I have discovered too late: Do not feed paranoia. That means:

1. No sneaky reading of diaries.

2. No going through drawers.

3. No covert monitoring of answering machine messages.

4. No steaming open suspect mail.

You know how your heart beats like a jackhammer in your chest when you do any of the above? It's the adrenalin pumping into your body because danger is near. Searching for evidence of infidelity is the most self-destructive practice.

If you find something incriminating, you want to die. If you find nothing, you're completely disgusted with yourself. Paranoia is nothing but self-punishment.

This is what I keep saying to myself. It's not working. He goes out for coffee, takes five minutes longer than he should. I'm suspicious. He comes home from band rehearsal at night, takes a shower, I'm suspicious. He goes to work in the morning, I'm suspicious. He says he has a headache, I want him dead.

What to do?

There are those who have told me that sexual jealousy is silly, that everyone should love everyone and there should be no such thing as possessiveness. This school of thought was big in the '60s, especially among men. I hated it then, I hate it more now.

Sexual jealousy is a deep, primal emotion. Anyone who tells you otherwise is simply an acid casualty. The truth is that everyone wants to fool around but nobody wants her lover to even *look* at someone else.

What to do?

That night when he told me, when we were lying in bed exhausted after I had showered him with kidney punches, I realised that it wasn't the infidelity that was bothering me. It was the betrayal. He had kept a hurtful secret from me, yet I had found out in the most painful way. How could he do this to me? This wasn't the man I knew and loved. How could I trust him?

"How about this," he proposed, staring at me with sleep-craven eyes, "how about if I promise to tell you? Everything. From now on."

"Why can't you just be a nice faithful boyfriend?"

"Oh, I will. I probably will. But you know me. I'm a young, lust-crazed guy. Some fabulously beautiful Asian dancer may follow me into the park one day."

"Shut up."

"Okay but listen. I promise, if anything happens, you'll be the first to know."

"Well okay. But if you do it with someone else, you can't know her name. You can't kiss her. You can't spend the whole night with her. And you can't ever, ever see her again."

"She'll think I'm a little strange. . ."

"She could get stuffed!"

"Well okay, darling, I promise."

He promises. When I get crazed, he reiterates this promise. He has threatened to make me a tape, filled with promises. What can I do? I'll have to trust him. I suppose.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Why the new Fuego goes so fast.

The new Fuego boasts a potent 2-litre alloy overhead-cam engine. A top notch 5-speed gearbox. And front wheel drive that keeps the wheels where they belong.

On the road in the direction you're steering.

It also claims a remarkably low aero-dynamic drag factor.

As well as air conditioning, electric windows, stereo radio cassette, alloy wheels and Michelin TRX tyres.

Not to mention 'Le Plip.' An electronic gadget that lets you unlock the car without having to fumble for keys.

All this for only $17,195.* No wonder the Fuego goes so fast.

RENAULT FUEGO

For your nearest Renault Dealer, please contact your State Distributor. NSW: Renault Distribution (02) 888 7277. VIC: LNC Distribution (03) 791 5888. QLD: Annand & Thompson (07) 399 0999. SA: Champions Pty. Ltd. (08) 211 8166. WA: Eurocars Pty. Ltd. (09) 367 6699. ACT: Corin Motors (062) 80 4409. *As at 1.12.84. Plus statutory dealer and on-road costs. Renault Importers (A member of the LNC Group). DDB.3582.230/NAT.

Japan's Camera Grand Prix 1984. England's Camera of the Year.

Nikon's unique Automatic Multi-Pattern (AMP) metering divides the picture into five segments, and then individually measures and compares each segment, evaluating factors such as contrast balance of light and dark areas, and variations in brightness level. Based on it's assessment of nearly 100,000 photographs programmed into its computer, the FA selects the optimum exposure for your picture.

Rabin MOI015L

Here's why...

Nikon has consistently been the leader in 35mm SLR photography through constant product improvement and innovation, which is why Nikon 35mm cameras and lenses are used by more professional photographers than all our competitors combined.

But never before has there been a camera as revolutionary as the Nikon FA.

The Nikon FA has been described as the greatest advance in photography since automatic exposure.

When Japan instituted the Camera Grand Prix, the inaugural award was unanimously given to the Nikon FA.

And in England, two most respected publications, Camera Weekly and Practical Photography, each made the Nikon FA "Camera of the Year."

With features no other camera has, the Nikon FA allows you to take photographs no other camera in the world can take...simply.

It's the only camera with a four bit microprocessor capable of automatically evaluating, not just measuring or averaging light.

The FA gives the photographer more choices than any other camera.

In **"Dual-Programme"** mode, the FA does it all; simply focus, and shoot.

Or switch to **"Shutter Priority."** With the FA's top shutter speed of 1/4,000th of a second and flash synch speed of 1/250th of a second, at least twice as fast as our competitors, there's hardly any action you can't catch.

If you're more concerned about the sharpness of foreground and background, there's **"Aperture Priority."**

And of course, you can assume total creative control in **"Manual."**

There's even a switch for traditional Nikon centre – weighted metering, in any automatic mode.

In essence, the FA utilizes the most sophisticated and advanced technology, to allow you to take better photographs, more simply. What you see through the viewfinder is what you get on film.

While the FA may look like other cameras, any similarity ends there.

The only way to really appreciate this truly remarkable camera is to hold it in your hands, look through the viewfinder and experience the Nikon FA difference for yourself.

See your Nikon dealer now, and

...you be the final judge

Nikon

Simply better photographs

Distributed by Maxwell Optical Industries, Unit 5, Level B, 100 Harris St, Pyrmont, NSW 2009. (02) 660 7088.

Rabin MOI015R

MOVIES

While Boston simmers, a man walks out of the Texan desert and into a classic road movie.

After years of making murky German films much admired by manic-depressive cineastes, **Wim Wenders** has finally hit the jackpot. A professed devotee of Hollywood, he has till now always managed to shoot his films through the same dreary teutonic filter, but with *Paris, Texas* he has at last created something which is rivetting for its full 140 minutes.

In his earlier efforts, including the American private eye movie *Hammett*, it was possible to nod off for half an hour and still be just as confused when you woke up. *Paris, Texas*, however, grabs you from the opening frames as brilliant but arid desert landscape is succeeded by brilliant but sterile urban desert, and never lets go.

Harry Dean Stanton, the monosyllabic engineer from *Alien* playing his first leading role, is Travis, the man who walks out of the desert, from Mexico to Texas, and collapses with only the name of his brother in LA on a piece of paper to identify him.

The brother, Walt (**Dean Stockwell**), flies out to reclaim the mute, apparently amnesiac Travis, who's been missing, presumed dead, for four years and as they drive back together, Travis gradually begins to talk, gradually begins to remember.

It transpires that Walt and his wife, Anne, have been looking after Travis's seven-year-old son since his mother Jane abandoned him on their doorstep in sheer desperation four years earlier, and have come to regard him as their own. They nevertheless feel obligated to help Travis resume his paternal role, with the inevitable result that Travis and the boy go off in search of Jane, played by the adorable **Nastassia Kinski** looking remarkably like a young **Sophia Loren**.

Trailing her from a drive-in bank they run her to earth in a "peep-show" in Houston, where girls talk to clients via two-way mirrors, and maybe help them act out their sexual fantasies. In a deeply moving encounter, Travis uses the booth as a confessional, in which he shoulders the blame for the failed marriage as a means of reuniting Jane and the boy, and then heads off again, perhaps back to oblivion.

Paris, Texas was voted best film by a mile in the 1984 Sydney Film Festival. Written by **Sam Shepard** of *The Right Stuff*, shot brilliantly by **Robby Muller** so that even images through windscreen wipers are vivid, and with a meaningful soundtrack supplied by **Ry Cooder** on Mexican guitar, it deserves every accolade.

It is a road movie in the classic tradition where a director from the Old World uses the theme of a journey for a fresh look at what the New World has become.

●

James Ivory is no stranger to public acclaim, and after his enormous success with *Heat And Dust*, which gave the world the delightful **Greta Scacchi**, he has returned to his familiar stamping ground, the Henry James novel (a field he exploited so well in *The Europeans*) with his version of *The Bostonians*. Amazingly, considering it is set in the Boston of 1875, it has a completely contemporary underlying theme, the fight for women's rights. But it is saved from being fusty by a hot-house atmosphere of implied lesbianism, in which Basil Ransome, a young Southern lawyer played by **Christopher Reeve**, and his cousin, Olive Chancellor, a fanatical female emancipist (**Vanessa Redgrave** in the best role

The Bostonians' Madeleine Potter

she's had for years), fight for the mind, and presumably the body, of Verena Tarrant, a pretty but weak-willed young girl with a great flair for oratory.

What Henry James actually thought about the subject it is hard to say, for though it is Ransome who eventually wins the romantic tug of war, it is impossible to sympathise, a century later, with the look of amused contempt on his face whenever women's rights are discussed.

Still, Christopher Reeve is a likeable chap, even if he does look, well, bulky, without his *Superman* suit. Vanessa Redgrave, on the other hand, is pale, gaunt, and hard-edged, and indeed equally possessive as she extracts a promise from Verena that she will never marry.

Perhaps the only truly attractive character is the diminutive lady doctor, Miss Prance, played by **Linda Hunt**, fresh from her Oscar-winning performance as Billy Kwan in *The Year Of Living Dangerously*. Dr Prance is someone with whom Ransome always feels at ease, for, despite having won in a man's world, she is at heart a romantic who professes to more or less stand where he does on male-female relationships. With her he needs neither to fight nor to flirt.

Again, however, the question arises of just what Henry James was saying. Were women's rights only for obsessively plain creatures like Miss Chancellor, or gifted dwarfs like Dr Prance, or old ladies like Miss Birdseye (**Jessica Tandy**) who impresses as one of the founders of the movement, while the pretty ones like Verena are meant to keep house for their menfolk?

Obviously *The Bostonians* is a movie about characters, which leaves an audience arguing long after the final frames. It is enormously exciting in many ways and always fascinating, but it has a central flaw in the casting of **Madeleine Potter** as Verena. Although James's heroines tend to be weak, wishy-washy, and generally rather painful, Verena needs to convince as a figurehead, and Miss Potter, good actor though she is, lacks the physical presence to get away with it. Ironically the only person I can think of who could have carried the role is the dazzlingly beautiful Vanessa Redgrave of a few years ago, but time changed her into a frosty Olive Chancellor.

— GRAHAM BARRY

●

Are movies getting sexier? Well, not really. You might wonder, though, when **Kathleen Turner** saunters on, all tarted up and licking a Beat Me Eat Me licorice whip in *Crimes Of Passion*.

Turner's a successful career girl moonlighting as a prostitute named China Blue, who finds true love with an unhappy married man (**John Laughlin**) after narrowly escaping the clutches of a scripture-spouting lunatic (**Anthony Perkins**, in yet another feverish recap of his celebrated stint in *Psycho*). Perkins also carries a deadly serrated silver dildo, just to make a girl nervous.

Everything she's asked to do, Turner does amazingly well, yet opportunities are limited in **Barry Sandler's** blunt screenplay, directed by **Ken Russell** with his usual manic energy. What might have been a sad, shocking and suspenseful human comedy about the sex games people play to mask their deeper emotional conflicts is turned into a freak show by Russell, who is seldom dull but just as seldom coherent.

Finally, *Crimes Of Passion* evokes mostly chuckles mingled with pity for actors who

Get high on a New Zealand mountain.

They come from all over the world to ski New Zealand.
Now it's your turn.
Join the skiers who make New Zealand their Winter holiday home. Enjoy excellent snow and modern facilities at some of the world's finest ski resorts. Coronet Peak in Queenstown, Wanaka, Mount Hutt, Ruapehu and Turoa. Travel to the

mountains by coach, skierised rental car or motorhome.
It's never been easier. And your dollar is worth a lot more in New Zealand.
Your travel agent has the full details or clip the coupon and mail today.

NEW ZEALAND

the great escape!

To New Zealand Government Tourist Office

G.P.O. BOX 9872
IN YOUR CAPITAL CITY

Please send me the new Catalogue of New Zealand holiday options.
I am particularly interested in
☐ Coach Tours ☐ Rental Car Holidays
☐ Motorhomes

Name .....
Address .....
State PL/10

CAMPBELL

New Zealand Government Tourist Office **Sydney** 115 Pitt St. NSW 2000 **Melbourne** 330 Collins St. VIC 3000 **Brisbane** Watkins Place. 288 Edward St. QLD 4000 **Perth** NZ Consulate. 16 St. George's Terrace. WA 6000

have to chew the scenery *and* spew such dialogue as "You wear your angst like a breakaway chastity belt."

●

Director **Jonathan Demme's** *Stop Making Sense* is a no-nonsense concert film that sets an exceptionally high standard for music cinema.

Digitally recorded 24-track stereo sound combined with stark, arresting cinematography makes this a phantasmagorical showcase for **Talking Heads**.

The group's leader and star vocalist, **David Byrne**, in an outsized suit, looks like a cross between a kabuki actor and **Boris Karloff** as a young Frankenstein's monster, but he is mesmerising in performance.

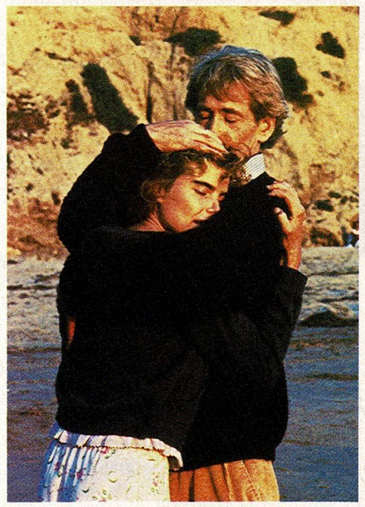
Stop Making Sense projects an air of immediacy and stage magic — the equivalent of a front-row-centre seat, plus some glimpses behind the scenes, altogether likely to knock your socks off if you're a fan for whom 88 minutes of high-decibel Heads sounds like a little bit of heaven.

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

COLA UPSET: Things didn't go smoothly on the set of *The Coca-Cola Kid*, one of Australia's main cinema hopes for 1985 and now in post-production. **Dusan Makavejev**, the Yugoslavian *enfant terrible* who was responsible for the racy *WR: Mysteries Of The Organism* and the even racier *Sweet Movie*, has always been **Frank Moorhouse**'s first choice for director since the film was originally mooted some six years ago (the script is based on stories in Moorhouse's notorious collection, *The Americans, Baby*). Apparently Makavejev made life pretty hard for all concerned, including luminescent Italo-Australian **Greta Scacchi**, fresh from her triumphs in *Heat And Dust* and the Australian mini-series *Waterfront*, and **Eric Roberts**, who was the best thing about *Star 80* as **Dorothy Stratton**'s ill-starred lover/husband. It remains to be seen how Makavejev's tactics affected the final product.

●

DEADLY DUO: Treating sex and violence stylishly, with a sharp eye brightened by a wicked sense of humor, director **Joel Coen**'s first feature *Blood Simple* was the surprise hit of the 1984 New York Film Festival. One not-quite-dead body is buried alive in the course of this visually witty shocker, which wastes few words but pumps up the edge-of-your-seat excitement. Adultery, revenge and deadly retribution are the games afoot in a poky Texas town, where the surly owner of a gin mill called The Neon Boot hires an unscrupulous private investigator to murder his errant wife and the younger, sexier bartender she's shacked up with. Cast respectively as the husband, wife and lover, **Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand** and **John Getz** are very fine, but director Coen might just turn out to be the real star of this one. Bodies, motives and deadly weapons get shuffled like cards in a magician's loaded deck, but it's all in fun and a lot less gory than the title suggests.



Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway, soon to be seen together in Creator, a zany comedy about an eccentric biologist and his graduate student assistant.

●

SPY-JINKS: Hollywood has decided the word "remake" is out. Now 20th Century-Fox are making an "Americanised version" of the classic French comedy *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe*. In this case "Americanised" means three things: shortening the title to *The Man With One Red Shoe*; adding a real love affair (since American audiences presumably won't buy casual sexual affairs); and having the good guys come out better than the bad guys in the end.

Tom *(Splash)* **Hanks** stars as the innocent violinist mistaken for a super-agent amid a bout of internecine warfare within the CIA. **Dabney Coleman** and **Charles Durning** play the rival agency bigwigs. **Lori** *(Footloose)* **Singer** is a super-agent who uses feminine wiles to worm out secrets from Hanks. **Carrie Fisher** plays a flautist having an affair with our hero, and **Jim Belushi** is her husband. Director **Stan** *(Love At First Bite)* **Dragoti** says: "The goal is to keep the audiences laughing while on the edge of their seats."

●

SEQUELMANIA: Among the year's bounty of follow-ups is *Poltergeist II*, now in development with a script by the original's writers.

And then there's *Howling II*, toplining sexy **Sybil Danning** as the first all-blonde werewolf in cinematic history. This one takes up where the original left off, at the funeral of **Dee Wallace**'s character, where werewolf expert **Christopher Lee** reveals that all hell will break loose if someone doesn't get to the werewolf high priestess before she can celebrate her 10,000th birthday. A scene worth waiting for will be a *menagerie a trois* love scene during which the three participants turn into werewolves. In other words, they grow hair on more than just their palms.

Mel Gibson in yet another clinch, this time with Diane Keaton in Mrs Soffel, an upcoming romantic drama that's based on a true story. You'll see him first, however, in The River with Sissy Spacek.

PLAY IT AGAIN, WOODY: **Woody Allen**'s latest film is called *Purple Rose Of Cairo*, but it's not set in Egypt. A few details leaked from the closely guarded set suggest it takes place in the '30s. The title is the name of a 1936 movie playing at a local bijou called the Jewel. **Mia Farrow** plays a waitress in a small town on the Hudson River who wishes she had enough money to go places and do things. **Danny Aiello** plays her husband and **Jeff** *(Terms Of Endearment)* **Daniels** is a '30s matinee idol. Also featuring are **Van Johnson, Edward Herrmann, Zoe Caldwell** and nightclub crooner **Karen Akers**.

●

BUSY BOY: **Mel Gibson** hits the screen again, this time in yet another major movie about hard times in rural America. He stars in *The River* with **Sissy Spacek** and as the beleaguered Tennessee couple they face more problems than feeding their kids and bringing in the corn crop. All acting performances have been critically acclaimed and if you can be bothered with the dilemma of being an American country bumpkin, the screenplay has been rated as one of the more realistic attempts to portray this part of the world.

Play Black

John Player Special 25s.

C.C 1792/84

K609

MUSIC

Split Enz called it quits before the pop world frazzled the band forever.

Being a pop star is so much like being the working part of a big dipper that it makes you wonder why anyone decides to get on to the pop money-go-round in the first place.

A week's mega-fame at number one nearly always ends up in the cheerless ranks of the Top 10, then the Top 40, and then into the discard bin.

Where will **Wham** be in a year's time? And what will **Madonna** be singing at the end of the decade? The chances are no one cares as long as the two boys stay as cute as ever and the young lady keeps her midriff bare.

The state of the pop art now translates to the state of the charts, but watching the arm-waving brigade on *Countdown* faint when some appallingly dressed heart-throb paralyses yet another weak-kneed pop song is like observing life on another planet.

When **Split Enz** arrived in Australia a decade ago their stage presence and quirky songs practically convinced most punters they'd come from another galaxy and not just across the Tasman Sea. Their originality kept them out of reach of the hit charts but with the genius of their raw material intact. It wasn't until **Neil Finn** wrote *I Got You* and the album it came from, *True Colors* (both staying on top of the charts for much of 1980), that Split Enz got their first real taste of the screaming teens, who then stayed loyal to the band till the end of the Enz late last year.

The main reason they called it quits after five years at the top was that the fence the pop world had built around the band had started to crowd them personally and musically. They had fallen into the classic pop star trap. The band's main songwriter and guitarist, Neil Finn, explains: "The band's ways become set. The organisation becomes prominent and sometimes the music takes second place. Everything gets out of control and personal directions become overshadowed."

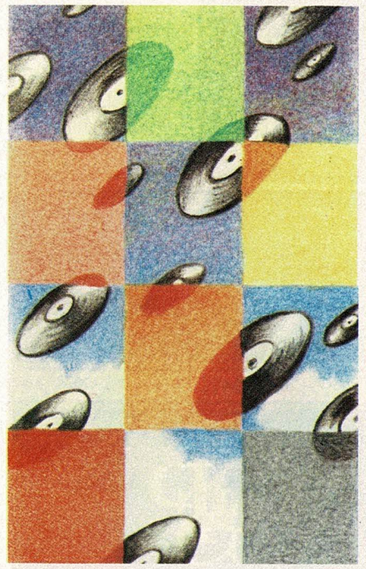
Keyboard player **Eddie Rayner** was in a good position to assess the final days after 12 years with the band: "Sustaining success seems to be futile in some ways," he says. "Within the confines of pop music there's only a few ways you can do things. Commerciality revolves around pop, which is a teenage thing.

"A show like *Countdown* does a disservice to older people," he adds. "The serious music listener rightly expects the general quality of songs to improve over the years."

Split Enz earned a reputation for being serious musicians, despite their often frivolous looks. Neil Finn admits he sometimes wonders what it would have been like to have been a musician in the classical era, while Rayner bemoans the complete takeover of the charts by sweet and syrupy songs.

The formula for a good pop song is something most musicians would like to patent, but the Enz boys were able to sum it up in a few phrases. Says Neil: "A good tune is timeless, and is always hummable and singable." Rayner adds: "What's commercial changes day to day, but nowadays a good beat is essential. A good song has rhythm, melody and atmosphere. My role was to add atmosphere."

Split Enz never got into the total synthesiser and drum box sound that has clouded the early '80s pop world, simply because they considered themselves a band first and foremost and, as a band, they wanted to *play together*.



"I've never heard a tough synthesiser record," Neil explains. "The synthesiser could never take the place of the guitar, which gives a band's sound an edge. In the end, the best modern music is always the simplest. When I'm writing a song I don't think about its style. The character just develops as I go along."

Neil rejects the pop image that's grown around him more than any other Enz player, but he'll be the most likely of them all to continue battling the charts. And there's every chance that because of his work with Enz drummer **Paul Hester**, his music will be a bit rockier and tougher than before.

Eddie Rayner, on the other hand, faces a dilemma in sustaining a viable career outside the pop industry. In terms of radio play there's no room for instrumentals, so a keyboarder has to look for collaborations or production work.

As Eddie sums it up: "There's got to be a space for older musicians to occupy instead of going into jingle writing and film scores."

Meanwhile he'll consider what the pop industry can offer a player with the finest pedigree but no desire to face teenaged frenzy.

He plans to do something for the New Zealand recording industry, claiming with a bit of managerial help it could easily become a cheaper and more viable place to record than Australia, and thus attract our top players away from mainland studios.

●

The charts are a phenomenon that have never worried **Vince Jones**, a Melbourne-based singer who might easily be categorised as a jazz singer but who includes a whole range from blues to early Celtic styles in his presentation.

It's unlikely his third album, *For All Colors*, will go megaplatinum with stars and bullets, but it has proved he can live and play as a musician outside the influence of teenage fashion.

The trap for Vince is the cocktail circuit, but he's built a strong enough following around Australia as an original singer and trumpeter to ensure a future without leaning on a piano singing lazy renditions of *Melancholy Baby* for the rest of his life.

"The singer in me is a folk singer, while the trumpeter is late '50s and early '60s post bebop," Vince explains. "My own songs have always been in me. They're basically simple, direct and expressive. There's an overall feel, and they carry my personal experience, and that's important. I'm a specialist, who lives for the music. I like to paint different pictures in my music."

In a business sense he's gone the independent route, producing his own music on Suitable Records. Working on a much smaller budget than most recording artists, there's a freshness about his recorded style, while live there's a hunger about his stage presence. Throughout both, the man's choice of songs is faultless.

"I look for pressure, then release. It's a risky business, but it produces emotive results," Vince concludes.

It's unlikely Vince Jones will do the round like the chartbusters. He's chosen to stay with his regular gig in Melbourne, but his songs and trumpet have a great future in the world not according to pop.

— TONY LOVE

WINE ENTERS A NEW DOMAIN.

A NEW DIMENSION OF ELEGANCE.

WYNNS DOMAIN.

1.5 litres of quality tablewine in an elegant new bottle. Available in three classic styles: Rhine Riesling, Semillon and Cabernet Shiraz.

AB 3428/84

LEO BURNETT 2.3083

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1

LEO BURNETT 2.3083 CC1934/84

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

SPORT

The experts are still in favor of hard, regular exercise. But it may be fatal to overdo it.

Sudden death during hard exercise is not uncommon. In fact, it happens often enough to frighten some people off the idea of engaging in any such exertion. Ever since the unexpected demise, while jogging, of world-famous running guru James Fixx, the subject has become more prominent.

Fixx died of a heart attack while doing the one thing calculated by many people (himself included) to prevent just that. This has led to greater speculation than ever about the risks involved.

There are really no definitive answers to the problem but indications are still quite strongly in favor of regular exercise, provided it is conducted sensibly. Take the following two cases of sudden death, both of which occurred in the past few months. One involved a 15-year-old fitness fanatic training for sport; the other was a medical doctor in his mid-fifties who was also a fitness fanatic but who suddenly dropped dead after a game of squash.

After each death, the same queries and subsequent answers arose: What was the cause of death? A heart attack, in both cases. Did the exercise contribute to death? Probably not; it could well have occurred anyway. Did their fitness and hard work contribute to their longevity or diminish it? No one can tell for certain.

What can be said, however, is that in each case the individual's lifestyle was probably enhanced, provided that the reason each indulged in such hard sport and exercise was for pleasure and enjoyment rather than for increasing longevity or giving any guarantees against sudden death.

The James Fixx case is the one most worth recalling because of his worldwide fame and popularity. There are millions of joggers and runners today whom Fixx helped motivate to get started in fitness. But Fixx had bad heredity. His own father had suffered a heart attack at 35 and died of coronary heart disease when only 42. He also had several uncles on both sides of his family with similar problems.

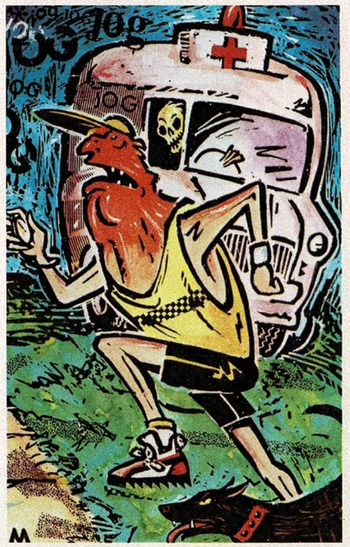
Heredity is definitely a major factor in coronary heart disease. Unfortunately it is also one you cannot alter or modify. If you have a bad family history of coronary heart disease, on either side of your family, then your own risks of having similar problems rise considerably above average. But on the other hand, the random nature of genetics also includes the possibility of inheriting genes from the longer-lived of your ancestors.

At the age of 37, Fixx was a heavy smoker, very obese and generally underactive. Then he pulled a muscle playing tennis, which not only annoyed and disabled him but showed him that he needed to do something about his fitness. So this dedicated writer used some of the discipline necessary for that difficult occupation and turned it into physical activity and dieting to lose 20 to 30 pounds. When he started, Fixx couldn't run more than a few hundred metres without puffing and panting and having to stop and rest.

Yet a few years later he was able to run the full marathon distance of 42.195 kilometres capably and comfortably.

So he decided to write his first tome on the subject, *The Complete Book Of Running*. It sold several million copies and made Fixx a millionaire; it gave him the freedom to do as he pleased.

Despite researching and writing about every possible aspect of fitness and health as a result of this fame, Fixx didn't follow all his literary dictums. Less than one year before his sudden death, he refused the offer of an exercise stress test from another famous fitness and jogging guru, Dr Ken Cooper, known as the "father of aerobics" after the title of his bestseller, *Aerobics*.



Such a test might have told Fixx what he apparently didn't want to know — that he had inherited his family weakness and that his coronary arteries were clogging up. Yet he looked and probably felt quite fit up to the moment of his demise.

A stress test (or exercise electrocardiograph) done under controlled conditions with medical staff (and/or staff trained in resuscitation) in attendance, is essential for anyone with any of the risks of coronary heart disease, including bad heredity, obesity, cigarette smoking, overstress, underactivity, diabetes, or any medical condition affecting heart, blood vessels or lungs, particularly high blood pressure. This is all the more imperative after the age of 35.

The problem with the exercise ECG, however, is that it isn't quite 100 percent accurate. Dr Victor Chang, the eminent Australian heart surgeon, told me recently that only an angiogram (in which a catheter is inserted into the heart via a major artery, through which a radio-opaque dye is flushed into the coronary arteries while moving X-ray pictures are taken) will provide close to 100 percent accuracy. Yet even this isn't a total guarantee.

I know of one case where both stress ECG and angiogram showed nothing, yet the patient, a fit and active individual, underwent emergency coronary graft surgery under heart bypass conditions shortly afterwards.

The message seems to be that your longevity may well be determined by fate. Fitness should be regarded as a means of enhancing lifestyle and activity rather than assuring old age.

Recent research does show that while you exercise, your risk of having a sudden coronary episode increases by about five times the normal. However it decreases to several times below average once you finish exercising and recover, provided you regularly continue this pattern of exercise and recovery.

The same research also shows a much lower incidence of serious disabling disease and even of sudden death among the well-exercised who are also aware of the avoidable risks of coronary heart disease when approaching middle age.

So it seems that while there is a serious risk of sudden death during hard exercise, there is also a resultant benefit not only of increased fitness and vitality but, if you recover without problems, an increased amount of protection.

Continue to exercise regularly (hard but sensibly), taking care to note the risks.

James Fixx once said that if he had to die suddenly and prematurely, he would best like to do so making love. Otherwise he'd like to go while running.

So the message is to keep jogging, running and doing anything aerobic — even making love — daily and actively, because the name of the game is lifestyle and enjoyment and not necessarily longevity.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

SWITCH TO SWATCH.™

THE CRAZY NEW WAVE IN SWISS WATCHES.

Swatch. On one hand, it's very Swiss. Waterproof. Shockproof. With precise Swiss quartz technology. On the other hand, it rocks the boat. With outrageous colours. Up-to-the-minute styles. And priced around $35. So why not get two or three? Watch out for them at fine stores everywhere.

swatch QUARTZ

SWAT 0007

ALFA 33

The Line. The Style. The Power.

Welcome to a new vehicle for self expression. An expression of your style, your taste. Welcome to the personal family car as defined by Alfa Romeo. The Alfa 33.

The line and shape of the Alfa 33 have been designed not only to slip through the wind with ease, but to provide an extra-spacious cabin that can seat five adults, comfortably.

The on-board computer module performs 8 independent checks on essential systems functions and is also programmed for instant data feedback on fuel economy and distance travelled.

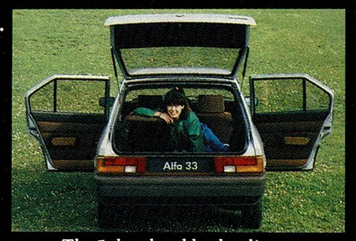
The on-board computer module.

Alfa Romeo's legendary 1.5 litre boxer engine and perfectly chosen ratioed five-speed transmission combine to deliver power, smoothness and response that are still unmatched.

The central locking system, interior operated dual side mirrors and high/low rear window demister give new meaning to safe, stress-free driving.

The AM/FM stereo cassette system, electrically operated front windows and ergonomically designed seats upholstered in superb Italian fabric wrap your senses in luxury.

A 12-month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6-year anti-corrosion guarantee give you total peace of mind, not just for a few short months but for many worry-free years to come.



The 5-door hatchback split rear seat configuration.

Add the flexibility of the brilliantly conceived 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration and you have a personal family motor car that is unsurpassed.

Fanatically crafted, uncompromisingly appointed, exhaustively quality controlled.

The Alfa 33.

The Line. The Style. The Power.

Alfa Romeo

LHVAR439PB

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BETTINA ARNDT

A candid conversation with Australia's most famous sexologist on incest, child porn, adult movies, the search for sexual happiness and how to laugh in bed.

Since she began advising Australian PLAYBOY readers on the finer points of sexual experience back in January 1983, Bettina Arndt's star has risen in a most dramatic way. After 10 years of preaching mainly to the converted, Arndt has become a multi-media personality whose delicately packaged sexual message is heard or seen in most states at least one day each week.

By her own admission, the clinical psychologist with a master's degree has gone showbiz in a big way, but she says it is worth being mobbed in supermarkets if it helps men and women talk freely to each other about sex. Never one to seek refuge from the real world in the halls of academe, Arndt is happiest when she is spreading her gospel among the common folk. That was how she was depicted in a controversial 60 Minutes segment last year, winking and nudging with the best of them at an all-male meeting of Apexians.

"All I ever try to tell them is it's okay to talk about sex," Arndt says. "And if they can talk about it with me, then they should be able to talk about it with their wives."

This no-nonsense approach to sex, coupled with regular appearances with blushing Bert Newton on last year's ill-fated Tonight Show, have made Arndt as many enemies as friends. But reaction to her new adventures in the visual media is likely to be more dramatic. Working with Fred Schepisi's Film House Productions, Arndt will this year produce the first of a series of erotic sex education videos designed as bedroom aids and destined for world-wide release.

But despite the nature of her new project, Arndt, now in her early thirties, says she is beginning to discover the more conservative side of herself. She says she has no desire to push the barriers of acceptability unnecessarily, and that after more than a decade ramming it down people's throats, so to speak, she has learnt there's more to life than sex.

Could this be our Ms Arndt talking? She who was banned from the airwaves for two years for talking dirty; she who fought tooth and nail with the censors during her editorship of the radical sex magazine Forum; she who, with her late husband Dennis Minogue, broke new ground in sexual theory with the establishment of the magazine Issues; she who did very nicely in the mail-order crotchless undie business. Australian PLAYBOY sent senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *along to investigate.*

Says Jarratt: "Tina managed to fit our interview sessions in between talkback radio programs and trips to her aerobics class. She talks at a million miles an hour and it's only later when you listen to the tapes that you can tell whether she was making sense. Most of the time she did, and guess what, guys? She's on our side."

PLAYBOY: You've become the best known sex therapist in Australia. Do you see yourself now as a populist academic or as an entertainer?

ARNDT: Both, I hope. It's funny that in the academic context people now accuse me of being an entertainer. I hope that what I have to say is entertaining. To talk about sex and not be entertaining would be sacrilege. Take last year on the *Tonight With Bert Newton* show: that was a certain context. If you're stuck between the jugglers and the clowns you have to remember you're an entertainer first and an educator second.

PLAYBOY: In the segment *60 Minutes* did on you, we saw you addressing a fairly bawdy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE FARRELL

"A very inarticulate ocker rang me. . . he'd always been written off as a dud bash. He wanted to know why no woman had ever shown him what she wanted."

"Five years ago there was a lot of anxiety about keeping up with the Joneses. All that competitive, performance-oriented stuff. I hope we're over that."

"Women's orgasms are their own responsibility. One of the reasons I enjoy writing for Australian PLAYBOY is that it counters anti-male propaganda in women's magazines."

Now available at selected drive-ins.

AB 3807/84 HKN 0054 Foster Nunn Lovedei

Fully imported Heineken.

group of Apexians. Did they invite you along to educate or entertain?

ARNDT: They weren't bawdy at all. They were the epitome of respectability. They had never in their lives been bawdy. I talked with them for two hours and we talked about sex in a fairly bawdy way, but we also talked about things which were highly sensitive and emotional. They were just as amazed to find themselves talking publicly about those emotional things as they were to find themselves talking publicly about sex. I think that balance is really important. They get a package which has a bit of wink, wink, nudge, nudge in it, but also a fair dose of facts about sex plus a chance to talk about emotions.

PLAYBOY: What facts do you tell Apexians about sex?

ARNDT: It's actually not even facts. I try and teach them an approach to sex. Perhaps the only message I ever get across, and this is all I ever ended up saying on Bert Newton's show, is that it's okay to talk about sex, that it's a reasonable thing to talk about and if we can talk about it here then maybe we can talk to our spouses about it.

Of course there are other important messages, too. With men I'm trying to say, please stop trying to be the rock, the emotionally contained people males have been brought up to be. For females, the absolute frustration is to live with males who can't talk about their feelings. When I address these meetings the men start to talk about these things and at the end they say, "I don't know why I've never talked to my wife about this, but I'm going to."

PLAYBOY: Do their attitudes to sex ever annoy you?

ARNDT: No, I love men and I try to understand them. Perhaps the only thing that annoys me is that initial dirty joke, the one the chairman uses to introduce me. That gets very boring because I'm really not interested in dirty jokes and I must confess I often don't get them. It has something to do with my rather unusual sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Is the stereotype of the Australian male as a sexual moron a misconception?

ARNDT: Oh, I don't think he's much different from his counterparts in other places. The major misconception is that he's a selfish oaf not the least bit interested in pleasing his woman. I think that's very rare. There may be a certain bravado in pretending that he's not interested in pleasing women, but underneath most guys are dying to give a little bit more. When their attitude comes across as "bugger you, lady" it's because they're being defensive.

PLAYBOY: Come on, what are our major sexual flaws?

ARNDT: There aren't any. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You paint a very rosy picture.

ARNDT: Oh, you all need better training, that's all. Women have an enormously important role to play in getting the Australian male to change. I think there's been far too much blaming of men, and it doesn't do them any good to be told they're rotten lovers. There's no point in just writing them off. We should be teaching them to be good lovers.

A very inarticulate ocker once rang me on a radio program to tell me he'd always been written off as a dud bash; bad ratings all his life. It was a sweet call because he said he didn't want it to be that way. You know, that look of disappointment on their faces afterwards. He wanted to know why no woman had ever taken him by the hand and shown him what she wanted. He was left knowing it was bad, but not knowing what he should do about it. I think that's very unfair.

PLAYBOY: Do Australian men appreciate having a clinical psychologist tell them about sex?

ARNDT: Oh, I don't think of it like that. I'm a woman telling them about sex.

PLAYBOY: Then why do they talk to you rather than to their wives?

ARNDT: Whatever the reason I'm sure it has nothing to do with my title. I don't like being thought of as the expert, the person with the instant answers. I've learnt everything I know about sex since I became a therapist.

PLAYBOY: Everything?

ARNDT: Not everything. You learn an attitude, an approach, and you learn to listen to people, which is just as well, because like it or not, I am constantly getting people's sex lives poured down my throat.

PLAYBOY: So to speak. The price of fame perhaps?

ARNDT: Television has made it much worse. When I was just on the radio all I had to do was shut up and no one knew who I was. Now some aspects of this whole thing are quite revolting, like when you're in the supermarket yelling at your child about no more Mars bars and someone comes and hits you with their orgasm problems. Of course some of them come up and tell me lovely things they've been dying to say for ages. It's rare that I get annoyed with that, in fact it's often very funny.

For example, I was running to catch a plane and the girl at the TAA ticket counter stared at me for a moment and said, "Isn't sex wonderful?" Now she was a very ordinary-looking, shy girl and it seemed extraordinary coming out of her mouth, but obviously she'd been dying to share her discovery with someone.

You see, I'm a sucker for people having a good time. There's a guy in my aerobics class, a dentist, and he'd been at a seminar where I was going on about multiple orgasms and how to achieve them. Now he fills me in on his progress while the class is working out. That's not the context I'd choose, but I can't help myself, so I talk to him about it.

PLAYBOY: Your career has spanned a period when attitudes to sex have changed, or seem to have changed, quite radically. Is dispensing advice easier now than in 1973?

ARNDT: Well, I wonder how much of that change is really superficial. Sure, people now talk about sex at dinner parties and have a pseudo-sophistication about it — it's nice to be able to drop oral sex into a cocktail conversation — but how much of that is actually translated into the ability to talk frankly with your lovers or your children I just don't know.

"I'm getting fed up with men. Every one I meet treats me like a doormat."

PLAYBOY: Surely no one would be in a better position to judge than you?

ARNDT: Yes, my feeling is that it's still a very superficial change in attitude.

PLAYBOY: So we talk about it more, but we're no better in bed?

ARNDT: Some people are. Some people are having a wonderful time. I was talking to a guy, a car salesman, who went to a lecture I gave years ago and at the time he was going through a divorce and was under stress and having problems getting erections and so on. He'd gone home after the lecture and realised that he was creating his own problems, that really they shouldn't exist, and very soon they didn't. Now he's remarried and very happy; a real success story simply because he changed his thinking about how important erections were to his masculinity.

I hope that people now have rather more realistic expectations about sex. Five years ago there was a lot of anxiety about keeping up with the Joneses. Are we having sex often enough? Are we having enough orgasms? All that competitive, performance-oriented stuff. I hope we're over that. I hope we realise you don't have to do it every second day. There's room for variation. Certainly there is now more tolerance of different sexual behavior, homosexuality being the classic example.

PLAYBOY: Has the concept of "good sex" changed?

ARNDT: Mm, yeah. One of the big changes is women's increased expectations.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us it's going to get harder and harder?

ARNDT: For men, yes. There is no question now that young women expect sex to be good, to be a big part of their relationships and to give them at least as much pleasure as it gives their partners. Often these expectations are quite unrealistic. If they don't have multiple orgasms instantly, it's not working, that kind of thing. There seems to be an assumption that you don't have to work at these things, and that is unfortunate because it places a huge burden on men.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the male as the perpetual underdog?

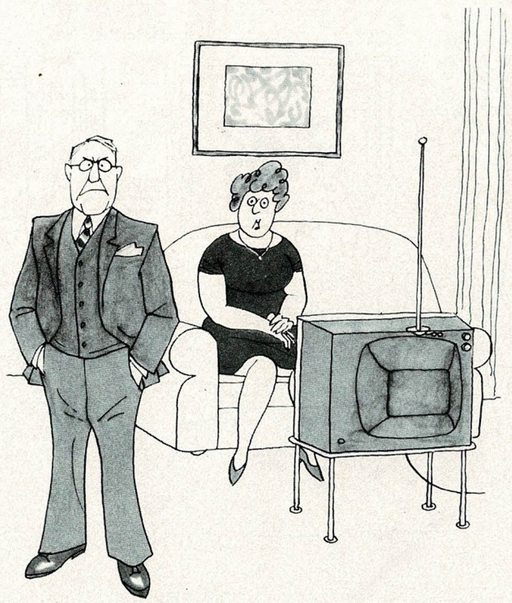
ARNDT: I don't think he should be. It just shows we've got a lot more work to do. What concerns me is the major change in the past 15 years to give the male one more responsibility. He not only has to get it up, he has to satisfy the woman as well. I hope that onus is shifting. I mean, women have to understand that their orgasms are their own responsibility. One of the reasons I enjoy writing for Australian PLAYBOY is that it counters the anti-male propaganda in women's magazines like questionnaires such as *Is your husband a lousy lover?* and so on. That stuff doesn't help. What we want to do is reach out to men and help them, because women seem to have so much more access to sex information than men do. Women are so much more knowledgeable about it and have such correspondingly high expectations that men can't keep up.

PLAYBOY: Are you seriously suggesting that women know more than men about sex?

ARNDT: Yes. [*Laughs*] Where are they going to read it?

PLAYBOY: Do we have to learn by reading? Can't we just know?

ARNDT: Of course not. It hasn't worked in the past, has it?



"Feeling as you do about abortion, Arthur, you probably shouldn't have one."

PLAYBOY: We're not so sure about that.

ARNDT: Well it can work, obviously. If we all lived in a vacuum we'd be good lovers, but we learn a whole lot of negative attitudes. Men learn that they have to pretend to be experts, but it would be more natural for men and women to approach sex as equals and talk to each other about how they were going to go about it. In our society, by the time a guy is 20 he's learnt to shut up and pretend he knows all about it, and therefore he's stuffed. His ego gets in the way, he's crushed by the myths of masculine behavior before he even starts.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything we can learn from the sexual behavior of animals?

ARNDT: I don't think so. Sex is a wonderful example of the fascinating complexities of behavior that make us human. At least 50 different variables from cultural and religious background to personality, hormones and biology add to every sexual act. All these things contribute to how we respond and feel about sexuality. It's nonsense to think we can learn that by looking at the hormonal changes in apes. You see, we've made sex much more intricate and difficult with all these variables, but we've also made it much more exciting. We should revel in the richness of it, expand and develop through it.

PLAYBOY: Does talking about it all day ever put you off doing it?

ARNDT: No. [*Laughs*] If anything, it turns me on. When I did my thesis on masturbation I was constantly distracted. It definitely works the other way for me. Of course it might put other people off doing it with me.

PLAYBOY: You never want a holiday from sex?

ARNDT: Does working in a cake shop put you off cream buns? I enjoy taking a break from talking about sex, but as far as doing it is concerned, well I've had far too many holidays from that anyway.

PLAYBOY: Are you a dirty talker by nature?

ARNDT: I don't know. I think back on that and I can never remember how interested I was in sex before I got into it professionally.

PLAYBOY: But have you always done a lot of talking in your own sexual experiences?

ARNDT: I've often been accused of being somewhat analytical, but that's simply because I'm intrigued by sex. I think about it all the time and invariably you observe yourself as well as other people. I'm not saying I treat sex clinically, but in the back of my mind I might note a certain sensation. . . ooh, that's interesting, that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you count the orgasms or simply enjoy them?

ARNDT: Oh, I'll enjoy them at the time and then later I'll probably think back and analyse the experience a little.

PLAYBOY: Is that a turn-off for your lovers?

ARNDT: I think it would be if I wasn't so naturally enthusiastic anyway. I don't sit there with a notebook.

PLAYBOY: They're not intimidated by you?

ARNDT: The number of men who have asked me that recently. . . it makes me think they must be and I find that a little depressing. Look, I would never go to bed with a person who didn't know me so it would be highly unlikely that one of my lovers would end up in bed with an image of me. It'd be different if I dragged them off from the lecture halls, but I'd never set myself up for that. If a lover is intimidated by me I think it's most likely that it'll be caused by another aspect entirely. I'm a very bossy lady. I've been married and I've spent a lot of time on my own and I've done a lot of things. Some men might find that intimidating.

PLAYBOY: Is there a puritanical backlash against greater sexual freedom?

ARNDT: There are people who are very frightened by open discussion of sex and there are people who are working very hard to manipulate others into being frightened. That's the really worrying area, particularly in relation to sex education in schools. I think most of us who are parents worry a little about how sex is presented to our children at school. It's very difficult for most parents to be sure enough of their own roles as sex educators to think it doesn't matter what other influences their children have. I think the majority of parents are in favor of sex education at school, but they are just that little bit vulnerable. All they need is a few scare stories and they pull back. I find it very difficult to advise parents in this area, probably because I'm becoming increasingly conservative myself. I've recently been doing a lot of thinking about the issue of child abuse. When you really look into that, and see how common it is, it's quite frightening.

PLAYBOY: Are we talking now to Bettina Arndt, mother, or Bettina Arndt, professional?

ARNDT: Bettina Arndt, mother. I feel that this is, in a way, a justification for the right to speak publicly about these things. I am constantly learning from my own experiences as a mother as well as everything else.

PLAYBOY: Has experience in life changed your sexual viewpoint?

ARNDT: I think it changes your views on everything. I used to lecture childbirth educators that sex could be enjoyed during pregnancy without any inhibitions. It wouldn't do any harm. Dennis and I didn't have sex for a whole year when I was pregnant and had my baby, but there was no physical reason. We were both neurotic wrecks, and worried unnecessarily.

When you're young you make the assumption that everything should be wonderful and terrific, but life is more complicated than that.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible then, that in your callow youth you spread a lot of bullshit in the guise of sex advice?

ARNDT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Does that worry you?

EXCLUSIVE OFFER

QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

DIRECT FROM NEW YORK OPTICS.

1. **Professional Diving and Flight glasses**
Teardrop shape with golf flexible cable temples, dark green lens (Normally $30.00 — Now only $14.95).

2. **Superstar Style**
Styled similar to "John Lennon" and "Ghandi" Only $14.95.

3. **Wraproud**
They're back again — just released Black frame and green wide angle lenses.

4. **World Famous Pilots Glasses**
These gold precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95 (Normally $19.95). Two pairs for $15.00.

5. **Change-a-Matic Aviator Glasses**
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints inside. Gold Frame (Normally $29.95). Now only $14.95.

6. **Girl Watchers**
Silver mirrored lenses gold aviator frames A$20.00 value only $9.95.

7. **Rimmless Polarised**
Glare free lenses in ultra light gold frames for those hot summer days — ideal for reflected glare in water sports (Normally $29.95). Now only $14.95.

8. **Fold Ups**
Classic aviator gold metal style that neatly folds into black zipper case. (Normally $29.95). Now only $9.95 Save $20.00.

9. **Unbreakables**
Famous French designed, virtually unbreakable, plastic brown frame with gradient CR39 optical scratch resistant lenses. (Normally $28.95). Now only $14.95.

10. **The Sportsman**
Black frame with hockey temples and the latest all-weather impact resistant lens (Normally around $50.00). Now only $14.95.

11. **1940's Glasses**
That Blues Brothers and Flashdance style.If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $60.00. Black frame, green lens, top value at only $14.95. Two pairs for $29.00.

12. **"Leathers"**
For that rugged 'bikey' look black frame, comes with all-weather lens hockey temples, cords and leather look bridge and side pieces. Only $14.95.

If coupon is already missing, send a cheque, (including $1.00 for postage), model numbers required and return address to: New York Optics. P.O. Box 746. DARLINGHURST N.S.W. 2010

STYLE	QTY	PRICE
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		

To order your New York Optics Sunglasses, send cheque or money order to New York Optics. P.O. Box 746 Darlinghurst 2010

Bankcard customers please fill in card no. and expiry date.

Bankcard No. _____

Expiry Date _____

Signature _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City _____ State _____ Postcode _____

FREE case with each pair
Limited offer until sold out.

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These handcrafted glasses are made exclusively for New York Optics — to be sure of the best, order now. All sunglasses are guaranteed for 12 months against any manufacturer's fault.

PTO/PB 1/85

ARNDT: Yes, very much so. When I think of some of it, I want to hang my head in shame. When I started working in the sex therapy field, it was such a new area, there was simply not enough information.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst advice you've given?

ARNDT: Mmm. [*Laughs*] Well, there are specific areas where I think I may have made things worse. Basically I think I've been guilty of being too evangelistic, pushing the line that everyone has to be sexual and that sex is salvation for all. If someone wasn't sexual there was something wrong.

See, most 22-year-olds think like that, and I was full of this desire to spread sexual happiness throughout the world, not realising that it's simply not appropriate for everyone to find their salvation in orgasms.

PLAYBOY: You're not going to embrace the New Celibacy, are you?

ARNDT: Oh, not at all, but I do now understand that there are horses for courses, and that there are periods in all our lives when sex is remarkably unimportant. I have to admit that I get rather uncomfortable now when people come up to me and tell me how wonderful it is that they can wander around naked in their homes and talk to their children about sex. I think that's great for them, but it's also rather unnerving when you see the light shining in their eyes. I think it's very important that we're not intolerant of those who don't want to be so open about sex. A 13-year-old girl, for example, might prefer to have a towel around her when she comes out of the bathroom.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that sexual attitudes are cyclical? That our kids won't want the freedoms we consider so important?

ARNDT: I think we have to guard against wretched excess. Too many people take up the sexual revolution as their cause, and I've certainly been guilty of that. But as far as a generational backlash is concerned, I think there have been certain steps forward that we can't reverse. The sexual repression of women is a good example. There have been generations of women who were afraid of showing their sexuality because they would be labelled as unfeminine and promiscuous. It was only possible for that to happen in societies where procreation was so important because of property lines and the male dependence on patriarchy. I can't see our society reverting to that, not since contraception has given us choice and the women's movement has so changed attitudes.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree that with the discovery of dangers associated with contraception the choice is not as great as was thought initially?

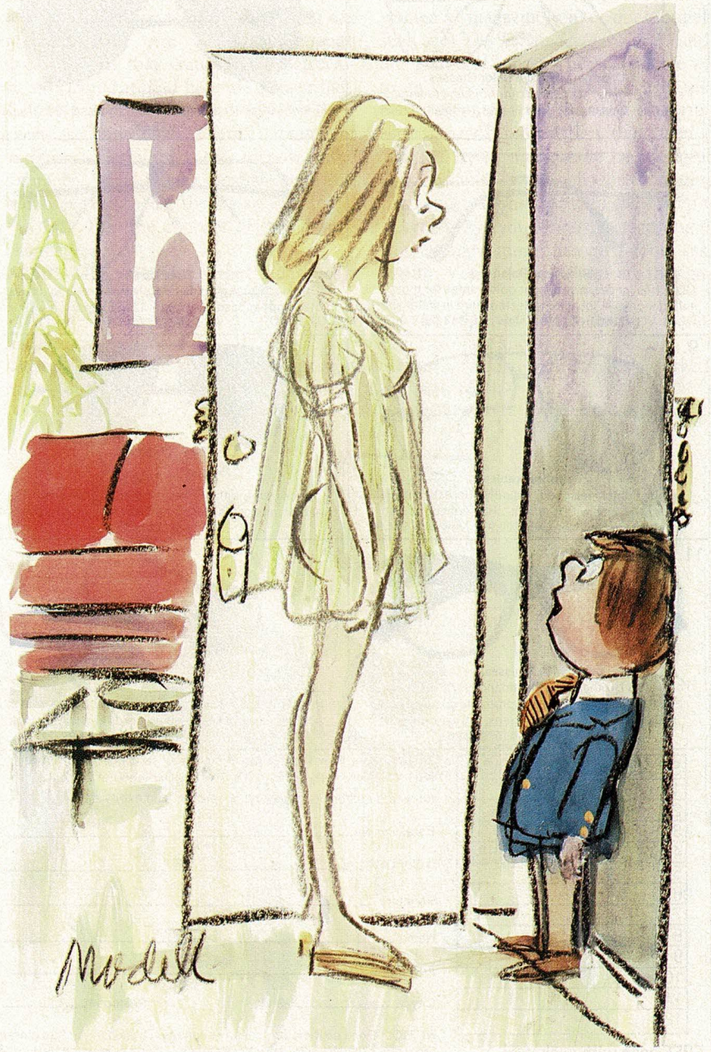
ARNDT: Obviously there are problems, but sometimes they are overrated. I've heard 18-year-old girls talk about how dangerous the Pill is as they light up a cigarette and climb into their drunken boyfriend's car. People aren't very logical about these things. Sure there's a risk, but you have to compare it with the risk of unwanted pregnancy, the risk of abortion, particularly repeated abortions, and many other risks. To me the risk of contraception in its various forms is perfectly acceptable.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on abortion?

ARNDT: There is no question that we need safe, legal abortion as a backup to responsible use of contraception. Of course people will abuse its availability, but we simply can't take the risk of not having it.

PLAYBOY: Homosexuality?

ARNDT: Obviously I am delighted with the increased tolerance and understanding of homosexuality, but what I find a little disturbing is the reactions of parents, now that we're so aware of it. I've seen teenagers go through a great deal of stress over determining their sexuality while 10 or 15 years ago it would never have occurred to them that they might be gay. It has become another pressure to cope with. Most of us are attracted to our own sex at some formative stage, but now kids tend to stew over the first signs. I get a lot of letters from teenagers about this and I just simply tell them the facts, or what I see as the facts. I tell them that most of us have something approaching a homosexual experience and most of us go on to choose to live as heterosexuals. However, you don't have to. If you find you are gay, you will be able to live quite a normal, happy, successful life. And equally you don't have to go to bed with members of your own sex just because you feel some sort of attraction. I mean, people write to me and say they're turning into homosexuals. I explain to them that you can't do that, and in fact you probably can't do much at all about your own sexual orientation. What you *can* do is determine how you are going to cope with it. There are



"My daddy can't come and play with you today and I'm supposed to keep an eye on you."

homosexuals who have lived as heterosexuals all their lives, and of course there are gays who are having a great time and accept the way they are. The choice of how you handle it is yours although the determination of your sexuality, it seems, is not.

All this plays a big part in teaching parents how to live with the fact that their child is gay and how to overcome the many myths about homosexuality that make it an agonising thing for parents to cope with.

The worst myth, and here we have the psychologists to thank again, is that parents turn their children into homosexuals. There's been so much damage to families because of this myth and it's a great stumbling block in helping parents to handle the situation. Then there's the myth that all gays are miserable and destined to a sleazy life hanging around toilets. It's so hard for a parent to accept that as the scenario for their child's future, yet it's also very hard to talk parents out of that belief.

Then there's the myth that if you can make them you can break them, if you send them off to doctors and so on. Fortunately that one has almost disappeared. I can't think of one professional dealing in these areas who would suggest that you can "reform" a homosexual.

One crucial and disastrous side effect of the greater community knowledge of homosexuality is the number of young men who feel forced to go out and screw young girls to prove they're not gay. The last thing we need is any more pressure on young people to have early sex. And this is coming from parents too, you know. Once we might have been pleased if young Johnny spent all his time playing chess or making pottery, but now the father will very often start to have serious worries about his son's sexuality and encourage him to prove himself. It's happening with girls, too.

PLAYBOY: You're suggesting parents are pushing their teenage kids into sexual adventures to allay their own fears about a gay in the family?

ARNDT: Yeah, it's more subtle than that, but yes. Why don't you go out with girls, Johnny? That sort of level.

PLAYBOY: Okay, pornography?

ARNDT: Child pornography should be banned. If we allow it to be available we're saying that that sort of sex is permissible, and we can't afford to say that. On that issue I'm very clear about where you draw the line. Where I'm more confused is on violent sex. I think we should be very careful generally with violence in films and television, but it's hard to set a standard. I see Donald Duck cartoons which I think are terribly violent. They're among the first things kids see, and the biggest joke in them is someone gets pushed off a cliff or gets squashed by a rock. Now I'm not sure whether we should see sexual violence as different from other violence.

PLAYBOY: There's a considerable difference between Donald Duck pushing a baddie off a cliff and a crazed rapist cutting up his prey with a flick knife, isn't there?

ARNDT: Yes, and there's a body of evidence which suggests that films depicting sexual violence do encourage men to regard women as objects to be sexually abused, but the difficulty is where do you draw the line? There are vast differences in the sexuality of men and women and I don't believe women should be the only censors. It's wrong for us to say that pictures of girls in frilly knickers are wrong simply because we don't get stimulated by pictures of men in undies. This is where some of the women against pornography groups fall down. I mean, there are black and white areas related to pornography, particularly where it touches on children and sadism, but there's also a huge area of grey.

PLAYBOY: Where does the black stop and the grey start?

ARNDT: I don't know how you define it. I'd hate to have to make those decisions. I was at a conference where a quite innocent piece of film about a man chasing a woman along a beach was being discussed. It was pretty much a frolic, but she was squealing and carrying on, and you could argue that she was portraying a notion of sexuality that's wrong, and could lead males to assume women want to be raped.

Look, I'm doing a lot of fence-sitting on this issue because I think you have to be very careful. Take video. Now that promised to be the perfect solution for people who want to watch pornography. I think it is slightly offensive to see crotches on display at your local newsagent, or to sit in a movie theatre next to people masturbating. But in the privacy of your home with your spouse or lover, it can be nice to look at something very sexy. In fact, I've spoken to women who've started watching pornography at home and one of the interesting things is that it's given them the opportunity to say to their partners, sex isn't like that for me.

The problem is that most video porn is so tasteless and awful and simply doesn't appeal to women.

I've begun work with a big film company making erotic sex education movies. The ones in existence are so boring. I think it's terrific to turn people on while they learn; sexy erotic movies which also teach people something. That's how video should be used. One of the problems with erotic films at the moment is they're all made by males and are full of male assumptions about what women enjoy.

PLAYBOY: What is the ideal way to teach kids about sex?

ARNDT: To answer their questions as they arise. Access to information. It starts in the home of course, when they notice daddy's penis and so on, but it is very important that the parents don't feel rejected later on when the kids feel the need to talk to someone else. Parents have to respect their children's right to privacy. You know, kids are very protective of their parents. They don't want to scare the pants off them by bringing up

"I've spent the past 35 years making money, but that meant neglecting my cosmic consciousness."

Sanyo WO7 Midi Component System. With looks like this and performance equal to the biggest, I'm really impressed.
The 24 watts per channel RMS power from the amp is complimented by a built-in 5-band graphic equalizer. To further improve my pleasure, there's clean, calm sound from the 2-way 2-speaker system. The entertainment is non-stop with a double cassette system, state of the art linear tracking turntable and direct call function.
WO7 from Sanyo, it's a great turn on...but that's life.

SANYO
That's Life!

the subject of sex at age 11. School is one place where kids can learn, but we'd be crazy if we thought we could leave it at that and opt out as parents. I don't like apportioning blame for the lack of sex education because it's not easy. If couples have trouble talking to each other about sex they're going to have more trouble telling their kids, and you can't change people overnight. I was at a seminar for businessmen recently and they were discussing such important things about sex and how their views had changed since early manhood. I asked if they would tell their sons any of this and, of course, they said no, they couldn't. What a difference it would make if they could.

Of course there are also some wonderful fathers around. I talked to a girl recently who told me she'd been having troubles sleeping while her school exams were in progress.

Her father had suggested she try masturbating to relax her when she went to bed. She tried it and it worked.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that kind of advice come pretty close to that moral line we talked about earlier?

ARNDT: Depends how it's done. I'm not saying he should sit down and teach her how to do it. I'm saying in the context of an open family that was okay. He was able to be frank with her about sex. I mean, how many fathers can say to their daughters, "I'm just going down to the shops, can I pick up some tampons for you?"

Very few. But why should daughters have to hide tampons from their fathers? That's what happens.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a sexual nirvana?

ARNDT: Oh, I don't think sex is important enough to think about it in those terms.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us sex is not important?

ARNDT: That's right, there are lots of things more important.

PLAYBOY: But you've devoted your life to it.

ARNDT: No, I haven't. People think I have. For me, children are more important, my family life, my friends, many things are. Sex is one of the nice things in life, but compared to other things it is trivial, which is how it should be regarded. I think I'm very lucky to work in an area which is essentially so unimportant. In fact our whole society is very lucky to be able to devote so much time and energy to a trivial pursuit. All that California-style contemplation of your own navel drives me nuts. The best form of self-help is to get out and do things for other people. I think self-awareness is an admirable thing if it enables people to put something back into the community. Too often it doesn't.

PLAYBOY: But surely what you teach is a form of self-fulfilment?

ARNDT: I think my major role is, and has been, to relieve the anxiety of sex, to stop it from being a problem for people so that they can get on with other things. If you are coping well with it, sex becomes a lovely, unimportant part of your life. Sex should never be an obsession.

The fact that people seem to be somewhat intrigued with me means that we still have a lot of problems.

PLAYBOY: How does Australian PLAYBOY sit with all of this?

ARNDT: A little awkwardly. [*Laughs*] I think the photographs have improved over the years, less stereotyped, more erotic. I think they perform a service. Where Australian PLAYBOY has a lot to answer for is in its promotion of the "slick guy" concept. You know, the guy who knows how to do everything, from choosing the right stereo equipment to performing in bed. We're supposed to assume that all the readers already know all about sex when quite clearly they don't. I have a problem with that.

PLAYBOY: Everyone these days seems to be judged on this mysterious quality called sex appeal. What is it?

ARNDT: Well, it brings out all the stereotypes. I suppose it relates directly to whatever is fashionable in the male and female body. In our society I think it would be very difficult to say a 60-year-old woman had sex appeal no matter what she looked like. There is a strong assumption that only the young can have it. It's full of myths and cultural assumptions, but it's also quite interesting because it brings in issues of hormonal reactions and chemistry between people.

PLAYBOY: Are there visible signs in people which indicate their sexuality?

ARNDT: I've noticed them in women. Often I'll observe a quite remarkable change in the expressions and demeanor of women who manage to solve the sexual problems in their lives. They start to exude the enjoyment of sex. They walk differently, they present themselves differently, they relate to people differently. There's a new confidence.

PLAYBOY: Can you look at a person and get an inkling as to whether he or she is enjoying sex?

ARNDT: Sometimes I think I can, particularly with women. Men to a lesser extent, but really sexual men show it in the way they stand, the look in the eyes. It's really your own self-perception. If you think of yourself as sexy, then often that's how you come across. You learn to manipulate it.

PLAYBOY: All right then, smarty-pants. We'd like to know how sexually attractive you find some very public figures. Bob Hawke?

ARNDT: Before I say anything I want it known that these comments are made as an individual, not as an expert in any field. These are simply my personal opinions. Bob Hawke? Terribly sexy. Not a great looker, but he obviously thinks he's sexy and it shows. He's attractive to a lot of women and he knows it. Very confident, self-assured.

His power has a lot to do with it of course, but I think he'd exude that same self-confidence if he was a used car salesman. I don't know that he'd be quite so attractive though. There's something very intriguing about ambitious men who are used to getting their own way.

PLAYBOY: Andrew Peacock?

ARNDT: Seems like a bit of a wimp to me. [*Laughs*] I don't know, he must be all right, he's got such a fantastic wife. He used to be a very attractive man, but he seems to have lost it along the way.

PLAYBOY: Don Chipp?

ARNDT: No, not any more. [*Laughs*] Oh God, he'll kill me. It's not his age that puts me off, it's his intensity, bleeding from every pore.

PLAYBOY: Imran Khan?

ARNDT: Who? The cricketer? I watch politicians more than cricketers.

PLAYBOY: Never mind. Robert de Castella?

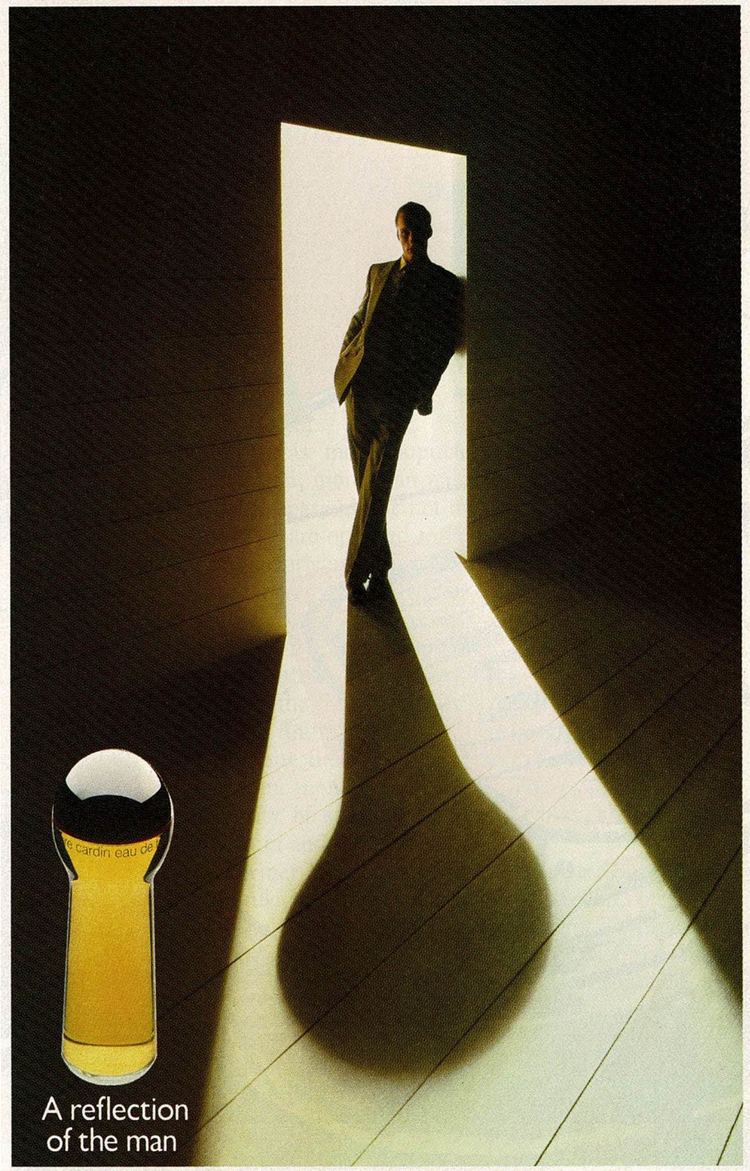
ARNDT: Don't know enough about him to comment.

PLAYBOY: John Newcombe?

ARNDT: Oh yes. Deep down I suppose I'm attracted to the rogues. He has that same Aussie charm that Bob Hawke has. It might be jock appeal.

PLAYBOY: Mel Gibson?

ARNDT: A bit untouchable. I don't think he'd laugh a lot in bed. See, people like Hawke and Newcombe I think you could have a lot of fun with.



AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S

CAMPUS POLL

A survey of male students aged between 17 and 25 at universities throughout Australia shows a generation turning resolutely to the right.

The cream of Australian youth — university-educated young people who will run Australia in the first half of the 21st century — are conservative, nationalistic, God-fearing, highly materialistic and believe Asian immigration has gone far enough.

Sport is more popular than sex as a form of recreation, more than half the students polled drink alcohol sparingly or not at all and an overwhelming majority are opposed to drugs of any kind.

A surprisingly high number of students believe nuclear war is likely by the year 2000 and that there is a greater threat of invasion from the United States of America than from China. However, if Australia can avoid either of these catastrophes, most students believe the future looks rosy and they will have no trouble finding a job.

Despite the conservative cast of the answers there are some notable exceptions. For example, a clear majority of students are opposed to the mining of uranium and the death penalty.

Former Mr Charisma, Prime Minister Bob Hawke, is still the most admired Australian, although certain key poll results show significant disagreement with some of his government's policies. The ultra-conservative views on Asian immigration and the number of Asian students at Australian universities, for instance, are more in line with Professor Geoffrey Blainey's theories. And the Prime Minister can take little comfort from the finding that 94 percent of the male students polled believe corruption is a problem in

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

Australian politics. And, while most students proclaim themselves proud to be Australians, they have no desire to see Australia become a republic or even to change the present flag.

The overall picture is of a generation staunchly committed to old-fashioned conservatism. A far cry indeed from the revolutionary fervor which swept Australian universities in the decade from 1965 to 1975. That great tide of change appears to have swept through Australian campuses only to be replaced by the new conservatism and the only signs of the revolution's passing are a few random islands of left-wing sentiment on issues such as uranium. Even sex, drugs and rock'n'roll appear to have lost their former lustre.

If the projection holds true, it will be a generation of hard-line pragmatists indeed who march clear-headed into the 21st century.

To assist in the clear understanding of Australian PLAYBOY's student poll, we have broken the results down into six categories with separate sub-headings. Occasionally, where a question deserves fuller explanation, we have used a box giving a detailed breakdown of the response and accompanying interpretation.

1. AUSTRALIA

- **Indonesia seen to be the greatest military threat**
- **Nuclear war likely**
- **Too many public servants**

We asked students a series of questions about Australia's place in the world, ranging from the prospect of nuclear holocaust to whether the present flag should be changed.

We had some early shocks: a whopping 62 percent believe there is a 50-50 chance, or better, of nuclear war by the year 2000, which suggests the nuclear cloud darkens the lives of more educated young people than might have been previously thought.

When asked whether Australia on its own is likely to come under direct military threat by another nation within the next 10 years, 35 percent say yes. Of those who believe Australia will be at war again in the next 10 years, 30 percent think we will be fighting Indonesia. Twenty-three percent of students polled believe we will be threatened directly by the USSR within 10 years but the real shock is that 15 percent believe that threat will come from the USA — our greatest ally. The next greatest threat is perceived to be China with five percent of the vote. Japan is seen as a significantly lesser threat at two percent. What this means is that three times as many students believe the USA will threaten Australia than believe China will threaten Australia. It also means that more than seven times as many students believe we will be at war with our ally, the United States, than with Japan, our enemy in the Second World War.

The student view of defence spending is decidedly hawkish with 35 percent polled opting for adherence to current levels and 34 percent opting for increased spending. Only 30 percent think Australia can afford to cut back on defence spending. Interestingly, by far the most hawkish of Australian cities is Perth where 58 percent of the students polled want to see more money spent on arms — a result which may have something to do with Perth's feelings of vulnerability all alone on the west coast.

Another surprise result is that two-thirds of students polled do not want the present flag changed, either for the bicentennial in 1988 or by the turn of the century in the year 2000. Almost exactly the same number are opposed to Australia becoming a republic by either of those dates.

Asked if they are proud to be Australian, 84 percent say yes, and asked how they feel about Australia's future, 80 percent vote for the optimistic view.

The public service takes a hammering in our survey with 60 percent of students agreeing that there are too many public servants in Australia. Only 31 percent think there are just about the right number and eight percent think we need more, with one percent undecided. Asked about the level of control the public service exercises over the lives of Australians, more than half those polled feel the public service exercises too much control. A clear vote against big government and bigger bureaucracies by the people who will form Australia's future establishment.

Do you believe Australia will be under military threat within the next 10 years?

Yes	35%
No	64%
Don't know/not stated	1%

If yes, which nation will threaten Australia?

USA	15%
Indonesia	30%
USSR	23%
China	5%
Soviet bloc	4%
Communists, other	4%
Japan	2%
Others	4%
Don't know/not stated	13%

2. ASIA

- **Migration seen as too high**
- **Too many Asian students**

One of the most vexatious questions of our time is the level of Asian migration to Australia. We asked students their opinion and 44 percent say the level of Asian migration is too high.

A further 44 percent say it should be held to its present level. Only 11 percent of students polled believe the level of immigration by Asians is too low. That is a hefty 88 percent leaning very strongly to a conservative immigration policy.

On the question of the number of Asian students permitted to study at Australian universities, once again students proved themselves highly conservative. Forty percent of those polled believe there are too many Asian students at Australian universities. Forty-six percent say the present level is about right and only 13 percent believe the level is too low.

Any way you choose to read those figures, the ultimate answers come out the same — more students believe Asian immigration is too high than do not and more students believe there are too many Asian students at Australian universities than do not.

3. DRUGS AND ALCOHOL

- **Hard drugs unpopular**
- **Alcohol consumption surprise**

While general trends suggest alcohol consumption is declining in Australia as the health movement gains popularity, we still weren't prepared for the results of our poll.

(continued on page 92)

MOST ADMIRED AUSTRALIAN

When we asked which Australian students admired most, we offered them a list of prominent Australians to choose from. The names run the gamut from politics to literature, business and sport. The only criterion was that these were Australians who had achieved prominence in their chosen fields and whose names would be instantly recognisable.

There was no surprise in the name which made it to the top of the list. Prime Minister Bob Hawke scored 21 percent of the vote. What came as a big surprise was the name breathing down his neck for second place: Patrick White, with 20 percent of the vote. In third place was Dennis Lillee with 15 percent.

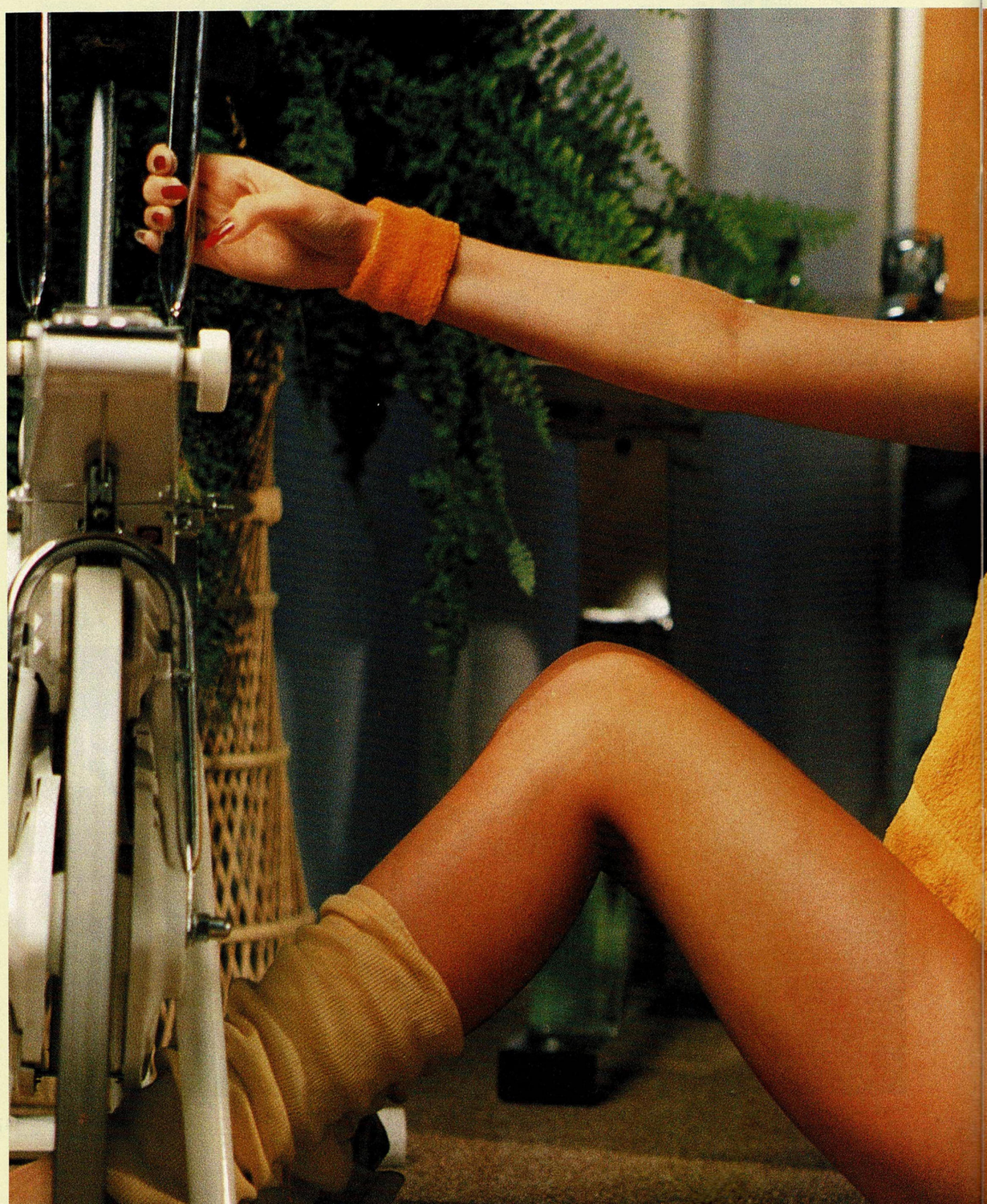
1. Bob Hawke	21%
2. Patrick White	20%
3. Dennis Lillee	15%
4. Joh Bjelke-Petersen	13%
5. Dick Smith	12%
6. Mike Willesee	6%
Rupert Murdoch	6%
8. Bryan Brown	3%
9. Andrew Peacock	2%
Brett Whiteley	2%

"Of course it may be one of those con jobs!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Our gym mistress will make you sweat.

Charlotte



One of the many benefits of the fitness boom is that girls like Charlotte are getting even more beautiful — and they're going to stay beautiful longer. As our curvy gymnast says: "I was born with a great body, I intend to keep it that way."

I go to the gym every day, if I miss a day I get restless. It's a very sexy place the gym I go to, I've gone out with a few blokes I've met there. Meeting them there you know they've got great bodies, too, and I really like men who keep themselves in shape.

THE BIG BAMBOO

"I suppose booze is the worst offender and you know it yourself the next day about 3pm when it's hot out there. I don't think women affect your performance. I say limit yourself to one and make it early."
— West Indies cricket team manager Wes Hall.

RAY GRAHAM *assesses the Windies' performance off the field.*

IT HAS BEEN said that Americans charge around the world as if they own it while Australians charge around the world as if they don't give a stuff who owns it.

It is poetic justice that there's only one mob of blokes who can charge around Australia as if they don't give a stuff who owns it. And that's the Windies, those cool creoles from the calypso isles who come out to Australia every couple of years or so and spend the daytime thrashing our country's manhood on the cricket pitch.

Some of them then spend the night-time thrashing our womanhood on the bedsprings.

You'll never read about this side of a Windies tour in the sports pages of your local rag as there's a sort of unwritten rule that sports hacks never reveal the raunchier side of cricket. This is usually due to the fact that if they do, they will never get an interview out of any cricketer ever again. But the Windies bump into a lot of people during a tour of Australia — hoteliers, room service waiters (hey, man, you've seen those ads for Coruba rum on TV. . . did you think they were just made up?), coach drivers, restaurateurs, sports promoters and groupies.

The groupies are the ones who like to talk. Reminiscing about their sexual adventures with West Indian cricketers seems to make them grow wistful as the memories come flooding back. And if you harbored any illusions at all that normally well-behaved, quietly spoken Aussie girls would never chase after strapping black men, then forget it right here and now. The Windies are sexy. To a lot of women they're damn near irresistible. Next time you're on the Hill with your bird just watch her eyes as she follows that big West Indian batsman on his languid, hip-rolling stroll to the crease. Good-looking, super-fit black men bring a real thrill to the loins of white women. They bring a real thrill to the loins of black women, too, but to Aussie women they represent exotic sex, adventure and ebony eroticism.

As one twinkly-eyed young blonde explained to me: "I was standing next to one of them in a

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

hotel lounge once and I felt jittery just looking at him, he had such. . . presence." And he didn't even speak to her although she made it quite clear she was more than willing to feel the full weight of his presence.

White women are turned on by black men just like white men are turned on by black or Asian women. You didn't really believe inter-racial sex was a one-way street did you? Girls just wanna have fun, remember? And you only have to see the mischief in the eyes of some of those Windies cricketers to know they like to have fun, too. When the Windies are on tour they're mostly just like a mob of blokes anywhere, all mates together cutting a wide devil-may-care swathe through the local population of young single women, not forgetting those young married women who manage to get themselves in the way. It's been that way since Australia loosened up in the '60s.

Most of all the Windies are the embodiment of all that is sensual about black men. They're probably the only West Indian men the vast majority of Australian women will ever see. As such, they're ambassadors for their race and all legends associated with black men from those isles, particularly those legends about the size of their genitalia and their sexual prowess. And if you think those blokes aren't willing to exploit all that ready-made propaganda you need your head read. Wouldn't you if you were in their shoes? Especially considering where they come from.

I've been to Jamaica and Antigua. The islands are warm, sexy places where the living, loving, drinking, and smoking of ganja is very casual. And I've seen the hordes of white female schoolteachers from Canada and the USA who pour into the islands with eyes spinning and mouths drooling as they prépare to enact their fondest fantasies about black lovers. If you're a white guy trying to get a white girl into bed when she's on holiday in the islands, your chances are about as good as Harry Belafonte becoming mayor of Capetown.

I know, I've tried. And I look like Burt Reynolds! You're better off sticking to the red stripe beer and enduring the taunts of the hotel's black water-ski instructor who's just laid his one thousandth schoolma'am from Buffalo. Those West Indian guys know what's going on. They think it's terrific fun. Sex is extremely casual in the islands and there's still a lot of good old-fashioned pagan phallus worship. The celebrated male appendage is immortalised in calypso melodies as "the big bamboo". Everywhere you go in the islands you'll hear that description — it's on the covers of dirty calypso albums; in graffiti on toilet walls; you'll hear it in pub songs and in jokes. The women use it, tourists pick up on it and you'll end up using it, too.

So, when those blokes from the islands who happen to play cricket rather well are invited to go on tour they are very comfortable with the legend of the big bamboo and they know that its reputation has preceded them wherever they go. That's why it comes as no surprise to them to find convoys of groupies following the tour bus, girls camping out in hotel corridors, phoning players in their rooms, sending notes to their dressing-rooms, accosting them in restaurants and bars. All those girls want is to try the big bamboo.

Let me give you an example of how easy it is for these guys. I was talking to an air hostess from one of the domestic airlines whom I'd noticed at a couple of Windies parties. Wherever they go in Australia the Windies are treated to parties. Sometimes they're boring civic receptions which the Windies manage to liven up, sometimes they're private parties thrown by rich and influential Australians. Some of these parties get quite wild too, I can tell you. I went to one attended by some very famous Australian faces including political figures, showbiz celebrities and sporting stars. By

"They make it clear that it's just good, clean fun, no hang-ups, no involvements, just a lot of laughs and a lot of loving."

midnight, the swimming pool was well awash with people in their underwear and, in certain cases, nothing at all. Anyway, this hostie said she had accepted an invitation to the first Windies party of the tour "out of curiosity". When I asked her what kind of curiosity she said: "I wanted to find out if black men are really any different to white men. . . or better."

She didn't have to wait long. She was having a drink and watching some of the partygoers dancing to a calypso band when one of the Windies' top batsmen spotted her. He simply walked up to her, smiled that special smile and held out his hand. She took his hand and she was his. That simple. He didn't even have to utter a word. He didn't bother taking her out on to the dance floor, he simply held her gently and swivelled his hips close to hers, in synch with the lilting calypso melody. She responded instinctively and in a few minutes their hips were glued together. A quiet drink and then they slipped out to be alone somewhere. The whole seduction had taken minutes.

For the rest of the tour I noticed the hostie at Windies parties in several cities. When I asked her how she managed to see so much of her batsman she said she organised her days off to coincide with Windies games within easy flying reach of her home in Sydney. Another one hooked by the big bamboo. And she was under no illusion that her West Indian boyfriend was dispensing his bamboomanship exclusively to her. But she didn't mind. She was happy to be getting her share.

"They go about it so naturally," she told me one night during an amusing and disarmingly frank chat. "They make it clear that it's just good, clean fun, no hang-ups, no involvements, just a lot of laughs and a lot of loving. They have a kind of irresistibility to women, I think, because they represent everything a woman wants. They're very masculine, terribly macho and chauvinistic and all that, but it's all right because at the same time they're so gentle and they have a great sense of humor. With Aussie men you usually just get the macho."

The Windies have always had that exotic flavor. Way back in the '30s a Windies tour of Australia was still a big hit with the sheilas although on a limited scale. Those were the days of the White Australia policy and Windies teams were often segregated within their own ranks. The Windies skipper was always white and so were many of the players. While the white players were warmly welcomed into the homes of prominent Australians, the same wasn't always true of the black team members. They kept a low profile and, while they may have thrilled spectators with their skill and athleticism on the cricket pitch, they didn't thrill the female population off the pitch to quite the same extent as they do today. The contact between black players and white girls was discreet, often downright furtive. But it went on. Stories drift down from the old days about the hospitality of the Aussie women who could not contain their curiosity about black men.

What changed everything was the Windies tour of 1960-61. By that time most Caribbean islands had won self-government and there was a growing confidence among West Indians travelling overseas. Ready or not, white-dominated cultures such as Australia would have to accept black men on equal terms. The late Sir Frank Worrell was the first full-blooded negro to captain the West Indies. When the Windies toured Australia that summer (1960-61) there was no low profile. Even without the benefit of national television, the Windies established their image of swashbuckling, calypso-singing, party-loving sports heroes throughout Australia.

Mind you, the Windies don't always get their way. There are some Aussie blokes who don't entirely approve of their girlfriends' fascination with the big bamboo.

During the last tour here the Windies were entertained at the home of a very prominent Melbourne PR executive. Two of the players met a couple of sisters who invited them back to their nearby flat for a nightcap. They had some drinks, played a few records and pretty soon everyone was dancing in their underwear and getting very relaxed. Near dawn they paired off, one couple going into the bedroom, the other making use of the living-room couch. The sisters had just embarked on a detailed appreciation of the big bamboo when their interest was interrupted by the bamboo-

wilting sound of a key in the lock.

The smaller of the two West Indian cricketers came out of the bedroom in a hurry and asked what was going on. The sister under his mate answered: "It's my boyfriend. He's a policeman."

The two Windies players eyed each other in horror, anticipating the next day's headlines if they wound up in court. "It's de focking police," said the cricketer on the couch. "Let's go, man."

Both players grabbed their clothing and headed through the bedroom toward a back window. Meanwhile, the walloper boyfriend had opened the door only to find the safety chain secure and to catch a glimpse of two black backsides disappearing from view and the startled faces of his nude girlfriend and her sister. The two cricketers got out the window just as the copper kicked in the front door with the words: "I'll kill you bastards." And the chase was on.

The cricketers took off in the direction of the Albert Park golf course, clothes in arms and running like hell with a murderous Melbourne walloper in hot pursuit.

Just imagine the scene as four golfers about to tee off at the start of a round caught sight of the hunt. The golfers watched in absolute awe as the two famous West Indian cricketers scorched past them followed by the copper still yelling death threats and behind him two young women in their flimsies yelling to the policeman: "Leave them alone! It was all our fault." That story has become legend at Albert Park.

The cricketers made it safely back to their hotel and, once they'd got their wind back, shared a chuckle with their team-mates and then went out to smash Australia at the match later that day.

One of those players is still with the Windies though he's quietened down since his dawn patrol days. But if you're ever at a Windies party just mention that anecdote to some of the older team members and wait for the reaction.

One Windies star with a famous appetite for women used to keep the key to the Windies laundry room at whichever cricket ground they might be playing. The other players knew of his appetite for "refreshers" throughout the day and would stay away from the laundry room. Every time this player scored a girl at the ground he'd have her in the laundry room faster than she could say "bamboo". Over the years, it has been said that hundreds of Australian women have had an intimate acquaintance with the laundry rooms of the nation's sportsgrounds.

I remember last month dropping into Sydney's Jamison Street disco where I knew some of the cricketers were partying. I'd just got inside the main lounge and could hear someone calling my name but couldn't see who it was. I looked around and the big bass voice seemed to be coming from a trio of girls. I walked over, wondering if I was the worse for drink and it was only when the guy flashed a dazzling smile that I saw it was one of the biggest and the blackest of the Windies stars buried beneath the three women. He admitted that three in one go was a bit much even for him and was I interested in taking the spare?

Which brings me to one of the major fringe benefits of working on a Windies tour. The leftovers. If you're the pragmatic type and not particularly proud, like me, you can root yourself silly with the sheilas the Windies can't or won't accommodate.

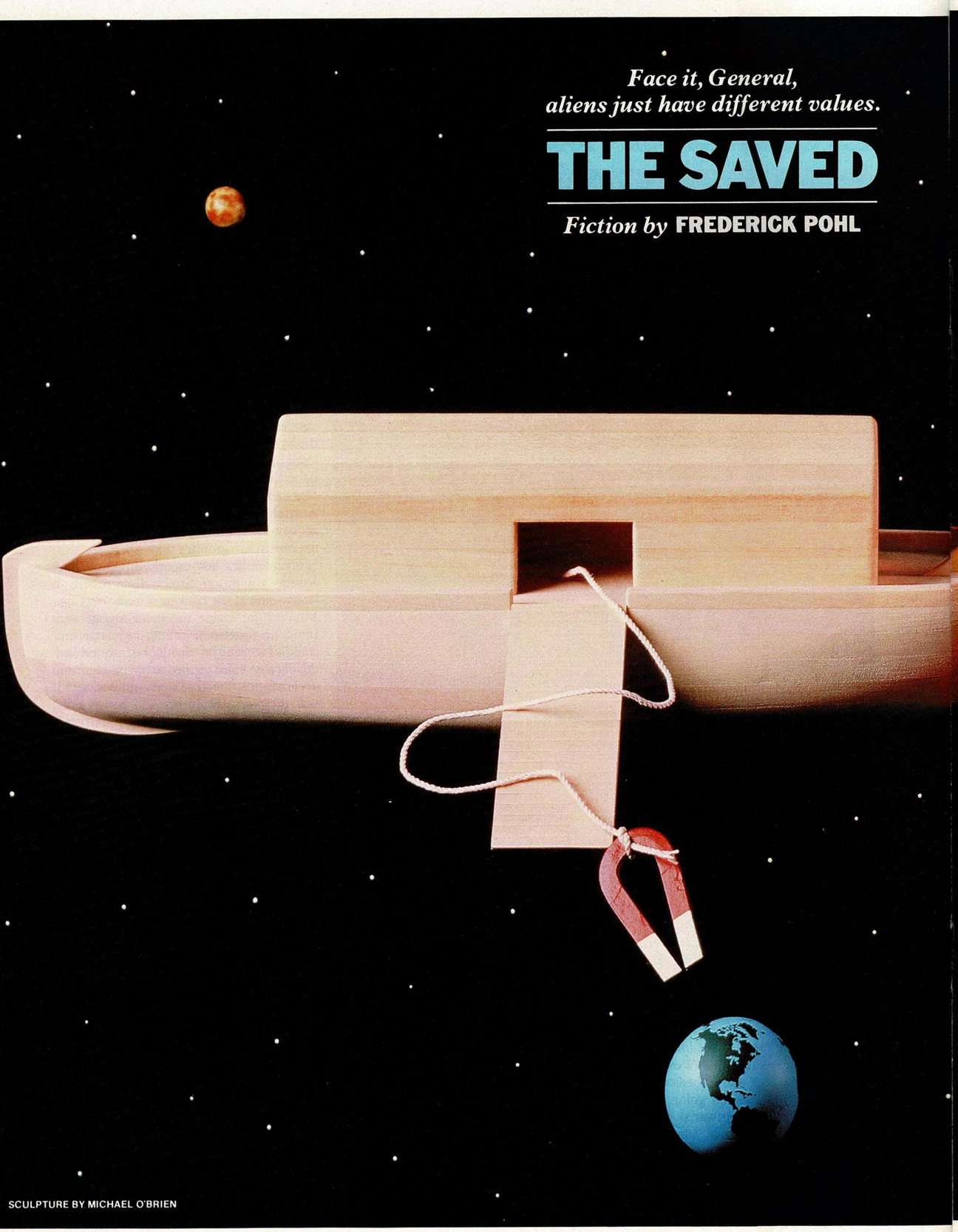
I remember a husband and wife team who worked one Windies tour like a couple of pros. She was quite infatuated by the black men and was attempting to work her way through the team. Her husband didn't seem to mind at all. He was scooping all the spare sheilas who couldn't net themselves a cricketer. And some nights there were dozens. Say what you like about the Windies, you could never accuse them of being selfish.

Oh yes, man, you'd have to be a real spoilsport if you didn't know how to have a good time when the Windies come to town. Even if it does mean toiling in the shadow of the big bamboo.

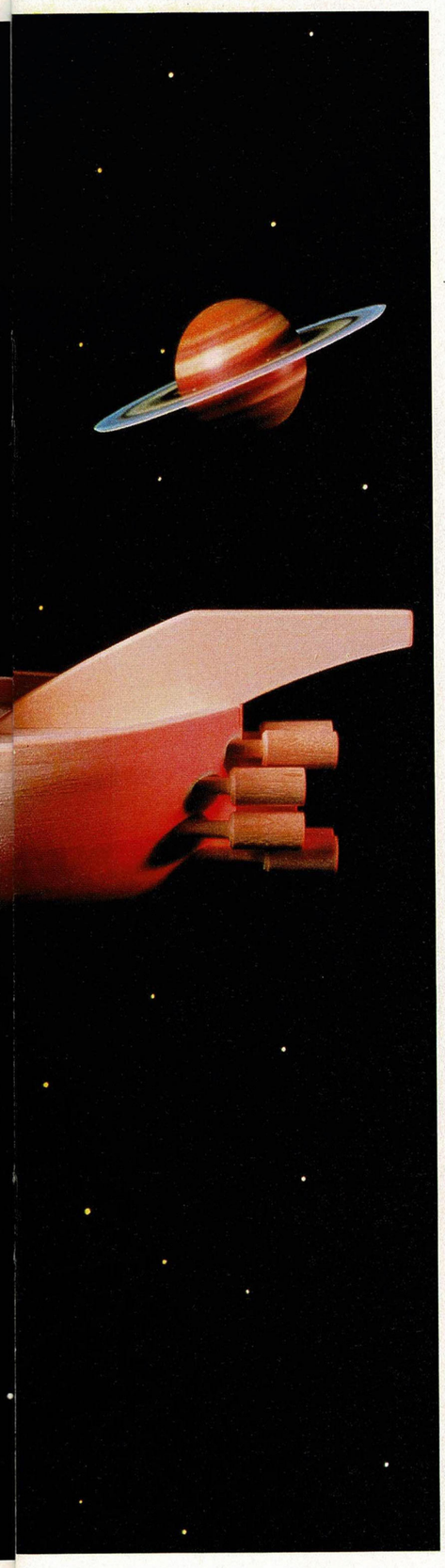
Face it, General, aliens just have different values.

THE SAVED

Fiction by **FREDERICK POHL**



SCULPTURE BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN



THE MESSAGE BEGAN:

WE CANNOT BE SURE THAT YOU ARE AS YET SUFFICIENTLY EVOLVED EVEN TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THIS COMMUNICATION. AFTER ALL, WE DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU EXISTED UNTIL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The general threw his coat to an orderly as he entered the war room at Pine Gap. The stars on the shoulders tinkled against each other. "What a damn nerve," he muttered. "Who do they think they are?"

The technical duty officer looked up from his computer. "With all respect, sir," he said, "it seems obvious they're farther advanced than us."

"Farther advanced? Oh, maybe they've got better gadgets, if that's what you mean. Never mind, never mind, go on with the decrypting."

"Yes, sir."

IT IS NOT IMPORTANT IF YOU DO NOT COMPREHEND THIS MESSAGE. WE WILL SAVE YOU ANYWAY, THROUGH THE SAME MEANS WE USED TO TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE TO GET HERE. DO NOT BE AFRAID.

"Afraid!" snorted the general, scandalised.

THE TRANSFER WILL BE INSTANTANEOUS. NOT ONLY WILL IT NOT REQUIRE ANY ACTION ON YOUR PART, YOU WILL NOT EVEN BE AWARE IT IS HAPPENING UNTIL YOU ARRIVE IN OUR SHIP.

"You're sure it's not a hoax?" asked the general, hoping against hope.

"I don't think so, sir. SKYWATCH reported tracking an unidentified object in cislunar orbit 11 hours ago. The message began coming in — same message over and over — since about, let's see. . ." he tapped the keys of his pocket calculator swiftly, "about a quarter to one this morning. We called you right away, sir."

"I know damn well you did," grated the general. "Are the Russians getting this?"

The tech officer brightened. "I think not, sir," he said. "We began jamming right away. I don't think the Russians can sort out the real signals, not without something like this. . ." he patted the keyboard that connected directly with the big miniframe computers at North West Cape, "and we know they don't have that!"

"Um," said the general, slightly mollified. "Is there more?"

"Oh, yes, sir." The tech officer started the crawl of the text again:

BEAR IN MIND THAT WE CAN SAVE ONLY YOU FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION OF STAR ALPHA CENTAURI. WE WERE ABLE TO REACH YOUR SYSTEM ONLY A SHORT TIME AHEAD OF THE WAVE FRONT. YOUR PETS, DOMESTIC ANIMALS, POSSESSIONS, AND SO ON, CANNOT BE RESCUED IN TIME.

"If they leave the Russians to burn up," grinned the general, "who cares if they don't save all the cats and dogs in the world? But what about Alpha Centauri? What does it matter if it explodes?"

"Well, sir," said the technical officer hesitantly, "I'm not your best witness on this, but the CSIRO says that *if* this is true, it would be such a *big* explosion it would just about burn us up. Even so far away."

"And that's going to happen when?" asked the general uneasily.

"The message from the object in cislunar orbit only said, 'When the wave front reaches us.' Our people are working on it, sir, but I could try to figure it out for you now. . ."

"Do it!"

"Yes, sir," said the technical officer, reaching in his pocket. His hand came out without his little calculator. "That's funny," he said, looking around to see where he had put it. Unsuccessfully. "Well, I'll do it on the mainframe, General."

But the keyboard to the mainframe was gone, too. So was the modem. So was the printer and the CRT, and when, with a sudden shock of fright, the technical officer patched together a closed-circuit TV link to the computer centre above their heads, the huge domes were empty. Empty of scanners, storage reels, empty of processors, empty of everything, at least, that related to computers, calculators or any other form of machine intelligence. All that was gone. What were left were only the pets and the domestic animals, fingering the stars on their uniforms or staring popeyed with wonder at the empty spaces. . . as outside the sky brightened, and brightened some more, and kept on getting brighter.

Sixties Buff

Susie Croucher was 19 and had just moved to Melbourne from the country when she was first asked to pose for Australian PLAYBOY. She knocked the idea back but the thought lingered in

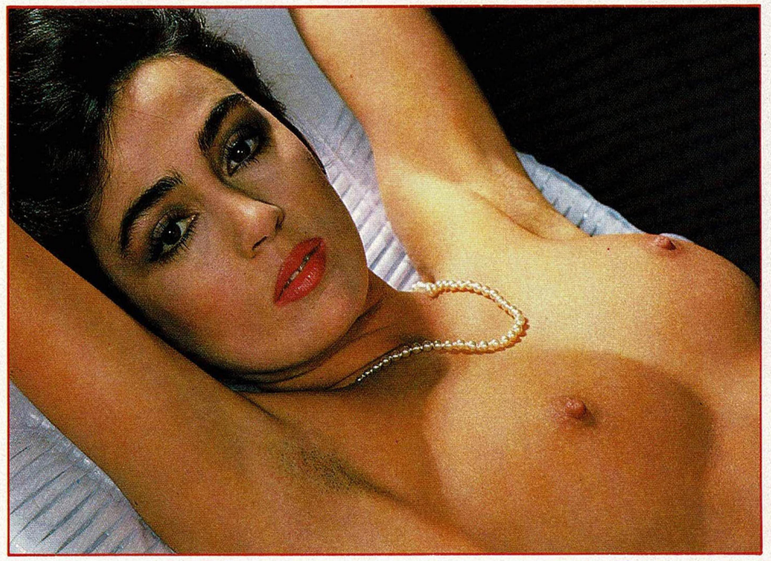
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS/CENTREFOLD BY RICO METTBACH

her mind. Late last year she bumped into Rennie Ellis who was busily photographing our hit pictorial *The Girls Of Melbourne*. Rennie suggested that Susie, now 23, was a natural and this time she agreed.

"I was really quite flattered the first time I was asked to appear in Australian PLAYBOY," Susie recalls, "but it took me by surprise and so my first reaction was to refuse. But I thought about it and nudity really is no big deal anymore, so when I was asked a second time I thought, why not?"

Why not, indeed — especially when you're as lovely as Susie.

Like many a country lass, she moved to the big city for the excitement. Now Susie works in a city jeans store and does fashion modelling part-time. While she has the looks to make it as full-time fashion model she says she is perfectly happy with life as it is and admits to no overwhelming ambition. Susie's favorite recreation is music. "I prefer '60s groups. I really like The Hollies and The Cowsills. I even like Nancy Sinatra... very strange tastes in '60s pop so my friends tell me," she smiles.



"I have a great bunch of friends and we party quite a lot but I'm just as happy having a quiet evening at home. I'm not really into sports unless you count Scrabble and cryptic crosswords. I do swim though and I go to a gym regularly. I call it taking preventive measures."

"I don't believe there's such a thing as the perfect man — or the perfect woman — but if I was looking for a partner he'd have to be intelligent and fun and honest. I think communication is all-important in a relationship. He'd also be self-assured and loving because I'm a very affectionate person. And good looking. No, really, looks aren't all that important... honest!"

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Suzie Kaufmann

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susie Croucher.

BUST: 34" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 33"

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 7½ SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 25/2/61 BIRTHPLACE: Myrtleford, Vic.

AMBITIONS: Health, wealth + happiness

TURN-ONS: Summer, blue eyes, Art Deco, chocolate, partying, Maltese terriers

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, being rushed, war, Danish blue cheese, sheep, pyjamas

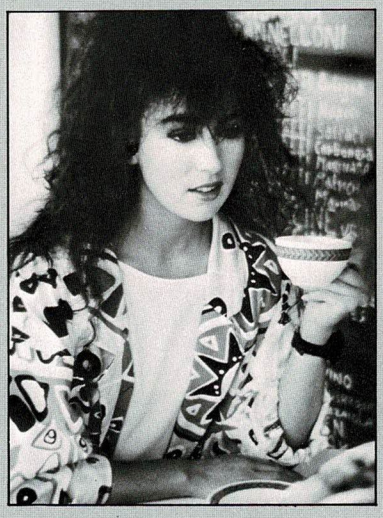
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Age of Reason - Sartre
The Catcher in the Rye - J.D. Salinger

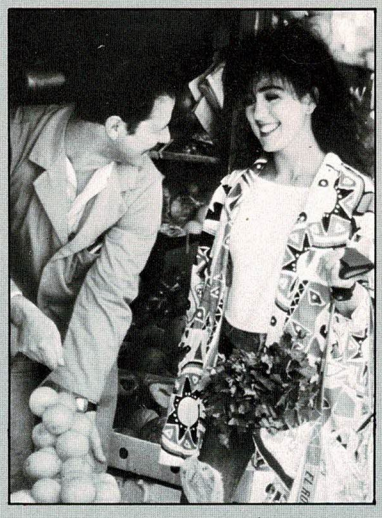
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Sade, Edie Sedgwick, Jimmy Dean, Nastassia Kinski

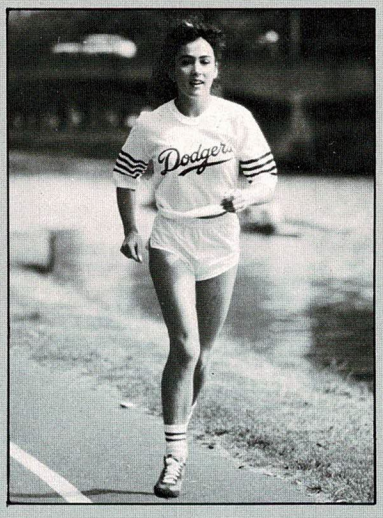
FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming + gym

IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, genuine + fun

SECRET FANTASY: To know everything!







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A rookie lawyer had just opened his new office.

"Oh good, a client already," he muttered as the door opened. Thinking that he should impress any prospective clients, he picked up the telephone and spoke in a booming voice: "No, I'm very sorry but I can't take your case, even if you are willing to offer $5000. It's just not possible. . . no, no, I'm far too busy."

He replaced the receiver and smiled at his caller. "And now what can I do for you?" he asked briskly.

"Nothing really, mate," came the reply. "I'm from Telecom and I just came to connect your phone."

A flying saucer landed in a field that a farmer had just finished clearing. He got down from his tractor and went over to investigate.

Two small, concertina-like aliens with spindly legs came tottering out and pointed a fierce-looking weapon at him.

"Take us to your leader," they wheezed at him.

"Can't. . ." the farmer stammered. "She's gone shopping."

An old codger passed out in front of a Shell service station so the manager rushed inside to call for an ambulance and then made the old man comfortable while waiting for the vehicle to arrive.

As the ambulance attendants were placing him on the stretcher, he regained consciousness, took stock of the situation and refused to be taken away.

"I'm perfectly all right," he insisted, and then got up and walked off. A few days later he returned to thank the service station manager for all his help.

"That's okay," he was told, "but tell me, mate, why wouldn't you let the ambulance take you away?"

"Well," he replied, "when I woke up you were standing right in front of the S on the Shell sign. . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *nymphomaniac* as a girl who trips you up and is lying under you before you hit the ground.

Two girls were discussing their heavy smoking habits. "I get such a yen for a cigarette," said one, "that the only way I can cope is to pop a Life Saver into my mouth and suck really hard."

"That's all very well for you," huffed her friend, "but I don't happen to live in a house that's right on the beach."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shoe fetishist* as a guy who's hard over heels.

I find aspects of hooking quite sleazy,"
Says a finicky harlot named Kesey.
"Though it costs me some bread,
I refuse to give head,
Since my virtue, while easy, is queasy."

Because of a disastrous hospital mistake, a man scheduled for a circumcision was subjected to a sex-change operation. With the surgical team around his bed after he had regained consciousness, he was told, "We have some — er — bad news for you."

Quite understandably, the patient went to pieces when the situation was explained to him.

"This means, of course," he sobbed, "that I'll never experience an erection again."

"Of course you'll be able to experience an erection again," soothed one of the surgeons, "but it will just have to be somebody else's."

I'm no fool!" the girl told the heavily breathing young man. "I saw you slip him that five-dollar note and I know that porters can't marry people. So you go down and get that hotel manager up here right now if you're serious!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *space-shuttle sex* as high diddle-diddle.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"It shouldn't take a computer to figure out that computer widows are horny."

The Date

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

Seducing women isn't as easy as it once was — the '80s have brought a new set of rules.

IF YOU SEE a woman you like you cannot go up to her, show her your body and your American Express Gold Card and say, "How about me forever?" You have to take her out first, you have to entertain her. The same is true if you're already seeing a woman. Women cannot be left in the case like fine shotguns. There are no parking garages for girlfriends. You have to keep taking them out.

But where to go? In the '60s and '70s everybody was always going somewhere — going "where it's at," going "where the action is". Everywhere got used up. There's a shortage of places to go in the '80s.

Discotheques have gone, thank Christ. The only people left at big, outdoor rock concerts can't leave because they're dead from overdoses. Movies are for 16-year-olds and bloody-minded 16-year-olds at that. Your chick might scream and jump in your lap. But you might scream, too, and jump in hers. This might break her knees.

People do still go to restaurants, but they go there to eat health food, not to be seen — except in Double Bay and who can afford to go there anymore? Anyway, bribing a woman with food has always seemed a little too much like dog-training to me.

No, the modern man must plan clever, unconventional activities. To start, have your objectives clearly in mind. What do you want from your target — sex, love, or a boost to the ego?

If it's sex, take her to church. After a beautiful religious service with all its pious symbolism and cleansing ceremony, no woman can resist a wild roll in the hay. Especially if the bride got a lot of silver nut dishes and Waterford crystal.

If it's love you want, you'll have to do more than marry your girlfriend. You'll have to take her out and do something that will impress her, arouse her pity, or get her to hate your guts.

Hate might seem like the wrong idea. It's not. Women like strong emotions but have trouble telling them apart. This is why they cry when you give them diamond ear-rings and say, "Don't make me laugh," when you threaten suicide. Also, hate is easy and cheap. Just stand her up three or four times. Or you can take her along when you walk the dog. Set your dog on a poodle. Tell your new girl you enjoy cruelty to animals and say, "All my friends said they wouldn't take you to a dog fight. Not me." This should work.

When a woman really hates you, she'll think about you night and day. Then she'll realise thinking about someone night and day is a sure sign of love. Either that or she'll use what she learned in rape defence and break your neck.

To impress a woman, take her to a local pub and introduce her to your famous friends. Tell them they're famous first. Hint: writers are good this way since their names are known but their faces aren't. Second hint: Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald are dead now and your date may know this.

Death can be used to advantage, though. Take your girl to the funerals of famous people. Famous people have been having a lot of funerals lately. They can't say they never knew you.

Get drunk and demonstrate your grief loudly. She'll be impressed and feel sorry for you, too.

To generate more pity, tell your date none of your rich friends will speak to you because you supported Peter Garrett for the Senate. Then take her to a posh charity dinner where you don't have an invitation. You'll be snubbed. Your girlfriend's heart will melt.

A boost to the ego is, of course, the best reason for snaring new women. There are many ways to get love and sex but self-confidence is best had by ushering a beautiful woman around so everyone can see you. Take her to a gay bar. You can do a thousand good turns in Martin Place and no one will ever notice. But walk into a gay bar and, somehow, all your friends and your family will be watching from across the street. Or take your girl to a bank robbery. This is what the Symbionese Liberation Army was doing with Patty Hearst. They had a date with this beautiful rich girl and they wanted everybody to know.

However, maybe you actually like the woman you're seeing. Maybe you want to please her and make her happy. You could take her to do the kind of things women like to do. But you're going to look silly trying on dresses.

If you can't do something she wants then do something you hate. Go to a lecture on begonia cultivation at the garden club. The fact that your lady friend will be just as bored as you won't matter. Women get pleasure from seeing men annoyed. Women have a whole life of dirty nappies, lawns and house payments planned for you. They want to get you in shape for it.

If none of this appeals to you and you're looking for some real excitement, try drinking, taking drugs and driving too fast. Then you can take your girlfriend to that place so many other women have told you to go.

P.J. O'R.

MOVING IN FOR THE KILL

You have met a staggeringly attractive woman and have somehow managed to charm her into accepting your invitation to dinner at an intimate French restaurant, where you have at least a nodding acquaintance with the menu, the wine list and the head waiter.

It is time to leave the restaurant. It is time to make your move. Depending upon the precise combination of words and gestures you put together in the next few minutes, you will end the evening either (1) lying naked next to this fragrant and impossibly beautiful young woman or (2) lying naked by yourself fantasising about Miss January. What happens is totally up to you. The

Advice by
Dan Greenburg and P.J. O'Rourke

following pointers will enable you to achieve number one in lieu of number two. First of all:

HOW TO TELL IF SHE IS READY

You will, of course, have to judge the subtleties and the nuances of each situation; however, generally speaking, she is going to be amenable to a discreet invitation to bed:
(a) if during dinner she has made at least three remarks of a decidedly suggestive nature;
(b) if at some point in the evening you happen to sneak a glance in her handbag and see a diaphragm case;
(c) if, upon entering your home, she hangs up her coat, her skirt, her blouse, her petticoat, her stockings, her bra and her panties.

Conversely, the young lady will *not* be amenable to an overt sexual invitation:
(a) if she is double-parked;
(b) if she is clutching a mugger alarm;
(c) if she is wearing stainless steel panties with a time-lock.

WHAT TO SAY

There are many theories about how specific one should be with the actual sexual invitation. As a general rule, I have found those invitations most effective that are neither so specific as to spell out in detail the precise anatomical couplings I have in mind, nor so vague as to leave my guest with the impression that I wished her merely to catch 40 winks on my couch. Hence, "Would you like to spend the night at my place?" is about as pathetic as, "How about it if I strap your ankles to the bedposts and hump you till your eyes cross?"

It is generally poor form to have your invitation imply that you are inexperienced ("I'd love to screw you but — and I hope this isn't going to sound too naive — I'm not entirely sure I'd know where to put it"); that you are *too* experienced ("My last 600 girlfriends had no complaints"); that you ever require sleep ("I have to get up in four hours, but if you come fast I can spend about five minutes on you before I doze off"); that you aren't clean ("I must tell you, I have a few open sores on my dick, but they're no problem, because I just went to the doctor and he says it isn't herpes, after all"); that you haven't really been giving her your full attention ("I hope you don't mind if I call you 'darl' in bed, because I'm terrible with names"); that you aren't planning to see her again ("I hope you're not one of these real possessive chicks who thinks a screw is a commitment"), or that you're planning too *seriously* on seeing her again ("Until tonight, my darling, I've been saving myself for the woman I plan to spend eternity with").

CLOSING THE SALE

Chances are the young lady's initial response to your invitation has been inconclusive. Chances are she has not unzipped your fly, pulled out your willie and begun coating it with baby oil; but neither has she belted you with a candlestick. Chances are she herself has not yet decided what she intends to do and is probably pretending she hasn't even heard your invitation.

She has allowed you to take her back to your place. She is waiting to be persuaded. How will you persuade her? A method much admired by me and by used-car salesmen is:

CLOSING ON A MINOR POINT

"Do you prefer the stick shift or the automatic transmission? The four-cylinder or the six?" In my bachelor days I kept two brand-new, factory-sealed toothbrushes for such occasions. When a young lady objected to staying over at my apartment on the grounds that she didn't have her toilet articles with her, I took out the two toothbrushes and asked her which color she preferred. In deciding the minor point, she was consenting to the major one.

HOW TO HANDLE OBJECTIONS

The worst thing you can do with a woman's objections is try to talk her out of them. I used to spend half my life in such futile and fruitless pursuit, so I know whereof I speak. How, then, to handle objections when they arise? By *agreeing* with them. Is her objection that it's too late to begin lovemaking? Agree with her — tell her you usually require at least four hours to do the thing properly, anyway. Is her objection that the first date is too soon for sex? Agree with her — tell her that whenever you have let passion overcome your bias against sex on the first night, the ensuing relationship has never lasted longer than a year. Whatever her objection, agree with it, say she is absolutely right, say she is even understating the case — all the while continuing to light the candles, pour the wine, caress her neck, unbutton her blouse and put the well-worn copy of *Bolero* on the turntable.

She probably feels she's expected to object, even if she doesn't want to. And, as a wise man once observed, a woman is never so open to a man as when she has just turned him down. — D.G.

". . . and then came the great timber shortage of '89."

"Hurry, for God's sake — he's halfway through the door already!"

PULLING POWER

The neck-breaking sport of goanna-pulling finds a niche in the macho Aussie psyche.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON in Chillagoe, outback North Queensland, the first Australian Goanna-Pulling Championship is under way. Outside the Post Office Hotel, a boisterous crowd lets off steam. It's a big day in town and station folks have come in from all points of the compass. The ringers are out in force,

Australiana by **ROBERT REID**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT COOPER AND LARRY KEARNEY

and they're looking for a good time, maybe a fight or two, and whatever else is going. Good old Aussie tradition is big up around Chillagoe way.

But Chillagoe has slowed down over the past few decades. Sure, it can still kick its heels when the time is right — just like during the boom days of mining and big-mob cattle-droving — but the real *feeling* has almost gone. Almost, but not quite. There's always the goanna-pulling. Tiger Gates knows that, and so does his opponent, Mario Dipossi. They're hard at it down there on the "pulling" slab, just outside the Post Office Hotel. The belts are stretched tight like two rubber bands and the boys are going at it hammer and tongs. Tiger is pulling as though his life depended on it, rearing his head up to keep the belt from slipping. He senses victory, a slight give in his direction, and he puts on the pressure with a vengeance. Mario tries to dig in with fingers and toes, but he's out of luck. He starts to slide. It looks bad. He scrabbles desperately, but Tiger goes for the kill and heaves back, dragging Mario across the judge line. The crowd goes mad. Whoops and catcalls — "Hey, Tige, you got 'im, Tige!" and "What happened, Mario? Too much of that dago spaghetti?"

Stubbies are chain-passed from the dim pub-interior, and thrust into the hands of winner and loser. Tiger and Mario grin through masks of dusty sweat and guzzle chilly beer to another round of applause.

That's the way it goes with goanna-pulling. A quick, sudden-death contest with a clear, outright winner. No disputes or playbacks here. And afterwards relief from tension and the warm feelings of mateship and praise.

But it's warm everywhere today. Sure, it's only September, and spring is yet a baby, but out here in the red-dirt country of bushland Australia, nobody notices. At three in the afternoon, the sun is a white fireball in the western sky, and beyond the perimeters of the town, nothing moves. In and around the Post Office Hotel, though, it's a different story. This pub has seen plenty of hot days this century, and a few more won't make any difference. In the shade of the verandah, with a gutful of grog on board, who gives a damn about heat?

●

The goanna-pullers take a break. These are the elimination heats, leading up to the finals, and it's a serious business. A man needs a few beers to charge up the muscles and get into the right frame of mind. Referee Robbie Robinson consults his list of contestants, ticking off the losers and also-rans. The defeated congregate happily in a corner of the public bar, rubbing sore necks and drinking furiously. In the Post Office Hotel, even losers have a good day. Cold cans and stubbies are consumed as if there was no tomorrow. Out on the verandah, Moose Devlin and Cockroach Cockburn grapple lazily with each other. Grinning like devils, they scrabble in a circle like a pair of demented monkeys. Nobody takes much notice. It's goanna-pulling day and anything goes.

●

Goanna-pulling was born in Chillagoe on a stinking hot November evening in 1978. Richie Ludlow, a burly, baby-faced tin miner, was in town for a blow-out. It gets lonely out in the hills, scratching around for a strike. A man can get to talking to himself, and everybody knows what that means. But Richie never let that worry him; out on the ridges, nobody can tell the crazy from the un-crazy, anyway. What did worry him now and then, was the prospect of blowing a hand off with a charge of gelignite, and slowly dying miles from nowhere.

It happened, but if you thought about it too much, it was time to go into town for a beer.

Richie had a rough start in life, and has taken a few knocks since. His mother wandered off when he was too young to know, and he didn't see the inside of a classroom until he was 10 years old. When he was 18, his miner father suffered a massive heart attack and died in Richie's arms.

Hard knocks or not, Richie made it through. He's 36 now, well into his third marriage, and hoping. But back then, in '78, life was uncomplicated. He'd roll into Chillagoe to play guitar, sing a few songs and get as drunk as possible.

"We'd fool around in the pub, same as you'd see anywhere," says Richie. "Somebody was always arm-wrestling or bull-butting, that sort of thing — but I reckoned there had to be something different. I got the idea of goanna-pulling from my miner's belt. After that it all fell into place."

You could lift a Mack truck on a miner's belt. It's a two-inch wide strip of thick leather designed to take a lifetime of hard going, and nobody has yet heard of one breaking.

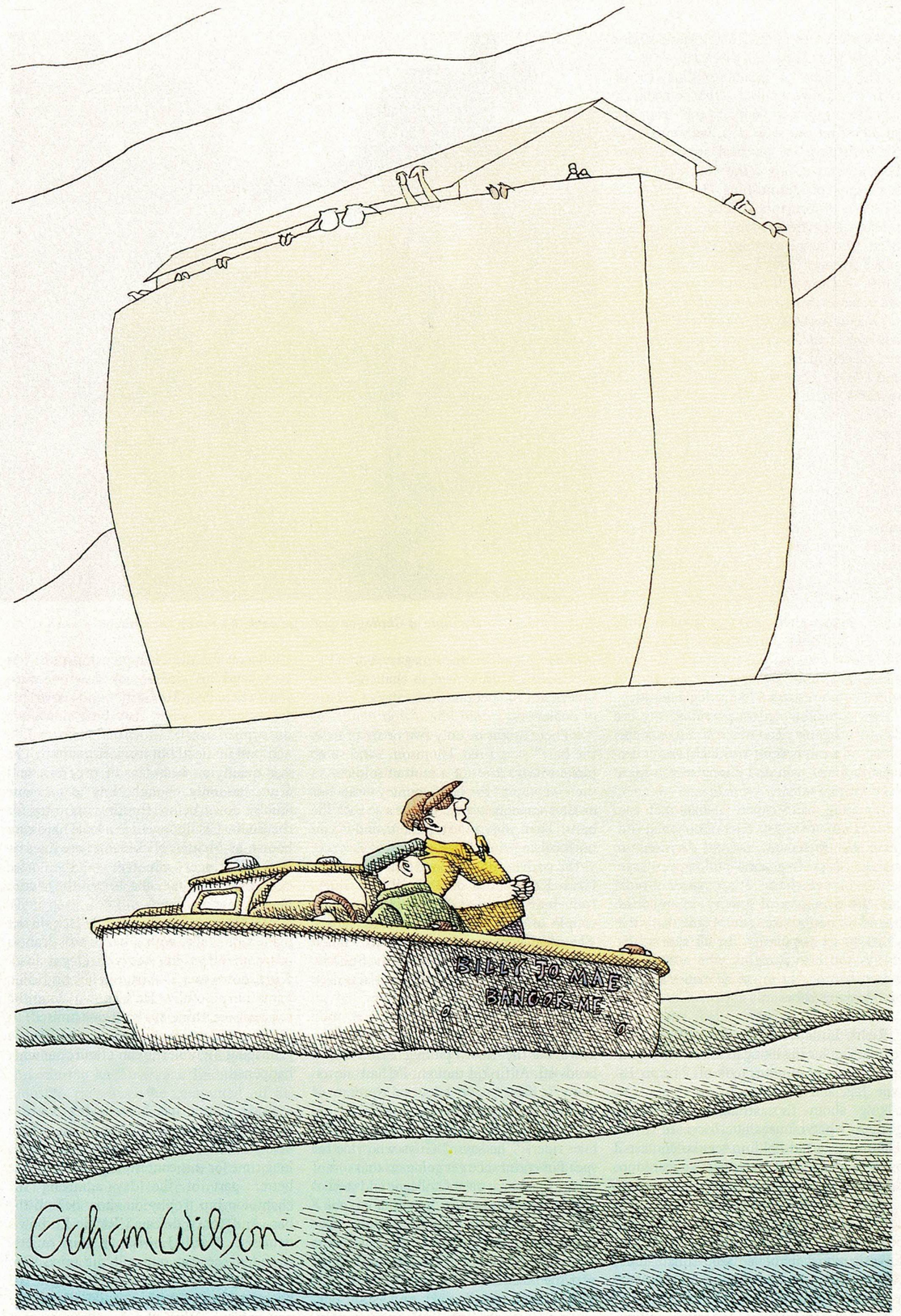
Hanging up in the bar of the Post Office Hotel is a pair of sweat-and-sun-cured belts — the original goanna-pulling belts, the pride of the pub.

"We got down on the floor and went for it," recounts Richie. "We didn't have a name for it right away, but it took off like magic. After a while, the name just happened.

"You can see that a couple of pullers look exactly like two goannas up on their front legs."

They do indeed. Goanna-pulling is the latest in a long line of pub sports, and appears set for an Australia-wide surge in popularity. This is how it's played: the two belts are buckled together in a figure eight double-loop, and placed over the heads of the participants, resting on the back of the neck. A challenge usually takes place on a cement pub floor or outside on packed dirt. Grass is too soft — and anyway, in Chillagoe, there isn't any. The combatants spread their legs and raise their bodies off the floor on palms and toes. Stiff-backed, they take up the slack until the belts are rigid. On a given signal, each man goes to work, exerting all his muscle-power into an inch-by-inch backward crab-walk. If the weights are roughly even, the contest can develop into a vein-popping struggle of

Equal-opportunity goanna-pulling in Chillagoe



"I think I figured out why we can't find the marina."

wills and sheer animal force, until somebody finally cracks and gives in.

The object of goanna-pulling is, of course, to prove a point — that someone in any given group of people is the strongest, so let's find out who it is, without delay. Such displays of physical strength have been around as long as the wheel, and show few signs of diminishing. In fact, as a backlash to womanhood's new-found confidence, they are probably on the increase. Men who regularly engage in punishing, super-strength activities could be saying: Look — I can still outlift you, therefore I am superior, so go and bag your head.

Goanna-pulling, like all other forms of boss-man feats, is a journey into egocentrics and macho-mania. It's full-on man-at-play and a harried or insecure male doesn't have to think about anything except beer and toughing it out. Of course, he may be a masochist, and just be after a crook neck.

A goanna-puller has to drag his opponent from a centre (scratch) line, 18 inches on either side to a judge line, to be declared the winner. If a belt slips for any reason, the other man is given the decision. Eighteen inches is not far by most criteria, but try pulling a grown male backwards with neck-power alone for that distance.

Out Chillagoe way, women will sometimes stage their own goanna-pulling contest, but they don't make a habit of it. They reckon that outback life is hard enough, without being lumbered with a spinal column shaped like a dog's hind leg. True enough, goanna-pulling is a dangerous game. Too much strain once too often, or a moment of bad luck, and it can mean a lot of pain and a long search for a good chiropractor.

It's a big man's caper. A small man can seldom win against heavier opponents, and there are no separate weight divisions to make it easier. In goanna-pulling, you have to take on everybody. It's a matter of bulk and the dynamics of gravity, as much as pound for pound strength. Maybe that's the secret to its popularity. In all sports, it's always the heavyweights who attract the most attention, the top prize money and the best-looking babes.

●

Richie Ludlow and the Post Office Hotel regulars took a big liking to their new-found sport. Goanna-pulling took off like an E-type Jag, and pretty soon everybody was talking about this strange business of goanna whatyoumacallit. Licensee Fred Thomson started holding regular contests, open to one and all. Strangers appeared in droves to witness these bizarre goings-on.

There's always a better man around the corner, as the saying goes, and it wasn't long before Richie was out-pulled by one Mark Lowis, manager of a 3200-square-mile cattle station — what's known up that way as "a piece of dirt".

But it was inevitable that goanna-pulling would outgrow its birthplace. It had that peculiar blend of pop-imagery and folk-appeal which drew men to challenge each other, and to spontaneously attract groups of onlookers.

A couple of Chillagoe locals go neck to neck on the slab.

"There might be only five or six of us in the bar," says Fred Thomson, "and some bloke will walk in, or a mob of soldiers on their way up to the Gulf country — sooner or later someone wants to have a go with the belts. Then you can't stop them, and it's on until closing time."

On such a night, about four years ago, Chris Kurz and a dozen trail bike riders from Innisfail rode into town, looking for a couple of days' worth of outback action. They had come to the right place. When Kurz and his mates rode out on the Sunday, they carried king-sized hangovers and neck muscles like pounded hamburger.

"I couldn't believe it," recalls Kurz. "We walk into the bar, and here's these guys down on the floor, pulling each other's heads off. At first, I thought I'd had one too many." Kurz, a 90 kilogram veteran of Enduro and speedway motorcycle racing, admits he was hooked. "It's a natural for bike riders," he says. "Guys who ride for speed or endurance get going on that sort of thing. I picked it up at Chillagoe and started it off down the coast. A bunch of us took a ride up to the Lion's Den pub, near Cooktown, and got into it there with the locals. You'll find bikies goanna-pulling all over the place now. It's a great way to relax after a tough race."

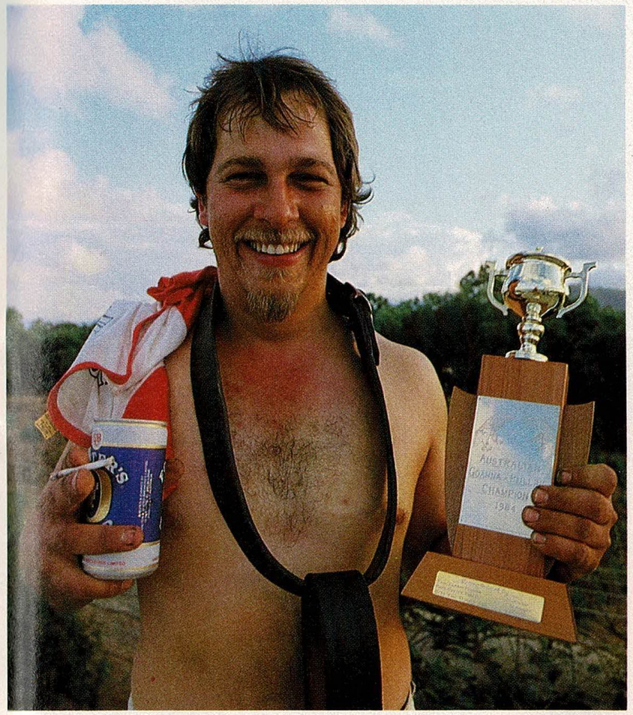
●

There's a big mob of out-of-towners in Chillagoe for the championship pull, but Kurz and his riders took a wrong turn somewhere near Mt Garnet, and arrive late. It's after four when they buzz down the dusty main street, U-turn in tight formation and pull up neatly in front of the pub. The last qualifying heats are in progress, and Kurz has only enough time to toss one stubby down before fronting up to try for the finals. His opponent is a local hard case known as Mental. Nick-names are mandatory in ringer country — the more demeaning the tag, the better the victim likes it.

Mental is a work-shorts and black singlet man, who walks with a backwards-lean in order to offset his heavy beer-gut load. Kurz, down to a T-shirt, hitches his riding pants purposefully. He's known along the coast as something of a hard case himself. In less than a minute, he's demolished a grimacing Mental who can't figure out what happened.

●

Andy Carter has been laying waste a succession of opponents, and is a firm favorite for the title. He's been waiting a long time for this contest, and has spent the better part of the day admiring the championship trophy on show behind the bar. Andy once defeated Richie Ludlow's nemesis, Mark Lowis, and is quietly confident he can out-pull the opposition today. It's easy to see why. Andy is a 104 kilogram ringer with a build like a top power-lifter. With the barest trace of a smile, Andy says he's been in training for this event by "skulldragging four tractor tyres around the outback". His look is meant to suggest he's indulging in the Great Australian Leg-Pull, but a close inspection of his neck indicates otherwise. In any case, Andy is fair dinkum today.



Chris Kurz — the first Australian Goanna-Pulling Champion.

The Post Office Hotel — birthplace of goanna-pulling.

But Chris Kurz has other ideas. He's wiped out three more opponents, and reckons he'll shake the hell out of this contest. That trophy will look good in *his* living room. Kurz is pumping up. He knows he's up against the odds. He sneaks a quick look at Andy Carter across the pulling ring. He'll need a D9 to shift that big bastard, nothing less. Andy looks back carefully. He doesn't like the feel of this bloke Kurz, and he's not going to mess around with him. As soon as the belts are on — boom! — Andy is going to blitz him cold.

Kurz stalks off away from the crowd, and stands quietly, staring out at the bush. His shoulders heave. Maybe he's thinking of the time during an Australian Enduro Championship ride when he catapulted off his bike into a tree and broke his wrist, got back on the machine, and went across the line in third place. Or maybe he's thinking the same thing as Andy — that second prize isn't good enough. He's got to win.

When he comes back, his face is dead white. He rolls his shoulders. He doesn't look at anybody. He's ready.

The final is a best-out-of-three contest. Each man can lose one, and still come back to win. Robinson is having difficulty with the crowd. The scratch and judge lines are freshly marked.

The two men face each other, expressionless. *You win before you start*, Kurz is thinking. *You win before you start*. Robinson gets them down, and places the belts. He gives them time to settle and brace themselves.

Around them is a shifting forest of legs and a continuous discord of sound.

From the start, Kurz loses ground. He's slipping forward, his body tight, neck thrust upwards to hold the belt. Andy smells blood and pours on the pressure. Kurz dimly hears the Innisfail riders chanting: "Kurz-y! Kurz-y! Kurz-y!" He hears, but it sounds strange — a mystifying double syllable he can't quite piece together. His neck is hurting badly, and the bloody belt is tearing his ears off. What's going on? What the hell is he doing down on this concrete floor, in this bum town, miles from home and family? He must be nuts. Andy's face swims into sharp focus. It's strained and purple-red, and stares right through him. Kurz drops his gaze, moving only his eyes. His hands are on the judge line! Another couple of inches and his head will be over. End of the road — finito!

Kurz makes a decision. He can't shift that cowboy, but he's not going to give up. Chris Kurz isn't moving anymore. He makes his body stone, and fuses to the floor. He locks in on that spot, and cuts adrift from his mind. He isn't Chris Kurz. He isn't anything. He's just there, for all time. Andy can't budge him. He's so close to the line — another good pull will do it. Andy is struggling. He senses something strange in the man before him. Kurz's face is frightening, like he is crawling in a snowstorm as his life drains away. Andy pulls to his limit, and then a bit more — right to the edge of his endurance. But he can't match Kurz's limit, he can't take it that far. Andy feels fear, his own fear, and he knows he will never win this goanna-pull in a million years.

When it comes through to Chris Kurz that Andy is finished, he unlocks. He tests his strength, and finds that Andy can be moved. Andy digs in defiantly with every cell of his bulky body, but there is nothing he can do. Something has happened and the balance has altered. Kurz hauls him back to the centre line, slowly, painfully, but without pause. He keeps going, back to the judge line, his vision clouded by a white fog. When the belts slacken, Kurz almost topples over. His head is singing and his body is numb. It takes a while to figure out a sequence of events. Then he sees his mates grinning down at him and he hears the crowd and the pain starts.

Ten minutes later, psyched to capacity, Kurz defeats Andy Carter again. He couldn't lose, and they both knew it. The die was cast in the first bout. Andy valiantly makes a go of it but his neck is screaming and his mind retreats from the shock of being powered to the limit.

Kurz tosses the belts high in the air. He made it. He's the first Australian Goanna-Pulling Champion!

IN A CLASS OF HER OWN

When you look as good as
Cherie Witter you can afford to give other women beauty tips.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

It takes confidence to be a top model. It takes something more to tell other models how to be better at their jobs. Authority, style, a fantastically successful track record. And of course it helps if you're an absolute knockout. Cherie Witter has it all. One of the real stars of the international modelling world, she has become a wealthy lady through modelling. And now she's in a position to pass on her secrets to other aspiring beauties. Cherie lectures whole classes of models and visits modelling schools to give individual counselling. Now our readers too can see exactly what makes a world class model.

"People expect a model to be aloof, but I'm a very caring person. I love people and I'm always trying to help people."

"Men are supposed to be intimidated by ambitious women but it's possible to be ambitious and feminine — men have always taken me as I am."

CAMPUS (continued from page 46)

Adelaide is the city where students are far more likely to have had a homosexual experience.

Asked how often they drank any kind of alcoholic beverage, more than half the students polled said no more than two or three times a month, if at all.

Seventy percent of students say they never touch marijuana. Only seven percent say they smoke it regularly — that is, two or three times a week or more.

When students throw parties, beer, wine and spirits are by far the most prevalent intoxicants with marijuana present at less than half the parties thrown by and for students. Pills appear at only seven percent of student parties and hard drugs at two percent.

Have you experimented with heroin?	
Yes	2%
No	98%

Do you smoke marijuana?	
No	70%
Occasionally: two or three times a month	23%
Frequently: two or three times a week or more	7%

An overwhelming 98 percent say they have never experimented with heroin although there were some interesting figures in the city by city breakdown. Among the cities surveyed, students who live in Brisbane or Perth are least likely to have experimented with heroin while students in Adelaide are most likely to have tried it.

Compared to the blatant advocacy of drugs and alcohol by university students of the '60s and early '70s, these figures would have to show a radical preference for sobriety among today's male students.

4. SEX

- **Casual sex loses favor**
- **Money rates**
- **Incidence of homosexuality**

When it comes to sexual matters and preferences among male students, our poll shows we are dealing with a generation remarkable for its discretion. Either that or they are all lying in their teeth about how much sexual activity revolves around Australian universities in the '80s. In the '60s and '70s, promiscuity was considered proof of mental stability. The more sex you had, the fewer hang-ups you had, man. That theory doesn't wash today. According to our poll, today's students, the people who will dictate the moral tone of Australia through the early part of the next century, have more important things on their minds.

We offered students a list of popular pastimes from which to choose when they want to have a good time. Sex came third.

By far the most popular pastime among male students in Australia today is sport, which accounted for 26 percent of the vote. Music comes second with 19 percent and sex third with 17 percent. Socialising with friends is fourth in popularity with 12 percent, drinking is fifth with 11 percent, movies sixth with six percent and TV scored a dead heat with drugs at the bottom of the list with two percent each.

We wanted to know approximately how many men at university engage in casual sex so we asked students to estimate how many of their mates they positively know are having casual sex. Only 27 percent of those polled say more than half their mates are screwing around.

We asked the same students to tell us how many women at university they are certain are engaging in casual sex. The results suggest university women are more chaste than their male counterparts. The male students polled say only 17 percent of the women they know at university are screwing around. Virtue is back with a bang, so to speak, a trend which may have much to do with fear of sexually transmitted diseases or side-effects from birth control methods. The sexual idealism of the '60s appears to have been supplanted by the sexual paranoia of the '80s.

When we asked students about the importance of money in a relationship with a woman, 26 percent confessed that it is important. We also asked our students how many of them had had a homosexual experience. Ninety-four percent say they have never had a homosexual experience.

However, here again there was an interesting trend apparent in the city by city breakdown of answers. Adelaide is the city where students are far more likely to have had a homosexual experience than any other capital city polled. A student living in Adelaide is more than twice as likely to have had a homosexual experience as a student living in Sydney, often regarded as the gay capital of Australia.

We also threw in a question to see whether students approved or disapproved of the ABC giving homosexual partners the same financial benefits as married couples. Despite the enlightened attitudes the ABC might presume exists in society in general, and the student population in particular, 49 percent of students polled are against homosexuals having the same benefits as married couples.

When you want to have a good time, which of these would you choose first?	
Television	2%
Music	19%
Sports	26%
Drugs	2%
Drinking	11%
Sex	17%
Movies	6%
Socialising with friends	12%
Other	5%

5. SOCIAL

- **Australians branded lazy**
- **Huge corruption problem**
- **Uranium mining condemned**

This category encompasses a multitude of questions dealing with student attitudes on the way Australians are, the society we have built and the society we are going to build. We started with a general question which asked whether students think Australians are lazy and complacent. Sixty percent say yes. Enough said.

Do you think the number of Asian students who have come from overseas to study in Australian universities is: too high; too low; about right?			
Too high	Too low	About right	Don't know/ not stated
40%	13%	46%	1%

Do you think the current level of Asian migration to Australia is too high; too low; about right?			
Too high	Too low	About right	Don't know/ not stated
44%	11%	44%	1%

THE NEW YOUNG CONSERVATIVE REPLACES THE ANGRY YOUNG MAN

MAINTAIN YOUR RAGE, Gough commanded a decade ago from the steps of Parliament House, his patrician face quivering with outraged pride. Maintain your rage. And for a while Australia teetered on the brink. Demonstrations in the big cities, violent clashes with police, the scent of republicanism in the air mingling with the scent of dope from the unkempt armies of Australia's seething universities as they boiled over into the streets.

Now Gough is one of the silvertailed party boys on the diplomatic cocktail circuit and, according to the Australian PLAYBOY Campus Survey, the majority of male students in Australia are dead against changing the flag, let alone the constitution.

Is it really only 10 years since students smoked marijuana and hash with their professor at a tutorial examining the political implications of Bob Dylan's lyrics? Only a decade since students cheered from the windows of Sydney University's Fisher Library as a couple on the ground below happily humped each other, bathed in sunshine and benevolence?

Now grog is passe, dope is for losers, and sport is more important than sex.

Where have all the ragers gone?

Well, gone to Nimbin, every one of them. Or the dole queue. Evolution decrees that everyone must adapt or perish, and yesterday's revolutionaries have become today's clapped-out cliches. Conservatism is the key to today's educated young male.

A superficial interpretation of the results of our poll might suggest today's students are a mob of mercenary wimps who have replaced idealism with materialism. Not so. Take a closer look and you'll see that today's male students have embraced a strategy which all but guarantees they will have their cake and eat it too.

Life is a marathon and these blokes obviously intend to go the distance. By putting the recreational emphasis on sport they are investing in their own future: a future they are optimistic about and which they intend to be fit enough to enjoy. And if less sex means good sex then less is better.

And if they are taking the long-term view, then materialism makes a lot of sense too. If they're going to be around for a long time they may as well be comfortable.

There are some intriguing departures from conventional conservatism though. Opposition to uranium mining and the death penalty for instance. Traditional conservatism has always put profits first and held that the death penalty is an effective deterrent.

Clearly these young men are selective in their beliefs. And that probably comes closest to summing up the New Young Conservative (the NYC). He's a far more pragmatic creature than his distant ancestor in the stone-age mists of flower power. And far more discriminating. In those days everything was either left or right, black or white. No in-between areas. Today it's possible to hold divergent views at one time: in other words remaining true to one's self. To be an individual. As daft and contrary as it may sound, what we're looking at here is a whole mob of individualists.

On a more serious note, today's young male students are more discriminating when it comes to Asian immigration and the number of Asian students studying in Australian universities.

A decade or more ago, Australia's students were opposed to the waging of war in Vietnam. Today's students are opposed to the consequences of losing that war, though, in the case of Asian students, many of those come from Asian countries other than Vietnam. And the reason for resentment may have something to do with the fact that those Asian students who come here work harder.

It all points to a greater sense of caution and self-control. Despite their bright expectations for the future, they live with the spectre of periodic recession. Students of the '60s and '70s could afford to indulge their philosophical whims because they were adrift on a sea of government subsidies. No more. Not only have the days of free and easy arts grants disappeared, but student allowances haven't kept pace with inflation. More students have to stay at home with mum and dad while they finish university and there's nothing like a parental stranglehold on the pocket money to encourage ideals of thrift and prudence.

NYCs are less likely to take risks because they can see there's no safety net. It's an attitude that has had a wash-out effect on sex, especially now that everyone has had time to inspect the fall-out from the sexual revolution. Free love may be great. Herpes isn't. Many university males have clearly decided that discretion is the better part of sexual valor. The benefits of the old-fashioned DMR, the dreaded deep, meaningful relationship, have suddenly become very attractive. Sex between consenting adults now means the other party has to consent before you can give her herpes. And judging by the number of women who engage in casual sex, they're not simply prepared to take your word for it anymore.

Australia's NYCs are following the same path as American students. Ten years ago the sight of Governor Ronald Reagan on any American campus would have been enough to spark a riot. Today he's the quintessential American hero. In the run-up to his landslide victory at the US polls, President Reagan's most enthusiastic rallies were held on US campuses.

Australia's NYCs have followed their American counterparts in their fresh-faced turn to the right. They want to work hard and play hard and while the threat of nuclear holocaust may be lurking in there too, they obviously don't intend to let it stop them getting their place in the sun.

Asked whether they believe in God, 60 percent answer yes.

Asked to state their political attitude, 53 percent consider themselves moderate, 17 percent right wing; only 22 percent see themselves as left wing. Compare that figure to the campus revolutionaries of a generation ago.

Asked whether they thought the mining and export of uranium was necessary for Australia's economy, 57 percent polled say it is unnecessary. Asked about corruption within the Australian political scene, 94 percent say it is a problem and, of those, 46 percent say it is a major problem.

On equal rights legislation to improve the status of women, exactly half say existing legislation is about right, 22 percent believe it has gone too far and 27 percent believe it had not gone far enough.

A straightforward 70 percent oppose the death penalty for the crime of murder.

We also wanted to know how materialistic this generation is. A vocal 62 percent admit that material possessions are important. Contrast that to the emphasis on spirituality by '60s students.

6. CAREER GOALS AND EDUCATION.

- **Who's who in art and literature**
- **Queensland the most popular state**

When it came to assessing the quality of our students' education and the uses they

ABORIGINES

The question of Aborigines and their land rights is one of the most contentious throughout Australia and likely to remain so. When we asked male students about the treatment of Aborigines in Australia, 61 percent said Aborigines were unfairly treated. The only city where more than half the students thought Aborigines got a fair deal was Perth.

Oddly enough, on the question of land rights, the students divided almost perfectly into thirds. Thirty-three percent believe land rights legislation for Aborigines is about right, 33 percent believe it is not generous enough, and 31 percent believe it is too generous. Still, the overall tilt of the answers shows sympathy for the land rights cause. Again, Perth was the only city where more than half the students polled said they believe Aborigines are too generously treated in respect of land rights.

Do you think the majority of Aborigines in Australia are fairly treated or unfairly treated?

	Fairly treated	Unfairly treated	Don't know/not stated
National	37%	61%	2%
Sydney	30%	68%	2%
Melbourne	15%	85%	—
Brisbane	49%	49%	2%
Adelaide	33%	64%	3%
Perth	58%	41%	1%

Do you think existing land rights legislation for Aborigines is: too generous; not generous enough; about right?

	Too generous	Not generous enough	About right	Don't know/ not stated
National	31%	33%	33%	3%
Sydney	29%	43%	26%	2%
Melbourne	13%	43%	44%	—
Brisbane	43%	28%	24%	5%
Adelaide	19%	36%	35%	10%
Perth	49%	14%	37%	—

might have for it, we were struck by a couple of fascinating contradictions.

When we asked the students to assess the standard of education available at Australian universities, 87 percent rated it from average to very good. Then, when we asked the same students to nominate three leading contemporary figures in art in the world today, 56 percent couldn't name anybody. When we applied the same question to figures in literature, 43 percent couldn't name anybody.

This suggests that the quality of education they are getting is not as good as they think it is or students have moved more radically than we imagined toward areas of science and technology.

Of those figures in the art world who did get nominated, Picasso scored the highest with 13 percent of the vote, Salvador Dali second with eight percent and Australians Pro Hart and Sidney Nolan tied for third place with five percent of the vote. Steven Spielberg, who directed the *Indiana Jones* movies, *ET* and *Jaws,* rates a mention with two percent of the vote although that again may be more for his services to science and technology than art.

Those who scored a mention in literature were Patrick White in first place with 10 percent of the vote, George Orwell in second place with eight percent of the vote (no doubt thanks to the publicity he received throughout 1984), and Graham Greene made third place with six percent of the vote.

When asked what is the most important goal after university, the majority of students indicate they simply want to enjoy themselves. And that contrasts dramatically with the sober, conservative and conscientious tone throughout the rest of the survey. Thirty-five percent of students polled opt for having a good time once they have an education.

Thirty-three percent want to enter one of the professions such as law or medicine. Nine percent want to get married and achieve security for themselves and their family, eight percent want to get rich, eight percent want to correct social injustice and six percent say they want to go into business for themselves.

When we asked about travel preferences, 56 percent say they would rather see Australia first before taking off to travel overseas.

Asked where they would most prefer to live in Australia, the majority opts for Queensland and WA. Brisbane was most popular with 24 percent, Perth second with 20 percent, Melbourne third with 18 percent, Sydney fourth with 17 percent, Adelaide fifth with 14 percent, Hobart sixth with four percent, Canberra came in seventh and second last with two percent and Darwin was at rock bottom of the list with only one percent of the vote.

Australian PLAYBOY's student poll was conducted by McNair Anderson Associates at universities in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth.

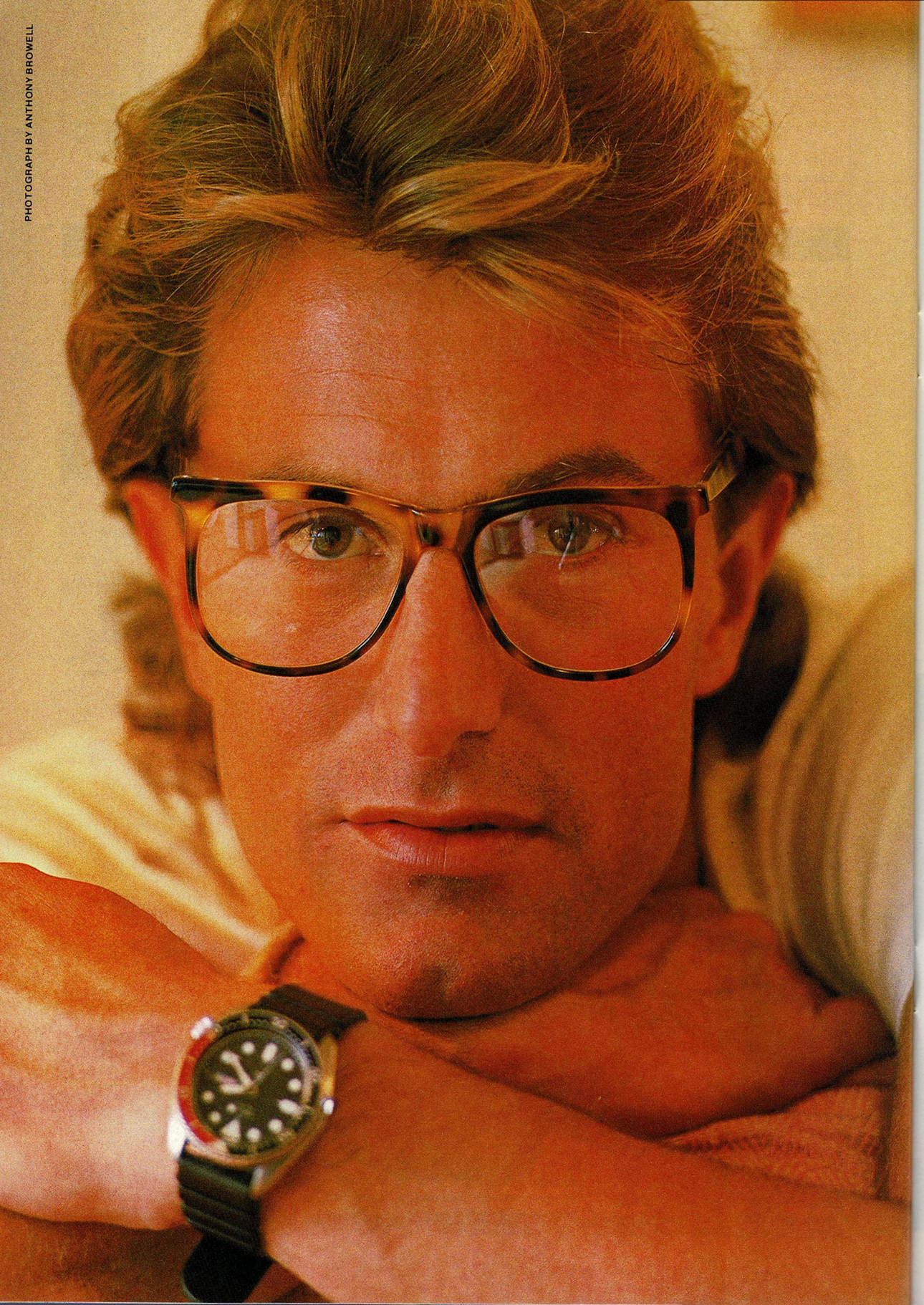
What percentage of men whom you know engage in casual sex?

Less than 10%	25%
10-25%	21%
26-50%	25%
51-75%	18%
76-100%	9%
Don't know/not stated	2%

What percentage of women whom you know engage in casual sex?

Less than 10%	34%
10-25%	25%
26-50%	21%
51-75%	14%
76-100%	3%
Don't know/not stated	3%

"Now you know why I like my martinis shaken and not stirred."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BROWELL

James Reyne, the troubled, thoughtful man behind the sneer that launched a thousand quips.

KING LEER

Profile by PHIL JARRATT

WHEN JAMES REYNE smiles, the expression is rarely interpreted the way it's meant. It is the slightly crooked smile of a classic matinee idol, somewhere between a leer and a sneer.

While this look is totally acceptable when he's fronting Australian Crawl, or being a bastard and a cad to someone like Rebecca Gilling in a television soap opera, it is a little daunting, to say the least, in a one-to-one conversation.

"I have this problem all the time," says Reyne, leering with sexual menace in his eyes and his upturned lip. "All I'm doing is smiling, but people think there's something else going on. Weird, huh?"

Extremely, but at 27, James Reyne is well enough adjusted to handle it. He will not be visiting Michael Jackson's plastic surgeon. In fact the implied sexuality in his everyday manner is the main — but not the only — reason that teenage girls scream from the bleachers, offer themselves to science at the stage door and generally get their knickers into knots whenever Australian Crawl plays. Reyne looks dirty. You wouldn't let him near your sister.

The band, somewhat hung up on the myth of democracy, is not yet called James Reyne and Australian Crawl, but Reyne, vocalist, co-writer and co-manager, is very much the main man. This is not to take anything away from the other members of the band, all of them fine musicians and not totally devoid of sex appeal either (so I'm told), but Crawl without Reyne would be like, well, *Sirocco* without *Errol*.

Although its individual members were stunned by the death of the band's original guitarist Guy McDonough in the winter of '84, Crawl was able to withstand the blow. It is doubtful the band could survive Reyne's departure. Like it or not, he is the archetypal front man. He gives the band sexual focus, in much the same way as Bryan Ferry breathed life into Roxy Music and Mick Jagger has, for 20 years, taken the Rolling Stones beyond the excellence of their music.

Reyne is not a big man, but he is athletic and given to wearing singlets on stage to accentuate his build. He has big hands and shoulders and, while he doesn't exude machismo, you wouldn't give him a hard time about his ducktail haircut, not if you were the approximate dimensions of your humble correspondent. He is warm and friendly, but misunderstood. "I'm a relaxed type of person most of the time," he says, "but it wasn't always so. In the band's early days I'd go off my head sometimes. I've got a big mouth and I went through a period of incredible frustration and resentment at the way I'd been misrepresented. I'd ring journalists and call them cunts, I'd get up on stage and hang shit on other bands, I was generally very uncool. This is how I got my reputation for being arrogant. On stage I *am* arrogant, but it's not the total picture."

Lest anyone get the idea that Jim Reyne is as bad as he says he is — or was — let it be known that these true confessions tumbled out on a particularly depressing Melbourne Friday afternoon, with a low, grey sky ushering in another lousy weekend, and the view through the bay windows of Reyne's apartment revealing a band of choppy grey water, three kids frozen to their surfboards and the dim lights of Foot-is-cray in the hazy distance. It was a long way from the Paris end of Collins Street, if you know what I mean, and as Reyne had just moved in that very afternoon the best he could offer me in the way of a drink was a cup of instant coffee.

One of those marvellous old Melbourne bayside pubs with the blue CUB signs all over it beckoned not more than 100 metres away, but such are the trials and tribulations of being a rock star that we couldn't go there for fear of being mobbed (him, not me) so we faced each other in director's chairs amid piles of rock and film star biographies and

drank our instant coffee while James Reyne confessed and smiled in his leering way at me and I took some notes and we both watched the sky turn from leaden grey to deep black.

"Bugger of a day, eh?" Reyne ventured after one of the longer silences.

We nodded and sipped our coffees. It wasn't the greatest interview I've ever done, but in a strange way it served its purpose. It filled another small gap in the jigsaw puzzle of a complex personality.

Reyne seems given to fast-fluctuating moods. At one moment talkative and friendly, the next dark and mysterious. His conversation can dry up remarkably quickly, and come again just as quickly in a staccato flood of ideas, analogies, anecdotes and homespun wisdom. The overall impression is one of an almost intellectual; a man who might get his tongue around some interesting issues, if he had the time.

But in the gloom he was unremittingly despondent. A cloud hung over him, and Reyne could neither shake it nor explain it. Friends say the singer is given to such lapses, but that he's usually quick to return to his normal sunny disposition. Enemies in the rock'n'roll world say that he always looks like his recording contract has just been cancelled.

Let's cut to a warmer climate and a licensed premises...

●

Australian Crawl has sold a lot of records and made a lot of money for EMI, its recording company, so the executives feel justified in throwing a waterborne piss-up for the band. It's one of those deals where you can't escape the speeches or the magically refilling glass. One circuit of Sydney's inner harbor and it's fair to say that your correspondent is feeling extraordinarily pleased with the obviously buoyant state of the music industry. Stumbling fore to aft he encounters one James Reyne and plonks down beside him and extends a moist, warm paw of friendship. Like high-tech tracking hardware from a disused satellite, drifting forever in the stratosphere, fragments of fact occasionally wander into the radar screen of your correspondent's failing mind. The Jimmy Reyne-Jimmy Carter connection careers into view just in the nick of time.

"Hey," says James Reyne, lighting a cigarette, "Carter is a really nice guy. It blew me out. I mean I didn't know what to expect, but he was genuine, a real gentleman." True fans of Australian Crawl will know that Amy Carter, much-photographed daughter of the former United States president who managed to make Ronald Reagan look an appealing alternative in 1980 by sending trained seals in self-destruct helicopters to rescue American hostages held by Iranian students, and doing his utmost to destroy the Olympics, has nominated Crawl and Men At Work as her two favorite bands in the whole free world. Furthermore, when Carter visited Melbourne last year as the guest of the Young Presidents' Association, trucking magnate Lindsay Fox invited Reyne and Brad Robinson from the Crawl to his ritzy bash to meet the smiling southerner.

According to Reyne, Carter tried to steer the conversation away from heavy-duty politics by declaring: "Mah dahter jest lerves yaw music, plays it all the dadburn tahm, by golly." Or words to that effect.

●

Crawl is a very Melbourne band, despite its burgeoning cult following on the American West Coast, the internationalism of its music and the suburban appeal of Reyne's on-stage sexual pantomime. Crawl's public front, Jim Reyne and Brad Robinson, are liable to turn up anywhere. They are men for all seasons, like Glenn Shorrock in LRB days was before them. In a city where social structure was once everything, they represent the new age of rock and roll respectability. Put it this way: when was the last time you saw former Cold Chiseller Jimmy Barnes in black tie rubbing shoulders with Neville Wran?

At the opening of John Bell's new Esprit Australia headquarters in Melbourne, Reyne and Robinson ducked and weaved with Andrew Peacock, were excessively polite to Kate Fitzpatrick and smiled sweetly at anything wrinkly and draped in the skin of a former animal. Furthermore, on this auspicious social occasion there were audible gasps from the dance floor when, at some minutes after midnight, Renee Geyer and Vanetta Fields, themselves guesting with Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons, called up Jim Reyne to join in soulful harmony. Now Reyne is a singer who has been criticised for his range (or lack thereof) and for his inability to get down and get truly funky. Renee and Vanetta, on the other hand, are two soulful mammas. Was Reyne deterred? Not a jot. In one of the great impromptu rock'n'roll jam sessions of the year, the four (Jo Camilleri wailing between sax breaks) traded leads on the Ray Charles classic, *Hit The Road, Jack*. Reyne, straining to be good in an unfamiliar situation, was nothing less than fucking brilliant. It was a performance that could only enhance his growing reputation as a theatrical all-rounder.

●

James Reyne was born in Lagos, Nigeria, (of all places) in May, 1957, when his father was holding down an outpost for British Petroleum. The family moved back to Melbourne and the Mornington Peninsula affluence of Mount Eliza, where late fat cats such as Sir Phillip Lynch and Sir Reginald Ansett resided. According to Reyne, however, his own family situation was strictly middle class. His father went to work for an employers' federation — a "union for bosses", says Reyne — while his mother taught at a private school for girls. Life was comfortable.

When he was 11, Reyne met lanky Brad Robinson and they listened to records together. At 15, Guy McDonough joined the gang and by sixth form they had a garage band together. Reyne says they were average kids. They raged and they experimented with girls and drugs. They smoked a lot of dope and did acid and did what you have to do to get to the middle of the tunnel, from which point the light at the end may be seen in increasing radiance.

The band sort of split after school, but the pieces remained within pick-up range. James Reyne set off with a copy of Kerouac and worked in a pizza parlor in Noosa, smashed bottles, served table and "just bumbled along". Come orientation week, however, like a good Mt Eliza boy he bumbled along to Monash University and enrolled in the faculty of law. Within six weeks he found the law wanting and moved on to the faculty of arts, which in the mid-1970s specialised in the production of highly skilled language and art critics for whom jobs had long since ceased to exist. Not wanting to be a burden on the state or his tutors, James Reyne declined further education a year after his arrival and enrolled, instead, at drama school, where he toiled for two years, picking up the rudiments of the thespian art while developing an overwhelming desire to rock-and-fucking-roll!

Thus the band was born in post-Skyhooks inner Melbourne in the late 1970s. At the start it played up to the tastes of the Carlton pseuds with clever and self-mocking lyrics being the key to acceptance. Martini's was the band's first regular gig and they developed a following there. All was lost, however, when they started to make it and were suddenly in demand for big suburban pubs and, worse, *Countdown*. To the Carlton cognoscenti, high on pasta and poetry of the free-form, manic-depressive kind, acceptance of an invitation from make-ya-or-break-ya Molly was tantamount to class treason. At best it was an admission that you were too gutless to die poor. Reyne, Robinson and friends went over the wall and defected to dollar idolatry... and never looked back.

Glenn Wheatley, a sharp Melbourne entrepreneur who had done quite well with a group called Little River Band, became their guiding light and guardian angel in a period when tastes in popular music fluctuated wildly from avant garde (post punk) to primitive (reggae). Australian Crawl took the Bob Hawke approach, filling the middle ground while, at the same time, endearing themselves to the public by virtue of their intrinsic "Australianness". Thus sungs like *Errol* and *Boys Light Up* and even *Reckless* epitomised the larrikinism of the band while reinforcing their broad musical appeal. Kids from 14 to 40 dug the Crawl.

When Skyhooks burst on to the scene in 1974 in funny pre-Kiss face paint and

The sooner you see your travel agent, the sooner you can be on board and raging!

Ogilvy MPO4125 PB.L.

Berths start at about $80 per night.

Ogilvy MPO4125 PB.R.

absurd outfits, one generation got off on the visuals and the beat, while another was stunned by the subtlety of the lyrics and the intricacies of the music.

And, after all, the 6.30 news *was* a horror movie.

With Australian Crawl there was a similar, but ultimately more lasting reaction. The band was clever and it touched a nerve with people across a wide age spectrum. And musically it didn't jar. It didn't offend.

•

Megan Tudor, publicist for the band, calls and asks what sort of story I'm going to write about James.

"The truth," I say. "The filth, the degradation and the dishonor."

"Great," she says. "We're sick to death of this namby-pamby bullshit about how nice he is underneath it all; the TV-star hype. Paint him black. Give him heaps."

"But he's not that big a bastard!"

"No, but you'll think of something."

The TV-star hype refers to the mini-series *Return To Eden,* in which Reyne co-starred with Rebecca Gilling and Wendy Hughes. His first real dramatic role, the part was a learning experience for the former drama student, both in the techniques of acting and the growing of a skin thick enough to withstand the savaging of critics. The saga of a woman's revenge after crocodiles had ripped her flesh, it was not, shall we say, vintage theatre.

But Reyne is unrepentant: "Brad and I read the script one night over a bit of this and that and we thought, this is ridiculous. A woman has her face ripped apart by crocodiles and comes back after plastic surgery to haunt her cheating husband! Leave me alone! Jesus! It was so bad we liked it. Pure soap opera. So what the so-called critics had to say didn't worry me unduly. They simply took the show, and themselves, too seriously."

Reyne says he will choose his next dramatic role very carefully, but that it *will* happen. So it should. He was less than wooden in a role cut out for a truly bad actor. But acting is still a secondary consideration. In 1984 Australian Crawl pushed onward and upward. Five successful albums in Australia and a cult following in the US have given it the financial independence to call its own tune. And, according to Reyne, that tune is megabuck success in America.

To this end, the band has split amicably with Glenn Wheatley, hired a manager in New York and taken control of its own affairs within Australia. Says Reyne: "We've got no illusions about the American market. We've got our foot in the door and now we have to have representation there and play the game. It's a dirty game, but what business isn't? You have to get radio stations playing your music so you use whatever means you have to. Everyone cops money and favors under the table. It's hard to know what's dirty any more."

James Reyne rather likes the hardbitten, worldly image: a man who knows the traps and pitfalls of the hard-core rock business. But he is also careful to distance himself from the totally unsavory aspects of it. He is flippant about payola, but deadly serious about the flirtations with heroin in the Melbourne rock cognoscenti.

"For a while smack was *the* social drug in Melbourne," he says. "I've used it and I never will again; not because I don't like it but because I've seen how it absolutely fucks everything. When we first saw fame we went crazy and fucked ourselves up, but you begin to realise you can't go on for long like that. A sense of equilibrium takes over."

Reyne breaks into a rare, broad smile. No sneer, no leer. "God, we used to get crazy some nights," he says. "It's a rare thing these days. We're in this business to stay. Longevity is something you have to think about."

And indeed, Reyne gave it a lot of thought. After Guy McDonough's death in a Melbourne hospital after a prolonged bout of pneumonia, Reyne disappeared to Bali to get his thoughts together. Rock pundits predicted the demise of the band, but they were wrong. James Reyne emerged in the spring looking happy, relaxed and well fed, ready to lead a new-look band on a national tour before going into the studio to record a new album. As summer rolled on, Crawl was up and running again.

"What I like about Saturday night is that special feeling of whoopee that's in the air."

ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

PLEASE SEND.... AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $11.95 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

CRITICS' CHOICE

Australia's top food experts choose our very best restaurants.

Compiled by
SUSAN KUROSAWA
and **ALICIA LARRIERA**

EATING OUT in Australia has never been more exciting or diverse. We've come a long way since the days when a smart night out on the town involved a tussle with a giant steak, and sophistication meant gingham tablecloths and candles in chianti bottles.

New ethnic influences, particularly from Asia and Europe, have heralded dramatic changes to the Australian restaurant scene. Satay, sashimi, pasta, pizza, bouillabaisse or brochette — the choice is yours and the list of restaurants is forever growing. We decided it was time to pinpoint the top 10 restaurants in Australia, not by any arbitrary or personal process, but rather by polling the country's leading restaurant critics and food writers for their opinions. We approached a cross-section of such experts and asked them for their five ranked selections, without regard to either cost or location. With only a few exceptions, the critics dismissed hometown loyalties and voted across state borders, often with an astonishing geographical spread. Critics in Brisbane raved over special restaurants in Adelaide and Perth; one Sydney writer's top four selections were all in Melbourne.

The results confirm what we had suspected: de luxe French-influenced restaurants dominate the list. Chefs and restaurateurs at such establishments are competing at the top of their form in this country and their restaurants serve as models of sophistication and bastions of the grand European traditions.

Our poll also shows that while cheap and cheerful Asian eateries are enjoying a fashionable following in most Australian cities, such places did not make the top ratings, mainly because our experts noted that these restaurants tend to be inconsistent and chefs often dash off to open rival establishments of their own.

The effect of the *nouvelle cuisine* revolution cannot be ignored. After a short-lived flirtation with violets in the

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUBERTUS HAMM

salad and single snow peas, our top chefs have evolved a unique style embracing the lightness and fearless combinations that characterise the new cuisine and the choicest local ingredients. This new Australian fare can be ranked among the world's very best.

Most of all, we feel that our Critics' Choice poll reflects the staying power of true excellence. Perhaps in two years' time, the number three position will belong to a young Vietnamese chef whose genius has transformed spring rolls to haute cuisine but, for now, here are the 10 to beat on a national level and the top five in each state. Our congratulations to them all.

AUSTRALIA'S TOP TEN RESTAURANTS

Berowra Waters Inn, NSW.
Fanny's, Vic.
Pegrum's, NSW.
Stephanie's, Vic.
Claude's, NSW.
The Establishment, WA.
Bagatelle, NSW.
Corzino's, WA.
Milano, Qld.
Possum's, SA.

1. **BEROWRA WATERS INN,** Berowra Waters 2082. Tel: (02) 456 1027. The outright winner of our Critics' Choice poll, this unique establishment combines an outstanding Aussie bushland setting with polished service and elegant cuisine. Gay Bilson is an uncompromising chef whose talent in the kitchen has confirmed her status as one of Australia's finest. She admits that her cooking style is based on French principles but, like many other leading chefs, she acknowledges that *nouvelle cuisine* is old *chapeau* and prefers the label of Australian fare. The environment of her restaurant is of prime importance to Gay: the building, designed by award-winning architect Glenn Murcutt, blends beautifully into the distinctive Hawkesbury landscape, decor is streamlined and there's no hint of fussiness to detract diners from the serious business of eating. A fixed-price menu of three courses, and including a glass of French bubbly upon arrival, coffee and petit fours at the finish, costs $50 per head. The wine list is an interesting, freewheeling affair; perennial favorites on the menu include bone marrow with brioche and red-wine butter, and a perfect creme brulee. A little boat ferries diners across to the restaurant; a more dramatic landing can be arranged via a sea plane chartered from Sydney's Aquatic Airways. The De Havilland Beavers carry seven passengers; (02) 919 5966 for details.

2. **FANNY'S,** 243 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000. Tel: (03) 663 3017. Fanny's is one of "the" restaurants to be seen at in Melbourne and this popularity is backed up with a tradition of fine dining stretching back some 25 years. Superbly prepared food and efficient service in elegant but relaxed surroundings fuse to confirm Fanny's status. A sister to Glo Glo's in fashionable Toorak, Fanny's is run by Blyth and Gloria Staley whose continuing aims are to make the restaurant the equal of the best overseas establishments. Each year the Staleys take off in search of new culinary ideas and regular patrons eagerly await the innovative results that head chef Mark Haynes (formerly of Melbourne's Joyeux) then introduces. The menu offers regular seasonal specials and excels with French provincial soups, fish and chicken dishes. There's bistro dining downstairs and a little more luxury upstairs where the decor is plush and there's a heavy emphasis on floral arrangements. Bistro dining is the cheaper alternative but the food and service are of the same high standard in both areas. Fanny's boasts an extensive cellar and wine is available by the glass in the bistro.

3. **PEGRUM'S,** 36 Gurner Street, Paddington 2021. Tel: (02) 357 4776. Pegrum's is that warm, inviting sort of restaurant guaranteed to cure even the worst case of the blues. Owner-chef Mark Armstrong and wife Lorinda took over Pegrum's four years ago; the restaurant is decorated in earthern hues with baked clay tiles on the floor and huge clay urns filled with fresh flowers. Mark shops personally for the restaurant, buying only the best and freshest produce available and keeping an eye open for something different. The offerings change fortnightly, though a particularly popular dish may remain on the menu longer if the ingredients are still in season. The menu could include an entree of feuillette of mussels and spinach leaves with saffron butter sauce and a main course of mignonettes of lamb with egg-plant and mushroom gateau. There is no printed dessert menu as these are made on a daily basis according to the fruit in season, but a typical selection would include sorbets and maybe a souffle. The rich flourless chocolate cake which is served with raspberry puree is almost always available and is a must for chocoholics. The Armstrongs buy wine in small quantities from the vineyards, so the leather-bound wine list changes as each vintage runs out. You can expect an excellent array of Australian and French wines, while the champagne list remains almost exclusively French.

STATE BY STATE TOP FIVE

NEW SOUTH WALES
1. Berowra Waters Inn, Berowra Waters
2. Pegrum's, Paddington
3. Claude's, Woollahra
4. Bagatelle, East Sydney
5. Imperial Peking Harborside, Sydney

VICTORIA
1. Fanny's, Melbourne
2. Stephanie's, Hawthorn East
3. Fleurie, Toorak
4. Vlado's Charcoal Grill, Richmond
5. Two Faces, South Yarra

QUEENSLAND
1. Milano, Brisbane
2. Rags, Petrie Terrace
3. Baguette, Ascot
4. Oskar's Garden Restaurant, Surfers Paradise
5. Annabelle's, Noosa

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
1. The Establishment, Nedlands
2. Corzino's, Highgate
3. Prideau's, Nedlands
4. The Parmelia Garden Restaurant, Perth
5. Ruby's, Perth

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
1. Possum's, North Adelaide
2. The Grange, Adelaide Hilton Hotel
3. Neddy's, Adelaide
4. Jarmer's, Kensington Park
5. Le Paris, Medindie

TASMANIA
1. Casey's, Avondale
2. Prospect House, Richmond
3. Old Masters, Launceston
4. Shrimps, Launceston
5. Cataract Gorge, Launceston

4. **STEPHANIE'S,** 405 Tooronga Road, Hawthorn East 3123. Tel: (03) 20 8944. If you don't own a National Trust mansion with the finest servants and the best kitchen staff available, then Stephanie's is possibly the next best thing. A night at Stephanie's is a grand experience: it's one of Melbourne's most elegant restaurants with an atmosphere and quality of service that most other establishments can only aspire to. The decor in this 1893 vintage house runs to rich red carpets and walls displaying a magnificent array of period silver, china and glass. Three large downstairs rooms form the dining area and one can easily create the illusion of dining alone in a sumptuous private mansion. Owner/chef Stephanie Alexander is generally on hand to explain the French-style cuisine; the freshness of ingredients cannot be faulted and great attention is afforded to creating dishes that match the grand style of the mansion in which they are served. While the service is attentive, the waiters have that delightful knack of making diners feel absolutely relaxed and unhurried. The wine list bulges with an inspired array of choices; champagne and sauternes are available by the glass.

5. **CLAUDE'S,** 10 Oxford Street, Woollahra 2025. Tel: (02) 331 2325. This small, intimate restaurant embraces a cosy ambience with personal service and a limited but very well-balanced four-course set menu. The style of husband and wife team Damien and Josephine Pignolet is adventurous and eclectic. Damien describes the cuisine as "modern classical French" and the ever-changing menus all embody certain themes. Four courses including coffee will set you back $35 per head; a bouillabaisse evening is held on the first Friday of the month ($37 per head) and *festival de la fine bouche* (experimental four to five course menu with no choice of courses) on the first Saturday ($40 per head). The off-white decor highlighted with fine 14th and 15th century prints is relaxing and uncluttered and an evening here is guaranteed to be a soothing and sybaritic affair. Claude's is one of the few restaurants of its class to be unlicensed and, sadly, no credit cards are accepted.

6. **THE ESTABLISHMENT,** 35a Hampden Road, Nedlands 6009. Tel: (09) 386 5508. The Establishment was transported four years ago from the somewhat seedy dining room of an old hotel to a charming cottage in Nedlands, one of Perth's inner suburbs. The restaurant, divided into several cosy dining rooms, is decorated in warm shades of rosy pink and the prints and plates which adorn the walls add to the feel of old world elegance. In warm weather you can also choose to dine outside in the garden. Owner-chef Stephen Reagan prepares imaginative food with a noticeable French influence and his insistence on using the freshest seasonal ingredients, coupled with efficient, courteous service, guarantees a more than memorable meal in this friendly restaurant. The Establishment is unlicensed so make sure that you take a really good bottle or two of wine. Dishes definitely worth a try include an entree of smoked chicken, artichoke and melon salad with fresh mint sauce; a main course of guinea fowl with apples, raisins and a muscat and game glaze; and a dessert of rhubarb and raspberry gateau with fresh ginger sauce.

7. **BAGATELLE,** 117 Riley Street, East Sydney 2010. Tel: (02) 357 5675. Wooden panelling, fresh flowers and lace curtains bunched with prettily printed drapes tied back with ribbon all make for a very cosy and intimate restaurant. In his seven years as owner-chef of Bagatelle, Jean-Luc Lundy has earned himself and his restaurant one of the finest reputations in Australia. Bagatelle was the only restaurant awarded five stars in the 1983 *Benson And Hedges Restaurant Guide,* a sort of Down Under Michelin Guide. The menu changes often, dictated by the availability of seasonal ingredients at the market. A set price of $35 is charged for three courses of your choice, but an additional $8 is charged if lobster is ordered. A typical meal could be an entree of asparagus served with morel mushrooms and lime sauce, a main course of lobster accompanied by fresh pasta, and a dessert of strawberries in a case of puff pastry. A *degustation,* or mini selection, of all the desserts on that day's menu is available if

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BALFOUR

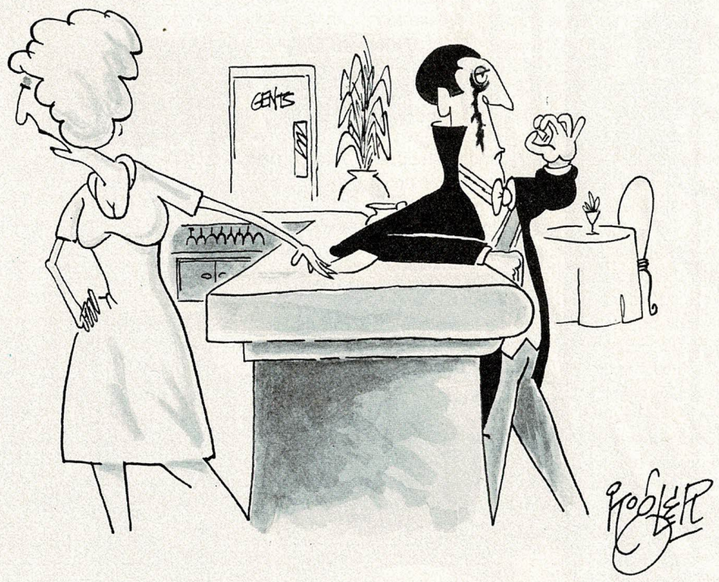
Gay Bilson's Berowra Waters Inn, our critics' choice as Australia's finest restaurant.

you are in a particularly indulgent mood. The cellar is stocked with a fine selection of Australian and imported wines as well as French champagnes.

8. **CORZINO'S,** 483 Beaufort Street, Highgate 6000. Tel: (09) 328 1770. This is one of the few Perth restaurants serving Northern Italian food (mainly from the Piedmont area) and it's done in superb style. The establishment is a family concern with patriarch Joe Corzino and his wife selecting and preparing the food while their sons concentrate on ensuring the service is smooth and efficient. An evening at Corzino's begins when you knock on the heavy wooden door; once ushered inside you are well and truly in Joe's capable hands. The first two courses are predetermined, with the appetiser and entree consisting of small servings of three different dishes, but there is a wide range of main courses and desserts from which to choose. Of the main dishes, roast veal voronoff and breasts of duckling in marsala sauce are particularly inviting. Make sure you try budino alla panna for dessert, a sensuous dish made with fresh cream and amaretto. The excellent food is proof of Joe's golden rule of no freezers, microwave ovens or can-openers in his kitchen. A splendid range of Italian and Australian wines is available and you'll find that entertainment is thrown in free of charge with the charismatic Joe regaling diners with tales about the dishes and Italian wines he serves.

9. **MILANO,** 78 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tel: (07) 229 3917. This popular mid-city eating venue is arguably the most sophisticated in Brisbane. Restaurateur Gino Merlo is a firm believer in the old school of mannered service, hushed atmosphere and haute cuisine. A smooth color scheme of pinks and apricots, the gleam of polished silver, framed prints of Milan on the walls and a competent pianist tinkling in the background all combine to exude a comfortable, even romantic atmosphere. The restaurant was established in 1959 and has been a consistent winner of the Gold Plate award and various best cellar accolades. The wine list is one of the most comprehensive to be found anywhere in Australia; the food is classical, imaginatively presented and there's no hint of stinting in the servings. Home-made pasta dishes, lobster milano (gently sauteed in butter with avocado, cognac and cream) and several Italian-style veal dishes are among the menu's front runners.

10. **POSSUM'S,** 145 O'Connell Street, North Adelaide 5006. Tel: (08) 267 1503. The name may imply meat pies, pavlova and pictures of bush babies on the walls, but nothing could be further from the truth. This small, uncluttered restaurant is a shrine for dedicated diners. There's no background music, virtually no form of decoration and little to distract patrons from the eating process. A fixed price menu applies (with costs being raised a smidgin on Fridays and Saturdays) and the list changes daily. You could encounter entree offerings such as a spiced snapper soup with quenelles, noodles, mussels, pork and snapper or a crabmeat mousse with abalone and abalone butter. A couple of popular main courses are roast glazed duck with raisins and pickled ginger brioche balls, and hot spiced salad of abalone and pork. A house specialty is a dessert of home-made sorbets arranged chequerboard fashion. A glass partition between the kitchen and restaurant allows diners the opportunity to check out what's happening backstage. Owners Barry Ross and Phillip Searle describe Possum's as "a serious place"; fine food fanatics will love it. Always book ahead and note that Possum's is BYO.



"Hey, Wally, do we do B-Rhesus negative in a tall glass?"

THE CRITICS

David Alexander, Dining Out, *Daily Telegraph,* Sydney: **Mardy Amos,** Perth correspondent, *Australian Gourmet;* **Tony Berry,** restaurant critic, *Adelaide Advertiser;* **Ken Bignill,** president, Escoffier Society, Sydney; **Joan Campbell,** chief sub-editor, *Courier Mail,* Brisbane; **David Dale,** Stay In Touch column, *Sydney Morning Herald;* **Stuart Diwell,** Adelaide correspondent, *Australian Gourmet;* **Mario D'Orazio,** restaurant critic, *Daily News,* Perth; **Tony Fawcett,** editor, *Signature;* **Michael Foster,** food and wine writer, *The Canberra Times;* Ian Glover, editor, *Overlander;* **Paul Harris,** managing editor, *Wentworth Courier,* Sydney; **Karen Hammial,** editor, *Australian Gourmet;* **Bob Howarth,** former features editor, *Sunday Sun,* Brisbane; **Bill Howie,** travel and restaurant critic, Radio 3AK, Melbourne; **Bernard King,** TV cookery program host, Sydney; **Elisabeth King,** deputy editor, *Australian Gourmet;* **Margaret Kirkwood,** food writer and consultant home economist, *Adelaide Advertiser;* **Susan Kurosawa,** travel and food editor, Australian PLAYBOY; **Philip Mason,** publisher, Australian PLAYBOY; **Donna Mongan,** restaurant critic, *Sunday Observer,* Melbourne; **George E. Mulgrue,** restaurant critic, *Western Mail,* Perth; **Michael Muschamp,** Melbourne correspondent, *Australian Gourmet;* **Barbara Northwood,** home economist, *Australian Women's Weekly;* **Tony O'Ferrall,** features editor, Advertiser Magazines; **Eric Page,** restaurant critic, *The Herald,* Melbourne; **Diane Parks,** former editor, *Australian Gourmet;* **Elise Pascoe,** cooking column, *Sydney Morning Herald;* **Adrian Read,** former editor, *Australian Gourmet;* **Jeremy Ridgman,** Brisbane correspondent, *Australian Gourmet;* **Barbara Richards,** Let's Eat Out, *Daily Mirror,* Sydney; **Leo Schofield,** restaurant critic, *Sydney Morning Herald;* **Sol Simeon,** restaurant critic, *Sunday Mail,* Adelaide; **Gerri Sutton,** features writer, *Sunday Sun,* Brisbane; **Bill Thompson,** restaurant critic, *The Sunday Times* and *The Midweek Times,* Perth; **Beryl Town,** editor, Sun-Easterly, *Sun News-Pictorial,* Melbourne; **Stewart Van Raalte,** food and wine critic, *Sunday Independent* and 6PR, Perth, and **Linda Venturoni,** food and nutrition editor, *Family Circle.*

LISA

Our prima ballerina says dancing helps keep a girl on her toes.

Lithe and lovely Lisa Paterson keeps her body beautiful by putting in long hours at the bar. . . the exercise bar, that is. The 24-year-old blonde with the all-over tan tells us she has been doing ballet since she was six years old. "It used to be my favorite form of exercise," she says. "Then I grew into a big girl and it became my second favorite form of exercise."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAG OHRLUND

"I put in a couple of hours every day," she says. "I used to belong to a dance troupe but I couldn't stand the regimentation, it was like being in the army. I love ballet, it's a pleasure for me as well as a way of keeping my body trim, I never want to get tired of it." And is it true what they say about dancers? "Oh yes," says Lisa, "we're very, very supple!"

AFTER DINNER DRINKS

The traditional brandy snifter has taken on a whole new lease of life.

THE PERFECT grand finale to a slap-up dinner just has to be a snifter of cognac or armagnac served in a round-bowled, footed glass.

Mellow, sensuous brandies have been Europe's favored after-dinner beverage for centuries. Consider this observation from France's high-proof 18th century diplomat, the Duc de Talleyrand: "We hold the glass in the hollow of the hand, we warm it up, we shake it in a circular movement so that the liquor exhales its perfume. Then we sniff it, we inhalé it, and then, dear sir, we leave it on the table and speak about it."

We're not suggesting that you must adhere to this solemn ritual of appreciation but we do believe that there's little to compare with the smooth taste of an aged cognac, perhaps accompanied by a hefty cigar and certainly good company and conversation after a satisfying meal.

You'll enjoy the exercise a whole lot more if you have the right glasses. Leaded crystal is the go, although quality manufacturers such as Orrefors and Kosta-Boda make perfectly acceptable brandy balloons which you'll find sold in pairs at department stores and gift shops. A boxed duo costs from around $30.

Just as the round, bosom-shaped champagne glass has been usurped by the stemmed flute, the huge brandy balloon has fallen out of favor and the smaller, tulip-shaped glass is the more popular alternative, particularly in Europe. The optimum size is five to six ounces and the glass must be small enough to nestle and be warmed comfortably in the palm of your hand. The larger balloons tend to rapidly dissipate the aroma of the brandy and, after all, a generous part of the enjoyment of this after-dinner beverage comes from inhaling the fragrant vapors.

Cognac or armagnac are correctly measured in snifter. This means filling the glass to about one-quarter of its volume; if the balloon is tilted sideways, the liquid should reach across just to the tulip rim.

Allied to the current trend to blend and mix an incredible diversity of spirits, it seems that the hitherto sacred brandy balloon is being used for a range of other beverages. Aged calvados (apple brandy from the French province of Normandy), matured American bourbons, malt scotches, dry fruit brandies, mahogany-hued rums from the sultry islands of the Caribbean, scotch-based liqueurs such as Drambuie, and even gutsy tequila are all proving viable alternatives to straight cognac and armagnac.

The purists may be further shocked to learn that this tampering has extended to the brandy itself: compatible spirits are being added to provide an interesting lift and a delightful complexity of taste. A tiny slurp of Cointreau, for instance, lends a whisper of smoothness to a good cognac; a soupcon of mandarine liqueur imparts a subtle fruitiness, and a dash of bitters gives an astringent lift.

Dyed-in-the-wool Englishmen splash a creamy, bittersweet ale, such as Newcastle Brown or perhaps Guinness Stout, into their malt scotch for their last drink of the evening. Drambuie and scotch is a classic mix that also makes a perfect after-dinner offering, and why not consider splashing bourbon, Kahlua or Tia Maria and a dash of bitters into a brandy balloon for a smooth and devilishly potent nightcap.

To illustrate the possibilities, we have assembled a bevy of recipes to be served in brandy balloons. Some of these do use cognac (and armagnac may be substituted in these cases) while others employ the alternative spirits mentioned herein. While proportions are given, these are flexible and intended merely as suggestions. The addition of ice cubes or even

Article by **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON AZUMA

BACK ISSUES

DID YOU MISS ANY? CHECK THE LIST BELOW

Need just one or two back issues to complete your collection of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY? We have a limited stock of each of the issues listed below at $4.50 each, including packing and postage. It's easy to order these back numbers. Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page and send it, together with the appropriate cheque or money order, to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURE
MAR '82	Lynn Eason	Alby Mangels	How To Make A Million
MAY '82	Lynda Rhys Vaughan	Billy Joel	Lynda Stoner, Barbara Carrera
JAN '83	Charlotte Kemp	Robin Williams	Dick Roughsey, TV News and the Ratings War
OCT '83	Joan-Beatrice Tichy	Mike Gibson	Why ASIO Doesn't Work
DEC '83	Tracy Vaccaro	David Hookes	Shooting The Sandinista, Playmate Tour Of Australia.
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Muhammad Ali, Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
MAR '84	Grace Parr	Barry Jones	Oz Film Finances, Sylvia Kristel
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
MAY '84	Margaret Bailey	Joan Collins	Guide To Bribery
JUN '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	The Decline of the Kennedys
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia

I am now enclosing a cheque for $..... representing payment at $4.50 per copy made out to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY. Please send me the following back issues of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY.

- ☐ March 1982
- ☐ May 1982
- ☐ January 1983
- ☐ October 1983
- ☐ December 1983
- ☐ January 1984
- ☐ February 1984
- ☐ March 1984
- ☐ April 1984
- ☐ May 1984
- ☐ June 1984
- ☐ July 1984

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Mail coupon to Circulation Department, AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.
Offer open to Australian residents only.

crushed ice is optional. We figure that as new frontiers are being forged with these after-dinner drinks, just about anything goes!

C & C

3 parts cognac
1 part chartreuse

CAFE BOURBON

3 parts bourbon
1 part Kahlua coffee liqueur
Dash of bitters

CALYPSO DREAM

3 parts bourbon
1 part Tia Maria
Dash of bitters

DIGESTIF

Cognac
Bitters to taste

DRY JULEP

Full-bodied bourbon
Very light splash of water
Fresh mint leaf (bruise leaf well before adding)

DURANGO

3 parts golden tequila
1 part lime liqueur

FRENCH MANDARIN

4 parts armagnac
1 part Mandarine Napoleon liqueur

IRISH SMILE

3 parts Irish whiskey
1 part Irish Mist

MIDNIGHT BREW

Full-bodied scotch
Splash of creamy bittersweet ale or Guinness stout

MOUSQUETAIRE

4 parts armagnac
1 part prunelle

RUMBALL

3 parts dark rum
1 part chocolate liqueur (Ashanti Gold by Lindemans or the like)

SCOTCH STONE

4 parts full-bodied scotch
1 part Stone's ginger wine

THE GOLDEN MAX

4 parts cognac
1 part Cointreau

TU-D99X SLDD Digital Synthesizer Tuner
C-2101 Stereo Control Amplifier
B-2101* X-Balanced Power Amplifier

X BALANCED AMP

*RMS power output: 200 watts × 2 (8 ohms), 20Hz – 20kHz, less than 0.003% THD. Dynamic power output: 680 watts × 2 (2 ohms).

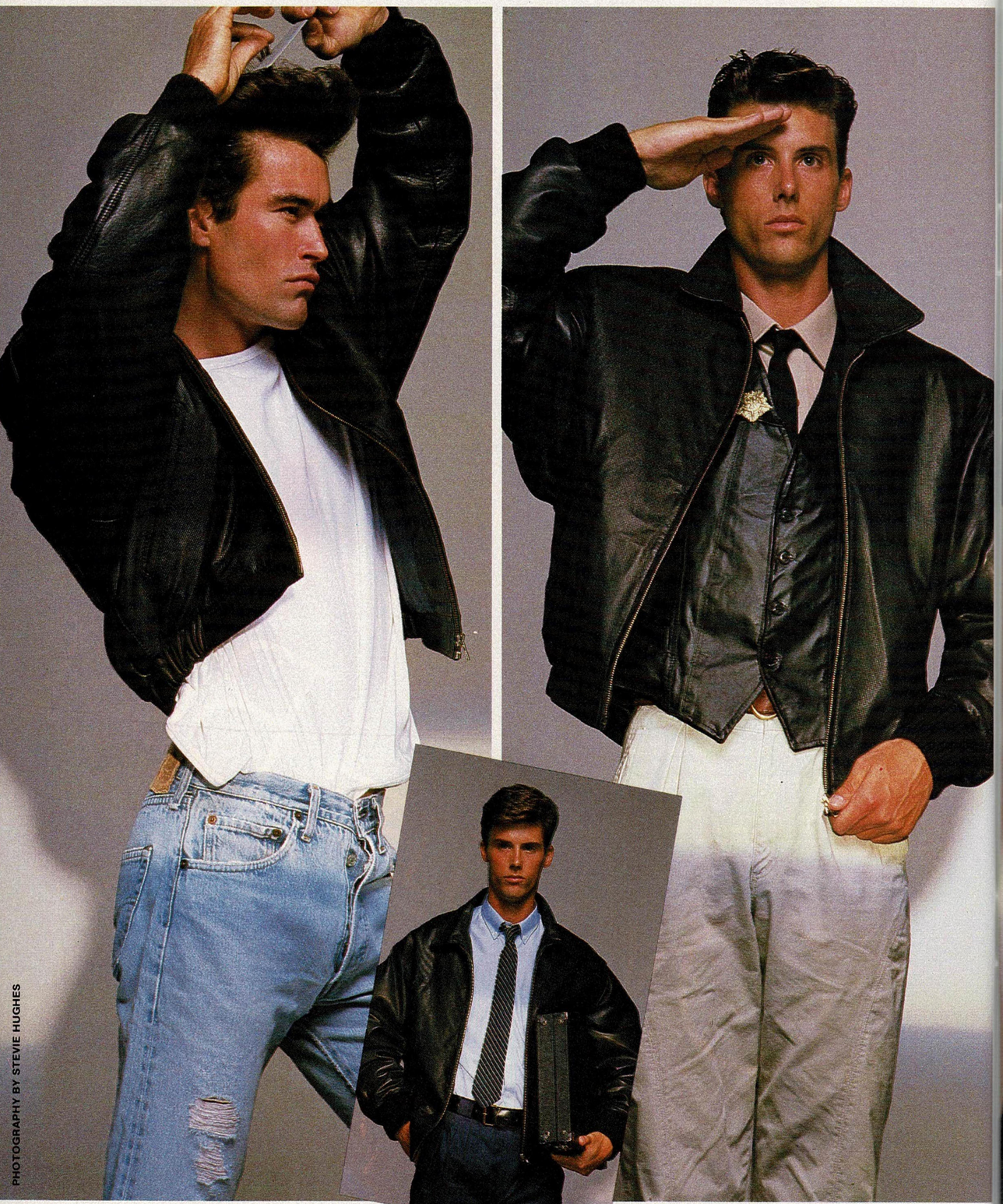
OWN THE BEST

The best is only as far away as your nearest Sansui dealer.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. 14-1 Izumi 2-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 168 Japan
VANFI (AUST.) PTY. LTD. 297 City Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia Tel: 690-6200
283 Alfred Street, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060, Australia Tel: 929-0293

Left to right: Black leather jacket by Bisonte ($450) available from George's, Wayne Watkins, Clifford Gordon, Cornelius Furs and Mason's. Team it with your favorite denims and a white crew-neck T-shirt ($49) from Mason's ● A Rosco khaki cotton shirt ($21) from Christie's under a black leather vest ($70) from The Link teamed with a black tie ($17) from Tony Barlow and a gold medal ($5.95) from Christie's. Top it all with our versatile black leather jacket for a streetwise military look ● Take your warmest and most comfortable hand-knit and snuggle it under our black leather jacket. Finish the look with tight blue denims and a black felt cap (around $8) from any disposal store ● White bent-wing collared shirt by Phillips with black buttons and pleated front panel ($60) is highlighted with a black silk cummerbund ($17) and black silk bow-tie with silver spots ($10), all from Tony Barlow. Shoulder pads ($6) from David Jones give our black leather jacket added style and emphasis for after-dark action ● Inset: This time our black leather jacket means business. Team it with a button-down collar shirt in light blue by Oroton ($39), navy tie with white diagonal stripes ($27) and blue cotton pleated pants ($60), all from Tony Barlow.



LEATHER LIVES!

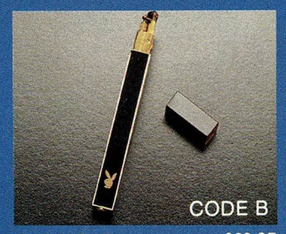
Tough, sexy and timeless, the classic leather jacket can go anywhere on the right shoulders. We present five easy-to-achieve variations using the same jacket with a swag of complementary clothing and accessories.

Fashion by VITEK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVIE HUGHES

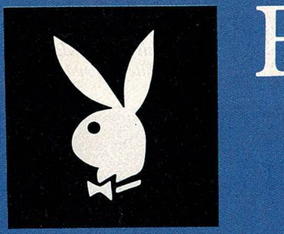
EXCLUSIVE AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

Gift ideas from the World of Playboy. At last, an opportunity for you to acquire the mark of quality and the signature of success. For the first time in Australia, you can obtain these exclusive Playboy products and avail yourself of a magnificent range of superbly-crafted items styled for those who appreciate the finer things in life.



Stick Lighter **$39.95**
A unique slimline, stylish in black with gold trim. An elegant way to light up.

Tee and Green Set **$29.95**
Pure one-upmanship, but lots of fun, in 18ct gold finish — marker engraved "Never Up, Never In".

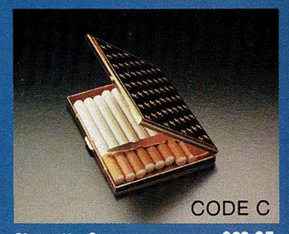


Golf Balls **$45.95**
The nicest set of balls you've ever owned, tournament quality, PGA approved, 12 per case.

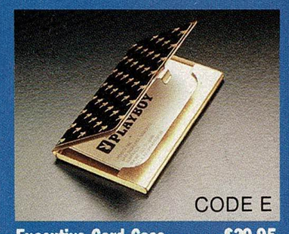
THIS MONTHS SPECIAL OFFER

EXECUTIVE PEN
Usually $49.95
For this month only
$29.95

Elegantly engineered to last a lifetime in black and gold with subtle Rabbit Head insignia.



Cigarette Case **$29.95**
Elegant 18ct gold plate with easy push mechanism. Stylish black with designer bunnies.



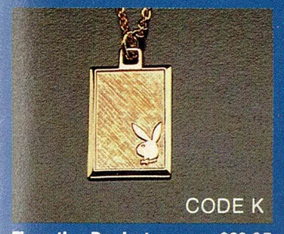
Executive Card Case **$29.95**
Glamorous stylish presentation of business cards, 18ct gold plate finish, easy open and close.

Executive Note Pad **$29.95**
Goes everywhere in 18ct gold plate and won't disturb the line of your most expensive suit.

Money Clip **$29.95**
The ultimate design in 18ct gold plate keeps your notes neatly folded and saves digging out your wallet each time you need cash.

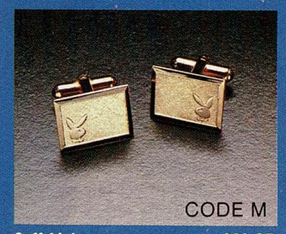
Split Ace Key Chain **$29.95**
For those lucky in love, a large silver ring with split ace playing card. Platinum base, rodium finish.

His I.D. Bracelet **$39.95**
Fine mesh chain and nameplate in 18ct gold plate, never showy but there to remind people you're making it.



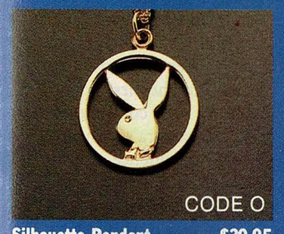
Florentine Pendant **$39.95**
An 18ct gold plate chain with Bunny pendant for the man who appreciates masculine jewellery.

Tie Pin **$29.95**
The glint of gold against a silk tie to invite closer inspection from the right woman.



Cuff Links **$39.95**
18ct gold plate — stylish masculine accessories sure to attract all discerning females.

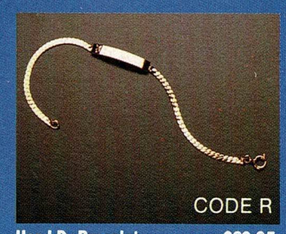
Rabbit Head Keychain **$29.95**
For him or her. The original sturdy 18ct gold-plated chain to accommodate keys galore.



Silhouette Pendant **$39.95**
For the perfect Playmate, the unmistakable Bunny with delicate chain in 18ct gold plate.

Heart Pendant **$39.95**
Especially for lovers, the Bunny inside a heart motif with fine double chain in 18ct gold plate.

Black Enamel Pendant **$29.95**
This perfect combination of black and gold looks terrific and will guarantee you success.



Her I.D. Bracelet **$39.95**
Just make sure you're the one who gives it to her in 18ct gold plate.

Mail Coupon Today!

Available to you only through Australian PLAYBOY, these items are your signature of success. Select the products of your choice, complete and mail the coupon today.

If coupon removed, write to Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

Post coupon to: Australian PLAYBOY PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

YES! Please send me the items listed below; enclosed is my cheque/money order for the total amount of $_____ OR charge my credit card as follows:

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
_____ P/code _____
Signature _____

Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ (Please tick appropriate box)

EXPIRY DATE: _____

Qty.	Code	Description	Price	Value (Qty. x Price)
	A	Ladies Pen	$29.95	
	B	Stick Lighter	$39.95	
	C	Cigarette Case	$29.95	
	D	Tee and Green Set	$29.95	
	E	Executive Card Case	$29.95	
	F	Golf Balls	$45.95	
	G	Executive Note Pad	$29.95	
	H	Money Clip	$29.95	
	I	Split Ace Key Chain	$29.95	

Qty.	Code	Description	Price	Value (Qty. x Price)
	J	His I.D. Bracelet	$39.95	
	K	Florentine Pendant	$39.95	
	L	Tie Pin	$29.95	
	M	Cuff Links	$39.95	
	N	Bunny Keychain	$29.95	
	O	Silhouette Pendant	$39.95	
	P	Heart Pendant	$39.95	
	Q	Black Enamel Pendant	$29.95	
	R	Her I.D. Bracelet	$39.95	
			SUB TOTAL	$
			ADD POSTAGE & PACKING	$ 2.50
			TOTAL	$

ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

GUARANTEE — Australian PLAYBOY guarantees the quality and workmanship of each item and offers a full 14-day money back refund if dissatisfied.

CAMERAS

THE NEW GENERATION

The latest in high-tech cameras means anybody can be an expert.

Advice by
SETH GREGORY

EVERYONE WANTS to take better photographs, but only professionals and a few exceptionally motivated amateurs have taken the time to master the intricate mysteries of single-lens reflex cameras. To the rest of us, the tourist carrying a bag full of gadgets and two cameras around his neck — the guy who keeps everyone waiting while he adjusts dials and fiddles with lenses just to get one more shot — is an object of ridicule rather than envy.

Who wants to work so hard? Who wants to look so dumb? Well, thanks to modern technology, this embarrassing performance is no longer necessary. If you want to take professional-looking photographs but can't be bothered learning about shutter speeds and F-stops, it's time for a visit to your nearest camera shop. There you will find compact, automatic-everything, idiot-proof models called point-and-shoot cameras.

As everyone who owns a cartridge, disc, or instant camera already knows, the idea of point-and-shoot cameras is hardly original: they have been around for years. Although popular, the older models sacrifice quality for convenience.

They are easy to use but their picture quality is poor. Instant cameras (the ones that produce prints while you wait) have the additional drawback of imposing a delay between shots. It takes more patience than you may imagine to sit around while the camera produces a picture while at the same time slowly killing spontaneity. The new models have overcome practically all the problems associated with the old.

Modern point-and-shoot cameras use 35 millimetre film which produces negatives 11 times bigger than disc film and four times larger than 110 film cartridges. Bigger negatives not only mean clearer enlargements, but 35 millimetre film can also be used to make slides.

A second important difference between the new cameras and earlier models is the lens. Previous models had fixed-focus lenses that eliminated the job of focusing by setting the lens at a single point, usually about three metres. If the subject was any closer or further away, sharpness suffered. The new models, on the other hand, have several focus settings permitting sharp pictures of objects as close as one metre away. And even more amazing, the cameras figure out for themselves how far away the subject is and adjust their lenses to suit.

But these aren't all the tricks the new cameras perform. They also measure available light and set shutter speed (how long the shutter stays open) and lens aperture (the size of the opening to the lens) to ensure the film is properly exposed. What's more, the cameras let you know when a flash is required.

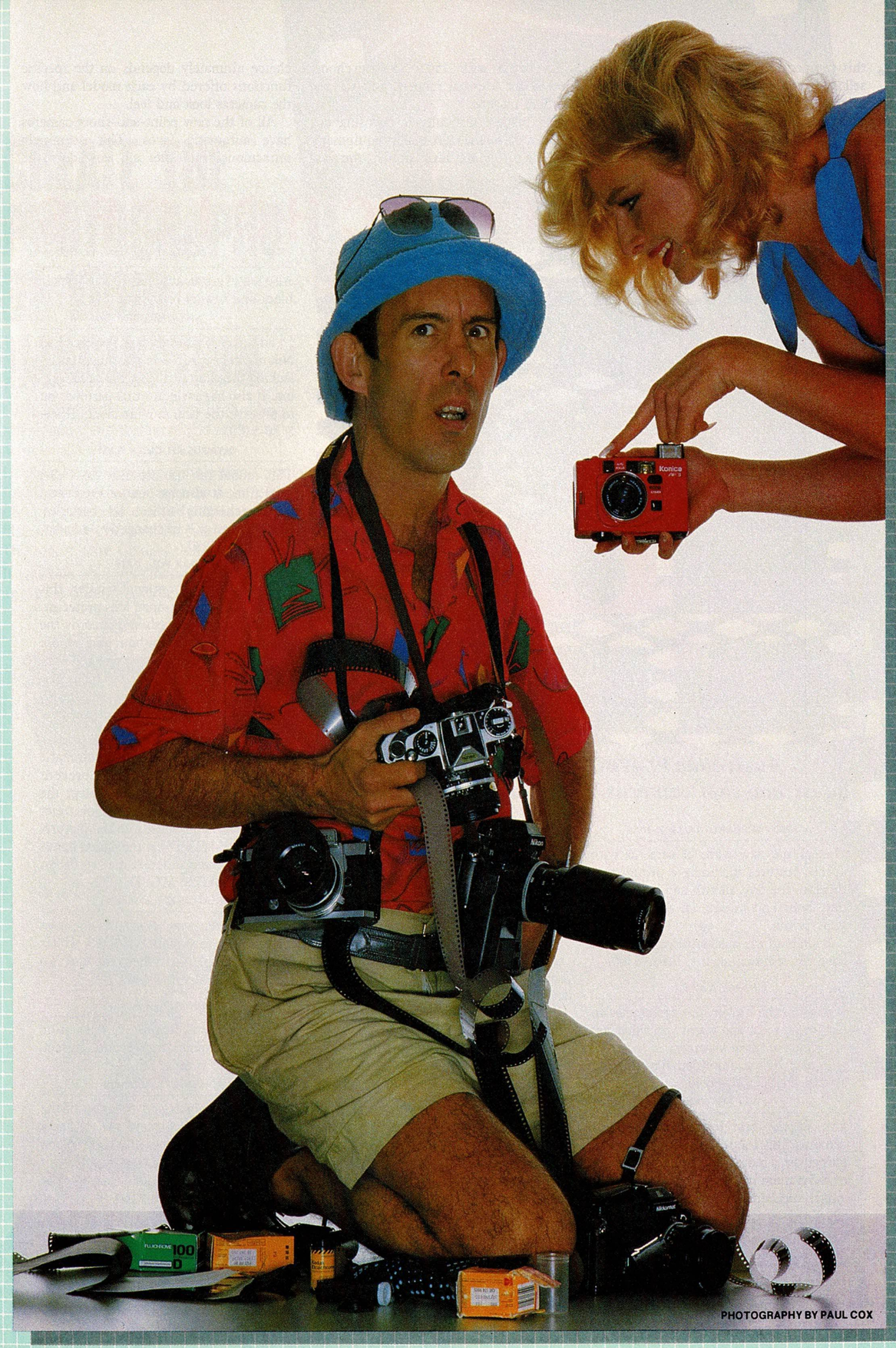
Expensive 35 millimetre cameras require film to be threaded on to a take-up spool in the back of the camera but, to appeal to amateur photographers who hate even such minor chores, several of the new cameras have mechanised this process. To load these cameras, you merely open them up and slip in the film. The camera does the rest. Naturally, anyone who can't be troubled threading film on to spools cannot be expected to advance the film between exposures either. So, manual film-winding has also been eliminated.

Once the film has been loaded it is automatically advanced to the first frame and after each exposure will continue to move along under the camera's control. This feature permits fast sequence photography. Since the film moves at one frame per second, a horse race or swimming event can be captured in ways not possible with older cameras. After the camera lets you know that the film is completely exposed, the motor can be reversed to rewind the film. However, some models don't even require this minimal human intervention; when the last picture is shot, they rewind the film spontaneously.

In keeping with their modern image, the new cameras come with enough bells and whistles to please the most fanatical high-tech buff. They beep, they chime, they blink; one even talks. Indoors, flashguns rise from within the camera body without any assistance from the photographer. Just about the only chore left to the human hand is setting the camera to the speed of the film and composing the picture. In one model even the film-setting step is taken care of.

The automatic camera first made its appearance in the mid-1970s when Canon marketed a relatively expensive model aimed at the affluent, gadget-conscious American market. The camera sold well, inspiring the company to come up with a lower priced version aimed at the market segment dominated by Kodak and Polaroid. The result was the Canon Snappy 50, the first self-focusing, low-priced point-and-shoot using 35 millimetre film. Sales were (and still are) buoyant enough to encourage other Japanese manufacturers to compete.

In the past 12 months so many new models have been introduced that consumers have been overwhelmed. The result of



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL COX

this competition is that many models now sell at lower prices than their manufacturers originally intended. It's truly a buyer's market. Even professionals are purchasing them; their light weight and small size make them excellent second cameras. Anyone willing to part with $150 to $300 can choose from about a dozen models, and all take excellent pictures.

The biggest difficulty is choosing one from among all the high-quality equipment. As their prices are fairly similar, the final choice ultimately depends on the specific functions offered by each model and how the cameras look and feel.

All of the new point-and-shoot cameras have automatic focus. This seemingly miraculous feat (after all, how does the

AUTOMATIC CHOICES

Australian PLAYBOY's guide to the very latest hot-shot cameras. From top row, left to right:

CANON SURE SHOT QUARTZ DATE

One of the new wave of cameras with special features including a printer that displays the day, month and year or the day, hour and minute on the corner of your prints.

Switch off the mechanism and you will have conventional prints. Price: $300.

MINOLTA AF-SV

Known as the Talker, this camera has an electronic voice that warns you when you are about to make an error.

It also has a simplified film loading system. Price: $260-$290.

VIVITAR TEC35

One of the best looking of the new cameras, this model has a sliding metal lens cover, a motorised flash that rises out of the camera body and retracts when no longer needed, and a digital display indicating film speed and picture count. Price $150-$160

COSINA CX70 QUARTZ D

Standard features include the timing and dating of photographs, automatic focus and automatic exposure. Price: $199.

MINOLTA AFC

Small, light, very easy to use and cleverly designed. Price: $170-$185.

RICOH FF-3AF

A handsome camera that produces a mild beep when the film is completely exposed. It can focus on a subject in less than one-tenth second. Price: $170-$190.

FUJICA DL100

The special feature of this model is its ability to automatically sense and set film speed. This only works if you use Fuji film. Price: $175-$190.

KONICA AF3

Also featuring an automatic focus-lock in black and snazzy red. Price: $185.

NIKON L135AF

In addition to the standard features, the Nikon keeps you from wasting film by locking the shutter during flash recharging. It also has a window that permits you to observe the film moving along. Price: $150-$180.

OLYMPUS AFL QUICK FLASH

This model can use the ultra-fast ASA 1000 film. It also has one of the fastest flash recharging times. Its batteries, however, can only be changed by a dealer. Price: $210-$230.

PENTAX PC35 DATE

Available with an optional winder, this camera has a spring-open lens protector, a built-in pop-up flash and records the year, month and day or hour and minute on each photo. A yellow winking light indicates the flash is needed if the light is too weak. Price: $199 or around $220 with optional automatic winder attachment.

KONICA MG

Features include built-in flash, automatic rewind, a slide cover to prevent accidental exposure and to protect the lens, "focus lock" and an electronic timer which allows you to get into the picture. The Konica MG/D has the added bonus of an automatic date/time recorder. Prices: MG $205; MG/D $230.

NIKON L35AD (not shown)

Another of the new breed, this one is an update on the Nikon L135 AF. Dates and times on photographs at the flick of a switch. Price: Around $300.

CANON MC (not shown)

Automatic focus, exposure, flash, film load, film advance, and rewind. In fact, automatic everything for $325.

CANON SNAPPY (not shown)

One of the simplest and cheapest of the new point-and-shoot cameras. It has a sporty image and comes in several colors. Although popular and serviceable, this camera is less sophisticated than some of the others. Price: $140-$160.

Olympus Quick Flash courtesy of Elmay Marketing, 204 Clarence Street, Sydney 2000, (02) 267 6886; 12 Palmer Court, Mount Waverly 3149, (03) 543 2033; 194 Grey Street, South Brisbane 4101, (07) 44 3529; 5 Chesser Street, Adelaide 5000, (08) 223 5753; 60 Stirling Street, Perth 6000, (09) 328 4229. Vivitar TEC 35, Minolta AF-Sv, Nikon L135 AF, Canon Snappy 50, Minolta AFC, Canon Sure Shot Quartz Date, Ricoh FF-3 AF and Cosina CX70 Quartz D, all courtesy of API-Fletchers Fotographics, 317 Pitt Street, Sydney 2000, (02) 267 6146. Pentax PC35 Date courtesy of C.R. Kennedy, 29 Mountain Street, Ultimo 2007, (02) 212 3177. Fujica DL100 courtesy of Hanimex, 108 Old Pittwater Road, Brookvale 2100, (02) 938 0250. Konica MG and Konica AF3 courtesy of R. Gunz Pty Ltd, 63 Ann Street, Surry Hills 2010, (02) 211 3155.

CREATE THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR IMAGINATION

Creative photography needs both a free imagination and the technical ability to achieve the idea.

Leading French photographer, Jean Coquin found his imagination was exceeding his equipment, so he devised a full set of creative filters, that let his camera catch up to his ideas. The result – the Cokin Creative Filter System.

It will give your imagination a good shake up and your photography a whole new look.

To: R. GUNZ (Photographic) Pty. Ltd.
P.O. Box 690, Darlinghurst, 2010.
Please send me the Cokin Filter Book.

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

GUNZ cokin® CREATIVE FILTER SYSTEM

camera know what it's looking at?) is usually accomplished by bouncing a beam of infra-red light off the subject. The light beam is emitted when the shutter release button (the button you press to take a picture) is depressed.

The entire process requires around a tenth of a second, which is faster than anyone could hope to focus manually. Although the system is clever, there is one circumstance where it can go wrong. You see, the camera assumes that whatever is in the centre of the viewing screen is the subject of the picture, so if you pose someone off to the side the camera will focus on the background and the subject will wind up blurred. To get around this problem, the new cameras allow you to place the subject in the centre of the viewing screen and lock in the reading. Then, wherever you point the camera, the focus remains unchanged. Various models differ in how easy it is to "lock in" a focus, with some cameras merely requiring slight pressure on the shutter button while others involve a bit more fiddling.

Most of the new point-and-shoot models incorporate flashguns of one sort or another (or they can be added on). The cameras also have some way of indicating when the flash is necessary, usually a light or beep to warn you of low light. Several models, the Nikon L135AF and the Vivitar TEC35, for instance, decide for themselves when the flash is required: the Nikon's flash pops up when light is low; the Vivitar's rises out of its body like a periscope.

When you are using flash, you can no longer take pictures quickly because it takes five to 10 seconds for the unit to recharge. Some cameras have faster recharging times, so it pays to enquire. Also, some models incorporate safeguards to keep you from shooting the next picture before the flash is recharged: a useful feature which can prevent your firing too soon and wasting film.

The new cameras include plenty of other safeguards. One of the most common and frustrating mess-ups is failing to load film, but the new point-and-shoot models prevent this happening. Some just won't work unless loaded with film, others have windows in the back through which the film can be viewed and still others use light and sound signals to let you know the film is advancing properly after each shot.

The Minolta AF-SV has a unique method all its own. It talks. Forget to load the film and a vaguely Oriental-sounding female voice emanates from within the camera saying "load film". This is not all this camera has to say. The same voice also reminds you to activate the flash when the light is too low and to "check distance" when you are taking low-light pictures of objects beyond the flashgun's range. If you tire of the constant reminders, the voice may be switched off; silent warnings are available in this camera as in the other models.

As you can imagine, with so many automatic features these cameras are hell on batteries. Manufacturers claim two AA batteries will run their cameras for 50 to 70 rolls of 36-exposure film, but this estimate applies only if the flash is not used. If the flash is used continuously, batteries will have to be replaced after about seven rolls of film. Some models use special lithium batteries with a longer life, but the trade-off is that these batteries are dearer and can only be replaced by camera dealers.

Thirty-five millimetre film comes in different speeds. The faster the speed, the less light required for clear photographs. Most of the point-and-shoot models can be set for common film speeds, but only a few (the Minolta talker for example) also accept the new Kodak 1000ASA film which is ideal for dim-light photography or catching fast action.

When it comes down to buying, the differences between the various models may seem quite minor. One recycles the flash a little faster, another loads film automatically, still another accepts 1000ASA film.

Most buyers will probably make their choice on the basis of comfort and convenience. The average weight of the new point-and-shoot models is about 500 grams, but some weigh only 250. This can make a big difference if you are going to carry the camera around all day. Size is also a consideration. Cameras that can fit easily into your shirt pocket are more convenient to take along than bulkier models.

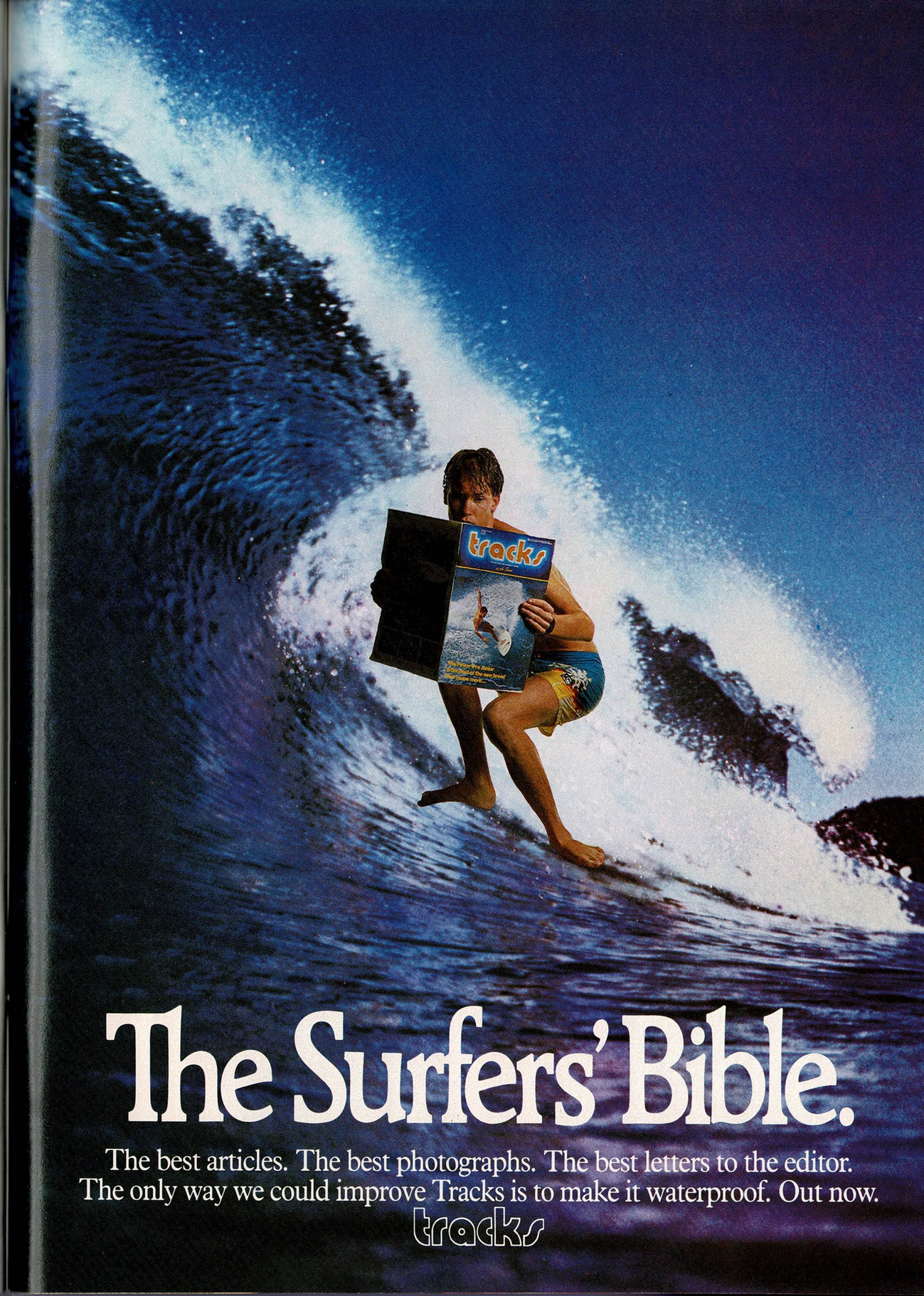
Finally, of course, you can't neglect the matter of price. The most popular models sell for between $150 and $200, but with additional gimmicks (the Minolta talker for instance) can go as high as $250 to $300. Discounts are common, so it pays to shop around, and if you're planning an overseas trip you can pick up a camera duty free and save around 20 percent.

Whichever model you choose, picture quality will be noticeably better than those produced by the older point-and-shoot models. At half the price of the single-lens reflex cameras, you can take similar quality pictures and you need never learn the difference between an F-stop and shutter speed.

Drum Papers.
Another great idea that's
destined to go up in smoke.

A special tobacco deserves a special paper: New Drum Papers. Available where you buy your tobacco.

JWT 010.P.033


tracks
The Surfers' Bible.
The best articles. The best photographs. The best letters to the editor.
The only way we could improve Tracks is to make it waterproof. Out now.
tracks

What's missing in your life?

The world's best fiction . . . the world's most spirited interviews with the world's most intriguing political, sporting, entertainment and business figureheads . . . the world's best guidelines on fashion, food and drink . . . the world's most sophisticated humor . . . and the incredible splendor of Australian PLAYBOY's beautiful women . . . that's what!
There's no need for you to leave it to chance. For $42 (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) you can subscribe to Australian PLAYBOY and get it delivered to your doorstep each month.
What better insurance policy is there for the best in men's entertainment?

YES I want to be entertained for the next 12 months by Australian PLAYBOY.

☐ I have enclosed a cheque/money order for $42 (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) made payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

☐ I would like you to charge my $42 subscription to Australian PLAYBOY (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) to my Bankcard. My account number is:

.....
(signature) (expiry date)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE ..... **POSTCODE** .....

POST COUPON TO: The Subscriptions Department, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

SPEED FREAK

Champion motocross rider Stephen Gall reckons speedway is the most addictive sport on earth.

"DID YOU FEEL the earth move?" she asked.

"I did. Was it good for you, too?"

"You betcha."

She turned away, her attention seized by another kind of menacing animal: Stephen Gall's monstrous sprintcar. Engine wailing, dirt flying, it was headed straight at us, still accelerating violently at more than 160km/h. I stood back. It was impossible the machine could make it through the corner before us. She stood her ground.

Suddenly the monster flicked sideways and halved its speed as huge roostertails of

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

earth spewed from its wheels. The driver battled for control with the engine waawaaing as the huge, rubber doughnuts scrabbled for traction on the slick surface.

The ground below trembled, while the throbbing power sent shockwaves through the toes and up the legs. "I just get off on the energy," she said.

She was young and fresh, small enough to look frail and vulnerable, yet she seemed totally at ease with the hostility and aggression that charged this violent atmosphere. Barely 17 years old, she was already a confirmed speed addict, one of a couple of thousand young girls who love to "do it in the dirt" at Granville Speedway, in Sydney's west, each Friday night.

Like groupies round a rock band, the young stuff pours into this and other speedways around the country to hang out for the wild men and machines of speedway: the sprintcar drivers and their big wailers.

Sprintcars are the Formula One machines of the dirt ovals. They have a lean, hard, finely tuned chassis that's tweaked up to give ultimate handling. They're equipped with monstrous engines that pump out 600 horsepower, yet the car, engine, fuel and driver may weigh only 600kg all up.

There are a variety of race surfaces, but the best is a special grade of clay. When properly prepared for racing, an oval track made of this stuff develops the characteristics of a wet bitumen road with a nice fresh covering of sump oil.

No one is quite sure who got the idea of racing 1400 horsepower open-wheeler Commodores on something like a frozen lake, but it's just possible he's already been committed!

Which brings us to the drivers. Sprintcar drivers can be recognised by the wheelbarrow that they constantly push in front of them: this is the ultimate big-balls sport.

Understanding sprintcar driving techniques explains why. Basically the idea is to get this angry dinosaur going as fast as possible down a short (100 metre long) clay straight, before a hairpin turn. Because of the raw power, as much as 160km/h or more is possible. That's the easy bit. Then comes the corner. Essentially this corner is not really possible at all, but at 160 klicks it's suicidal. During a race, however, this fact doesn't stop 25 or 30 cars from trying to get into that corner as close as possible to 160km/h.

Now you've probably locked the brakes in your street car in the wet, and you already know that, far from stopping, the machine tends to accelerate. Uhuh? Well the same thing happens on clay. Sprintcars don't have much in the way of brakes, and what they do have, sprintcar drivers refuse to use. No, they have another idea: just before the corner, they throw the car completely sideways. Really. That simple. Now if you've ever gone accidentally a bit sideways in the wet around town, you know what it can do to your pulse rate. Try to project that into a slide at three times the city speed limit on a piece of nasty, slippery road shorter than the average cul-de-sac.

And remember: all of this has to be executed in the close company of 20 or 30 other machines on a track about 7.5 metres wide. If the driver gets it absolutely right, he may only get hit three or four times by the other chargers around him. If he does it wrong, there are several unpleasant choices.

The first is to run right off the outside of the track, where ditches lie waiting to get him airborne or upside down, fences stand ready to slam and holes open to fall into.

Choice two is to spin in the middle of the track, giving the hapless victim a few milliseconds to contemplate the sight of the other 20 or 30 brakeless Commodores bearing down on him.

Thirdly, he can spin to the infield, hopefully dodging tyre walls, ditches, protective barriers, tow trucks and other high-impact hardware. Here, with the machine usually immobilised, the driver faces the worst fate of all: the merciless drubbing of the spectator crowd.

The young stuff pours into this and other speedways around the country to hang out for the wild men and machines of speedway.

Some sprintcar drivers swear they would rather take the first two or a really terminal stack than face the crowd's unsalutory music.

If this scenario seems a little exaggerated, cop these little details. At the start of any given season, about one third of the field is made up of rookies (first-timers). In speedway racing, rookies are chucked in at the deep end: no practice, no guidance, no coaching; just racing.

To make it doubly interesting, the organisers start the new boys and the slow cars at the front, and the guns and mad dogs at the back.

They talk about winners and losers at the speedway, but the real winners are the spectators. They get a level of cut-throat, on-the-limit competition that hasn't been quite equalled by any other sport since they stopped feeding Christians to the lions.

It is into this season's arena that a fresh-faced man of 27 named Stephen Gall strode purposefully to do battle with the giants.

You would have to wonder why. He looks squeaky clean, in contrast with the "speedway grub" image. He presents immaculately, speaks well, articulates his viewpoint precisely. No mumbling, slurring, suburban street slang in sight. He has just married his childhood sweetheart. He is on top of a thriving new business enterprise that promises to make him a wealthy man. And he's already peaked in another sport, reaching the lofty goal of multiple Australian Champion of Motocross and achieving world-ranked status in the process.

This last bit is the clue. For Stephen Gall is hooked on speed. "It's the adrenalin rush," he says simply.

It's difficult to pinpoint in words, but you can tell a sprintcar driver from yards away: eyes wide, glued-on grin, and a gait that looks like he's walking on air. And when you approach him, it doesn't all quite come together.

"How was it?"

"Bloodyunbelievab — ohshitImeanitoutthere itsmurderandchristwhatafuckinunbelievadidyaseethatbasta. . ."

Gall might be a bit more lucid, but is no less affected after an event.

Gall proved he was good in speedway long before he threw his well-developed frame into the sprintcar mega-racers. In his first season he drove midgets, the open-wheeler speedway racers that look like scaled-down sprintcars without big wings. He won eight rounds from 12 starts. He was so good they banned him, blaming him for a highly controversial race crash.

He had done nearly 10 years' hard service in the toughest of two-wheeler sports, motocross, and was never called dirty. No one who knows him would wear it. But he took the suspension manfully.

"I'll be back," was all he said. He is, and now he's packing real heavyweight artillery.

"I'll learn, then attack," he says, "but I can tell you, I aim to win."

The relentless quest for victory costs plenty. A Trostle chassis like Gall's costs 24 grand. The engine another 18. You may need a spare one of these. Then there's wings ($650), wheels and tyres ($8000 a season), miscellaneous bits ($3000) and spares ($3000). And that's before you buy a pit crew, feed them uppers, downers, and booze and get the show on the weekly road (transport, travel, accommodation etc, depending on where and when you compete). An annual budget of around $70,000 is a realistic place for most competitive racers to start.

Unless you're a boy millionaire (there are a couple of these) or you do banks after hours (unknown number of competitors fit this description), you need big-sponsor support. To get it you need to be an ace, talk fast, and deliver the goods. Some sort of combination of these talents has earned Stephen Gall major support from Toshiba Sound Equipment and Carrera Sport Sunglasses. Racing components and products are supplied by firms like Castrol (oils), Unifilter (guess?), Recaro (car seats), RAT racing (racewear), Bell (helmets), and Walker Racing Engines.

Most top competitors go this route. Some hook the big single sponsors (Winfield and JPS are big speedway names). Prize-money can be useful for defraying team expenses if the hotfoot behind the wheel is good enough to pull off regular firsts ($500-$1500, depending on the venue or importance of meet), or the big championship events (Aussie title: $5000; international glamor challenges: $10,000). But most of that will get sunk back into development and extortionate running costs.

It's difficult to figure the risks from the outside, so Stephen insisted we climb aboard to find out.

Just getting aboard requires something between an amputation and a calisthenics course. The arms, legs and torso have to be threaded through the spidery rollcage and

THE RACING GALL

IT IS BARELY 6am when the sun lifts over the rim of the hill and sends stabbing shafts of yellow light into the dew-drenched valley. Stephen Alexander Gall sits up, peels his sleeping blanket off like a familiar sock, and fairly bounds to his feet.

The scene is Hungry Creek, a title that sits well with the earnest band of thrillseekers that trek to this forbidden place. "The Man" is into day five of "The Stephen Gall Motocross Racing Camp" and, despite 10-hour training sessions in a 40 degree dustbowl, he is as vital and energy-charged as the first day.

Watching him gabble enthusiastically over his natural-food-only breakfast makes you wonder just how many full-blooded Australian national sporting heroes would give up their annual Christmas holidays to live in a sleeping bag in a rough bushhouse for two weeks at a time, just so that they could train up to 200 enthusiastic youngsters in the not-so-gentle art of motocross.

"The sport has been good to me," says Stephen Gall. "That's why I try to put something back into it."

Perhaps he's overdone it. Virtually every rider who has beaten him on motocross racing tracks was personally trained by Gall in one of his own racing clinics.

"If I've taught a kid at a motocross school and he comes up and beats me, then I think that's a good thing," says Gall. "For a start, it has proved that the schools work."

The schools do work. They worked for this year's Australian junior A-grade champion, Craig Smith, who was just another rider until he did a Gall camp.

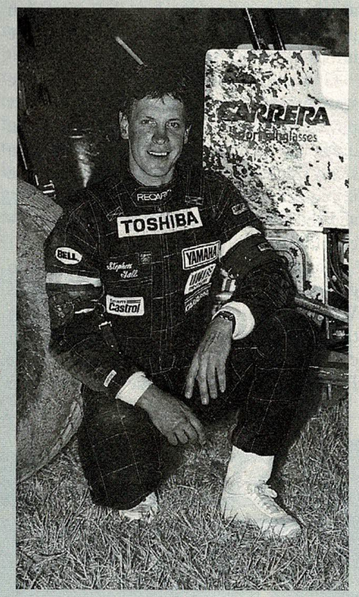
So, with the motocross racing tracks jam-packed with flying Stephen Gall clones, all hungry for their mentor's blood, where does that leave Stephen Gall?

"I'll just have to find that little extra edge, won't I?"

This past season he found it, in a big way. At the World Masters Supercross in Chelsea, England, he downed a talent-packed international field of supercrossers to score the first-ever world title for an Australian. The day after, the British press fairly screamed their shocked reaction with headlines that read: The Gall Of The Man.

Winning is nothing new to Stephen Gall, who has been a four-time Australian Mr Motocross champion, and Australian national champion year after year on every size machine raced. But winning a major global title was a special bonus for this quiet achiever, because he had wanted to prove for years that Australia could produce a world class racer.

You couldn't pick a better man for the job. Disarmingly modest, Gall is an engaging and lucid ambassador for his sport. Before he'd turned 20 he had realised the importance of developing qualities such as presentation, professionalism and positive attitude.



Gall: heading for four-wheel domination.

And it works, for in the mudslinging world of motocross, you don't expect to find a nice guy at the top. Gall is so good at it that he was once described as the sort of young man every mother would want as a son.

"I don't shout my mouth off," says Gall, who rarely more than whispers his mouth off. "Bragging sets other competitors against you. Be mild and friendly off the track and you'll more likely catch them off guard."

On the track, he's as tough a competitor as you could hope *not* to meet. And it's because he lives and breathes competition, 24 hours a day, and has a novel approach to preparation and training.

"I enjoy being fit, and working at it. And I enjoy fine-tuning my body."

With Gall, it's a full-time affair. He only fuels the machine with high-octane ingredients, shunning alcohol, sweets, soft drinks, processed food, and red meats. He maintains it carefully, doing aerobics three days a week, working with weights regularly, pushing his cycle 60 kilometres a week, running 30 more, looking for any excuse to exercise. He's almost obsessed by fitness, and is likely to turn up on his bicycle 20 kilometres from home to attend a meeting or pick up parts for his racing bikes.

Stephen started racing at age 15, after a farm upbringing that saw him competent in various two and four-wheeler machinery from the age of eight. A Yamaha 50cc motorcycle at age 11 started him on a permanent relationship with the Japanese marque which he wins on even today. This is part of the strong loyalty factor that permeates his well-rounded character.

He admits the real influences in his life came from his parents and salutes his mother's patient coaching of his personal presentation. His brother Dean has been the major force behind his move to car racing. Vince Tesoriero, who runs Mr Motocross, has been a long-time confidant, mentor and virtual business manager, scoring vital sponsorship for Stephen, and helping him to achieve other vital life goals including the establishment of their own motorcycle shop at Hornsby, Sydney.

Stephen Gall has made the most of a modest-earnings sport, living on a personal income of around $20,000 a year, backed by an annual race budget of about $40,000 ($70,000 including bikes and equipment) which he has converted into a string of Australian championships, Mr Motocross titles, short circuit championships, and special event victories.

With a mega-successful first season in midget speedway cars already chalked down to experience, he is tackling sprintcars as a full-on commitment on the way to serious four-wheeler road racing, which is his major competition goal.

stuffed down into the upright seating position. There is so little leg-space that the accelerator has a cuphook at the end and you fit your right, racing foot into it. The knees are kept from crashing the dash and sides by huge, hard, rubber-foam blocks. And the seat, which grabs you like a gorilla, has a big wrap-around panel that encloses your chest like a strait-jacket so that you don't get pitched out of the cockpit on those right-hand power slides.

A six-point seatbelt with giant protective pads is bolted over the shoulders, across the stomach and over the ballcage, then yanked down so tight you develop the stance of a hunchback. The steering wheel sits in your lap like a council bus.

There are no gears, just a big lever that has to be pushed through a sideways U-shape to get in and out of "drive". The brakes, if you pump them a half-dozen times, might just stop you from 100km/h if you had a football oval's space. You don't.

There's some pretty intimidating hardware for getting the engine and fuel shut on and off in case of turning upside down, and there's a big aluminium roof over your head called an aerofoil wing. Out front is nothing but bonnet, and some skinny little tyres that make this thing look a bit like a tractor.

All this is built to a formula, but there's no formula in the world that prepares you for the shock of the power when the push-car gets enough speed under your wheels to fire the dashboard switches and launch this rocketship.

A split second on the throttle and the short straight is over. Then there's this horrific corner. The car slides, slides more, turns in, makes it round.

It takes several laps to find where to steer it and how. It is nervous, ducking and weaving at the slightest throttle or tiller movement. It wants to climb the earth banks, ram the fences and charge the infield. It wants to terrify the occupant and it does a fair job.

After a few laps and some remembered rally experience, the monster can eventually be launched at the straights, and skidded at the corners. The penalty for too much of anything is a gut-ripping slide that can produce lots of adrenalin rush, or some informal half-spins to the near-infield.

Gradually a pattern starts to emerge: the straights need a lot of hard, sharp, fast power; and at the end the car needs one quick hiccup on the throttle to get the car to stand sideways. A new blast on the throttle is required immediately to avoid disaster, and the corner has to be managed completely sideways.

You can't just work up to it — you have to go for it. The car just doesn't work slowly. When you hit the power curve, the whole thing just smoothes out, and the adrenalin curve goes off the top of the chart. Everything seems to come together, the driving position works, and you sit there in the cockpit, sawing at the wheel, trying hard not to yahoo into your facemask as the car slides suicidally fast at slippery-banked clay turns.

Nothing can quite prepare you for an "outside lose" either, except perhaps being chucked out of a plane without a parachute. Instead of tucking in for the turn, the car suddenly goes all quiet and heads for the rails. It's like staring straight down into that big black hole they talk about, and it feels like "the end".

But you catch it, the slide stops on the outside rough where the clay chips have built up, and a fresh blast of power grunts the engine back to life and squirts you hard at the next turn.

That one fearful near-crash-and-save launches a thousand megaton adrenalin bomb into your bloodstream and you attack the track with a new vengeance, ripping the straights, scouring out the fast lines on the corners, blasting the thing sideways at every opportunity . . . until the flag comes down.

Gall waits patiently in the pits expecting the inevitable barrage of gibberish.

"Jeeesusbloodychrthisfrigginanimal Itell youfercrissa. . ." I stop myself. "I want one."

"I know," says Gally. "I know. Why do you think I'm here."

GIVE YOUR SPIRITS A LIFT!
In the land where bourbon was born, Old Grand-Dad is known as the spirit of America. A premium bourbon – smooth, mellow, rich on the palate.
If bourbon is your drink, experience the best. Come on up to the Spirit of America and be pleasantly surprised that the best of bourbons comes at such an affordable price.
Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
The Spirit of America.
The Spirit of America
IMPORTED
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KY. DSP KY-114 U.S.A.
PRODUCE OF U.S.A.
40.0% ALC./VOL.
750 ml
COME ON UP TO THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

At 20 years of age I have to cope with a very difficult problem. It seems that I am becoming homosexual. The problem is I don't want to be homosexual. Since the age of about 16 I have led a very happy sex life and I have had many girlfriends. I don't seem to be openly attracted to men, but during masturbation I do have fantasies of men and women. Due to these fantasies I go through severe depression which once led to an attempt at suicide. Now I am so paranoid that I don't go out or dare try to make friends. It has become so bad that I have left my job, my friends, my mother and even the state where I have lived for most of my life; all because I am scared people may discover these tendencies. I couldn't dare discuss this with anybody I know. What should I do about this? I would rather die than be homosexual.

— M.W., SA.

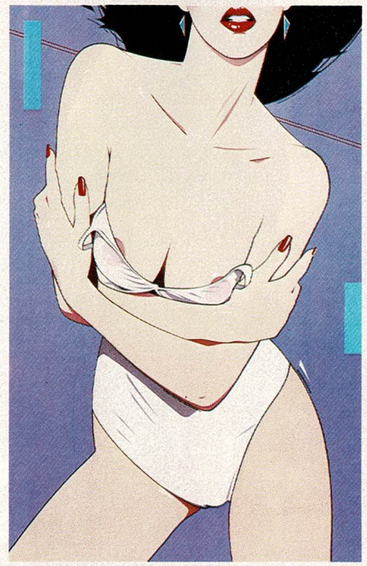
For many males and females, the discovery that they are attracted to their own sex is quite frightening. There are so many myths about homosexuality that make it very difficult for people to accept that this may be their sexual orientation. Homosexuals are often regarded as lonely social outcasts having unsuccessful, miserable lives, discriminated against and compelled toward a series of promiscuous affairs in their desperate attempts to find sexual relief.

In fact, there are plenty of contented, successful homosexual people of both sexes, living in loving relationships, totally indistinguishable from the rest of the community apart from their private sexual relationships. So homosexuality certainly isn't a fate worse than death, despite the initial fear it often creates in the person concerned.

There is one very important point you must understand about homosexuality. It is not compulsive. Whatever your fantasies, no one can ever force you to *become* a homosexual. No one can ever make you have a sexual relationship with another man unless you choose to do so. Many men, in fact most men, have times in their lives when they find themselves attracted to their own sex. Most men experience homosexual fantasies and many in fact do have some homosexual experience. This does not make them homosexuals. Homosexuals are people who choose to have sex and often to live with people of their own sex.

Most experts believe that there are very few people who are entirely homosexual or heterosexual in their orientation. Most heterosexual people have some homosexual attraction and most homosexual people have some sexual interest in the opposite sex. Many people are attracted to both sexes. They are bisexual. It sounds as if you have some homosexual attraction, as well as being attracted to girls and having had successful sexual relationships with girls.

You may find you will always have homosexual fantasies. They may disappear, but you never need to act out these fantasies. They do not mean you are turning into a homosexual. It might help if you were to have a talk to a counsellor who could reassure you about these points. The family planning clinic in your area could refer you to a sex counsellor. In the meantime, please try not to worry so much about these feelings. If you were to find the courage to talk to guys you know, you would find many have similar feelings, and you should not give up relationships with girls. A loving relationship with a girl is probably just what you need to reassure you that your heterosexuality is still alive and kicking — despite the occasional fantasies about your own sex.



I have been married for six years and my husband has been lucky to be blessed with an incredible sex drive. He has told me many times that there is nothing he wouldn't do for me in any sexual act, and he has tried very hard or maybe too hard to turn me on. I enjoy sex once I'm involved, but it takes a while to reach that feeling. When I try to do something to turn him on, I'm very uneasy about myself and my actions, and it's hard to let go completely. I feel as though I'm on show in front of him. To me his eyes always seem to be popping out, instead of trying to make me feel it's quite normal for me to be doing whatever I'm doing. This stops me from trying it too often. Is there something wrong with me or is it quite normal for men to feel this way?

He also likes to talk about the ways in which we make love and what turns him on. He says that if I loved him as much as he loves me, I would want to do all I could to return what he tries to give me. I find it hard to put my love into action and feel relaxed about my intentions. I do love him but he is now doubting this.

We have argued many times over the years about this situation. I wish I was able to get turned on by looking at him as he says he does with me, but it just doesn't happen for me, even with other men. I'm told that most women do get turned on by looking at other men. I find myself saying, "Yes, he is attractive and good looking," but it stops there. Is that normal?

If we have had a great night together, the next day my husband will think of that situation during work and still feels horny when he comes home. I don't seem to. Then he feels I couldn't have got much out of it after all.

He is now 32 and I am 28. I have learned a lot over the years, but obviously not enough to feel good and relaxed about it all. You start to wonder if you don't have enough of those so-called desires and that maybe I'm fooling myself about what I call love for him. The more we talk about what I should be doing to help myself get aroused, the more it seems to make me feel uneasy. I like things done with a little more subtlety and he tries, but at the same time I feel as though I'm being programmed for sex. As well as this there is not very much communication between us, which we have discussed at length. It's very hard to keep conversation going on subjects other then sex, but this would make me feel warmer toward him.

— M.R., NSW.

The saddest part of your letter is the assumption that your problems may mean you don't love him enough. There is a very destructive myth in our society that sex should come naturally if you love each other, that people in love have no difficulty communicating their sexual feelings, that they constantly desire each other and never have any sexual problems. In fact it probably works the other way. The more you love and care for someone, the more you want to show your love by giving them pleasure.

It isn't easy for most of us to communicate our sexual feelings, and the more we care for someone, the easier it is to become anxious when we experience difficulties in letting go and enjoying sex. One of your difficulties is your intense desire to please your husband and show him

Co-star with our latest model.

(an affair with no strings attached)

She's featherweight and fast-loading. Designed for one handed operation. The tape is recorded inside the camera leaving you free to direct your 'epic' for up to 3 hours 40 minutes. That's 3 hours longer than any similar VHS camera.

The 6x power zoom lens with macro focus gives perfectly clear detail, even close up.

Through-the-lens optical view finder lets you see what you're doing as you're doing it. There are no external recorders, cables or straps to get in your way.

She comes dressed in a beautifully designed optional carry case too.

Have an affair with Sanyo Betamovie, it'll be one you'll never forget- but that's life.

SANYO *That's Life!*

how much you care. You enter every love-making session knowing how important it is for him that you are uninhibited, participating in all sorts of unabandoned pleasures, but his desire to please is in fact exerting pressure on you which makes it hard for you to relax and enjoy yourself.

Many women complain to us about their partners acting as spectators to their arousal. They find it hard to relax when they know they have this private cheer squad waiting to applaud every orgasm or watching for signs of how well he is doing as a lover. One of the problems is that so much pressure has been placed on the man to think he has to be the sex expert and that a woman's pleasure is a symbol of his success as a lover. This creates a no-win situation because the male ego then becomes part of the action and the woman feels she has to perform to make *him* feel good about himself.

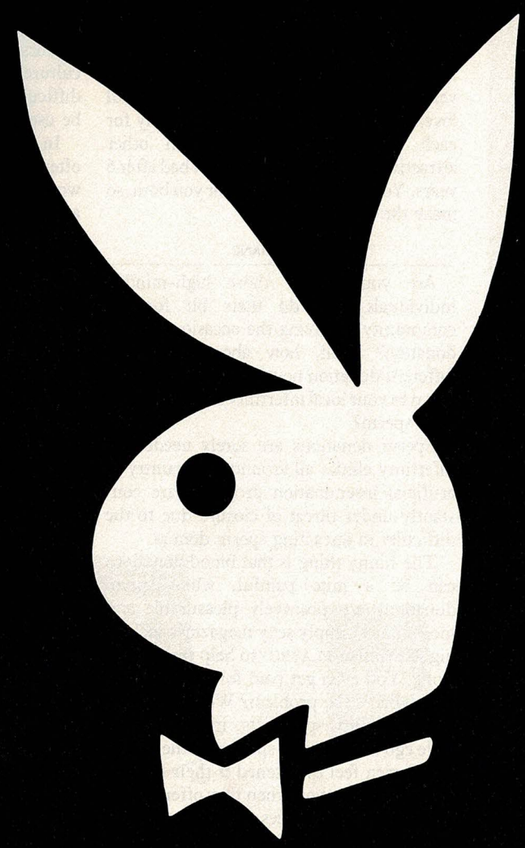
It is often difficult for men to understand that female sexual needs and desires are quite different from the male approach. Most women are like you; they don't become aroused just by looking at a man. Males are much more easily aroused by visual stimulation. Like you, many women find that after a really satisfying lovemaking session they do not feel like repeating the performance straight away. With many males it "primes the pump", while the female may find she feels simply romantic and close to her man. In these circumstances many women are irritated when their partner's increased sexual demand seems to destroy the rosy glow of intimacy they are experiencing in that post-sex period.

You are also not alone in your feeling that you would feel more like sex more often if you could communicate more easily with your husband in other areas and share other experiences which would bring you closer together. It is important for your husband to try to understand that your reactions are very normal, particularly for a woman, and that it really isn't fair for him to expect you to feel just like he does about sex. (Perhaps showing him your letter and the reply might help him realise you are not alone.)

Instead of making you feel inadequate because you are still self-conscious about some things, he should concentrate on making you feel good about the areas in which you have learnt to relax and let go. You need praise and encouragement rather than criticism. It may help to go back to basics and concentrate on just learning to gently touch and massage each other. How about getting him to just lie there, with eyes closed so you don't feel he is watching you and, using massage oil, experiment with different touches and caresses, getting him to tell you what he likes and doesn't like.

Pretend his body is totally unknown territory. You are the explorer and your goal is just to learn all you can about all those hidden places, what they enjoy most, where

The perfect aphrodisiac.



For that birthday, Father's Day or any gift occasion give a year's subscription to Playboy.

Fill in coupon complete with credit card details if applicable. Cheques should be made payble to: Australian PLAYBOY.

Coupon should be posted to **Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.**

Indicate your choice by placing a tick in the appropriate boxes.

☐ Gift Subscription ☐ Cheque enclosed ☐ American Express
☐ Also send me a subscription ☐ Diners Club ☐ Bankcard

Credit Card No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Card Expiry Date _____

Signature of Cardholder _____
(Unsigned orders cannot be accepted)

Send Gift to:
Name:
Address
State Postcode

From:
Name:
Address
State Postcode

1 year's subscription **Australia** $42.00 **Other Countries** $52 (airmail rates on application).

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM KENEALLY, THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AUSSIE AUTHOR OF RECENT TIMES, TALKS ABOUT FAME, MONEY, HOLLYWOOD AND HOW *SCHINDLER'S ARK* NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD.

ADVENTURE TRAVEL: CHEST THUMPING AND ADRENALIN PUMPING HOLIDAYS.

COMPUTER SEX: SOON YOU WILL BE ABLE TO USE YOUR HOME COMPUTER TO FIND SEX PARTNERS.

SUPER SARAH: THE HOTTEST BLONDE YOU'VE EVER SEEN IN A PICTORIAL TO KEEP YOU UP AT NIGHT.

AUSSIE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR: THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF THE PAST DOZEN CENTREFOLDS SHOWS HER WINNING FORM.

THE MIGHTY MALIBU BOARD RIDES AGAIN AND '60s SURF CULTS ARE FLOURISHING THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

he likes being touched and just how he likes it. Then he can do the same to you. This type of gentle exploration can often eliminate some of the performance pressures you are now feeling. The aim is to learn about each other, not to try to turn each other on, or give each other orgasms.

Having said all that, it sounds as if you are both doing pretty well despite the hassles. As you say, you have learnt a lot over the years, you do enjoy some wonderful lovemaking, you obviously care deeply for each other and still find each other attractive lovers. That's not at all bad after 6 years. You've got a lot going for you both, so make the most of it.

LEND A HAND

Are you one of those high-minded individuals who do their bit for the community by giving the occasional blood donation? Well, how about a slightly different donation next time? Why not pop down to your local infertility clinic and offer your sperm?

Sperm donations are sorely needed by infertility clinics all around the country as artificial insemination programs are constantly under threat of closure due to the difficulty in attracting sperm donors.

The funny thing is that blood donations can be a mite painful, while sperm donations are positively pleasurable and most clinics supply sexy magazines including Australian PLAYBOY to help the process along. You even get paid for the privilege.

So what's the problem? Well, according to the fertility specialists, it's the Aussie male ego that throws a spanner in the works. Many men feel threatened if their fertility comes into question when they offer sperm. To increase the chances of fertilisation, the clinics only accept donations with a relatively high sperm count that's higher than necessary for a guy to have a good chance of fathering a child the usual way. They reject the sperm of men who have previously fathered children, but whose sperm count is a little low for the chancy business of artificial insemination. These men usually aren't too shattered to find their sperm doesn't quite make the grade, but a man yet to prove his fertility doesn't always react as well.

Dr Stephen Steigrad of the Royal Women's Hospital in Paddington, NSW, has expressed alarm at how badly some men react when told their sperm count wasn't up to scratch. "They look as if they are about to go home and shoot themselves," he says.

"No matter how carefully you point out their sperm count is perfectly reasonable for normal purposes, they don't seem convinced."

The male ego is so vulnerable that most males prefer not to be put to the test. Men are notoriously difficult to persuade to undergo investigation of their fertility, even when their wives have suffered years of poking and prodding to see if their reproductive system is at fault.

Sometimes there are cultural factors which make it even more difficult for males to be high-minded enough to share their sperm around. The Infertility Clinic at the Royal Women's Hospital has a particular shortage of Chinese donors. From correspondence with clinics in Hong Kong doctors have found that in many Asian cultures strong family ties make it very difficult to persuade men to let their sperm be used for extra fathering.

In the past, publicity for sperm donations often resulted in a flood of new recipients — women seeking artificial insemination — and very few new donors. But perhaps now the Australian male has come of age and will be willing to lend a hand to a very worthy cause. Infertility clinics are attached to major hospitals in most capital cities. The clinics usually seek donations from healthy males between 18 and 40 years. Telephone your local clinic for more information.

ROUTE 66

Ever stopped at a traffic light, noticed a luscious blonde in the car next to you and wished there was some way of getting acquainted? In Australia you may have to resort to a gentle bump to her rear end and hope you make friends over the insurance claims, but with their usual inventiveness, the Californians have come up with a far more direct approach: Auto-Mates. Auto-Mates is a dating club designed to pave the way for "singles everywhere to meet that attractive special person they see driving that nearby car."

For a $35 one-year membership fee, members get a personally numbered bumper sticker with the Auto-Mate address. Potential suitors send a letter and photo (optional, but advisable) to the Auto-Mates post office box. Then Auto-Mates' organiser, Michael James, forwards the envelope to the member and, well, anything can happen.

"We offer what no other dating club offers," says James, who also runs an export-import business. "You can actually see what you're getting. You can tell a lot about a person from the type of car they drive, and how they are dressed.

"What you see on the highway is what you get."

Since Auto-Mates began last year, 200 people have signed up. Men outnumber women two to one. Although interest has been limited to Southern California, James envisages Auto-Mates stickers all over the nation's roads.

"Auto-dating can't miss," he predicts, "there are a lot of drivers out there thinking about sex."

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

Chopard
GENÈVE

LVNA D'ORO

Sydney: Percy Marks, Perri, Denis M. James, Michal. Melbourne: Drummonds, Theodore. Adelaide: Congdons Time Centre. Brisbane: Xennox, McKinneys. Surfers Paradise: Optima. Perth: Rosendorff.

Modèle Depose

K&K

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

WV2-C3
CC494/80

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

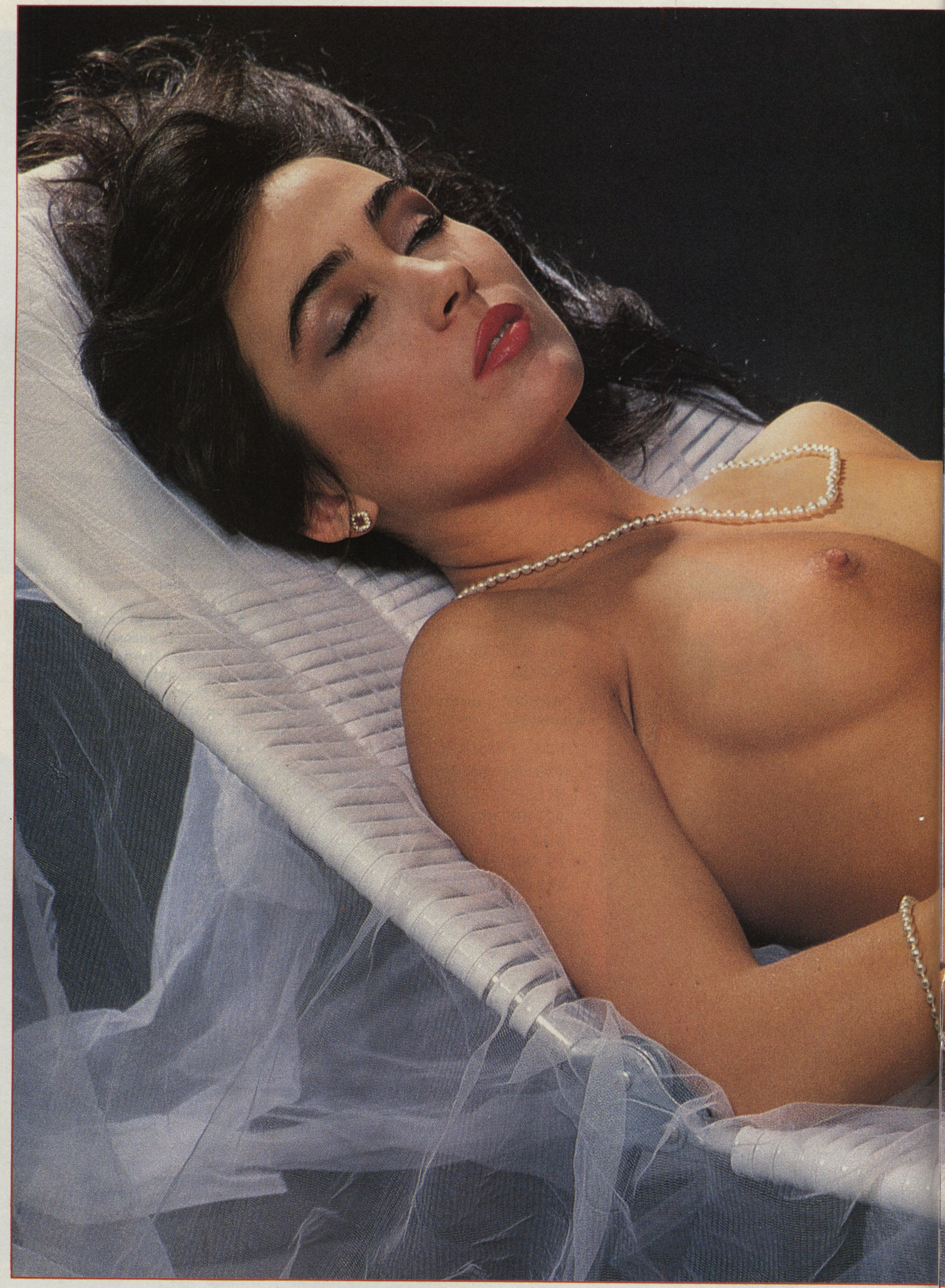
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Our gym mistress will make you sweat.

Charlotte

One of the many benefits of the fitness boom is that girls like Charlotte are getting even more beautiful — and they're going to stay beautiful longer. As our curvy gymnast says: "I was born with a great body, I intend to keep it that way."

I go to the gym every day, if I miss a day I get restless. It's a very sexy place, the gym I go to, I've gone out with a few blokes I've met there. Meeting them there you know they've got great bodies, too, and I really like men who keep themselves in shape.



Sixties Buff

Susie Croucher was 19 and had just moved to Melbourne from the country when she was first asked to pose for Australian PLAYBOY. She knocked the idea back but the thought lingered in

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS/CENTREFOLD BY RICO METTBACH

her mind. Late last year she bumped into Rennie Ellis who was busily photographing our hit pictorial *The Girls Of Melbourne*. Rennie suggested that Susie, now 23, was a natural and this time she agreed.

"I was really quite flattered the first time I was asked to appear in Australian PLAYBOY," Susie recalls, "but it took me by surprise and so my first reaction was to refuse. But I thought about it and nudity really is no big deal anymore, so when I was asked a second time I thought, why not?"

Why not, indeed — especially when you're as lovely as Susie.

Like many a country lass, she moved to the big city for the excitement. Now Susie works in a city jeans store and does fashion modelling part-time. While she has the looks to make it as full-time fashion model she says she is perfectly happy with life as it is and admits to no overwhelming ambition. Susie's favorite recreation is music. "I prefer '60s groups. I really like The Hollies and The Cowsills. I even like Nancy Sinatra... very strange tastes in '60s pop so my friends tell me," she smiles.

"I have a great bunch of friends and we party quite a lot but I'm just as happy having a quiet evening at home. I'm not really into sports unless you count Scrabble and cryptic crosswords. I do swim though and I go to a gym regularly. I call it taking preventive measures."

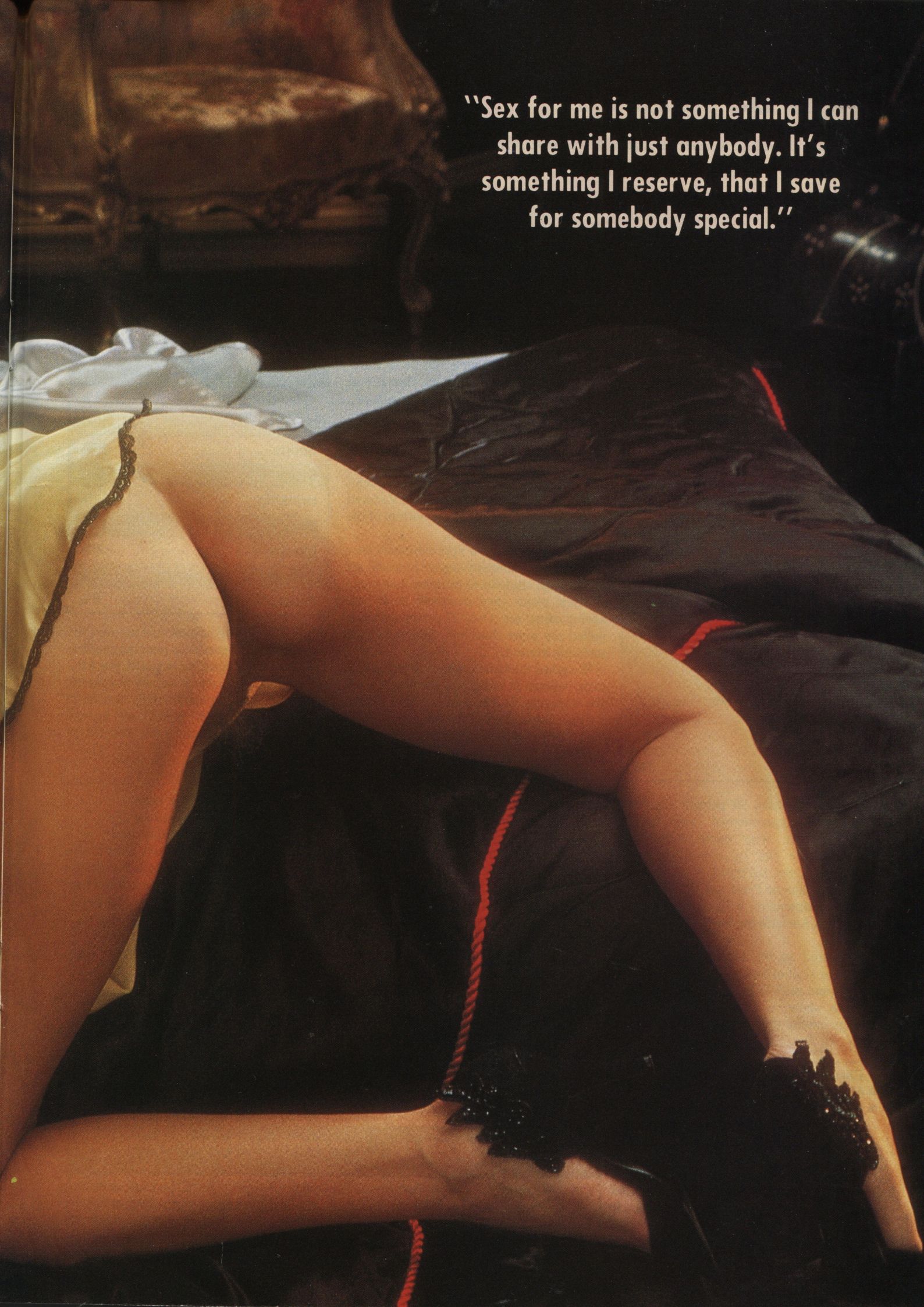
IN A CLASS OF HER OWN

When you look as good as
Cherie Witter you can afford to give other women beauty tips.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

It takes confidence to be a top model. It takes something more to tell other models how to be better at their jobs. Authority, style, a fantastically successful track record. And of course it helps if you're an absolute knockout. Cherie Witter has it all. One of the real stars of the international modelling world, she has become a wealthy lady through modelling. And now she's in a position to pass on her secrets to other aspiring beauties. Cherie lectures whole classes of models and visits modelling schools to give individual counselling. Now our readers too can see exactly what makes a world class model.

"People expect a model to be aloof, but I'm a very caring person. I love people and I'm always trying to help people."


"Sex for me is not something I can share with just anybody. It's something I reserve, that I save for somebody special."

LISA

Our prima ballerina says dancing helps keep a girl on her toes.

Lithe and lovely Lisa Paterson keeps her body beautiful by putting in long hours at the bar. . . the exercise bar, that is. The 24-year-old blonde with the all-over tan tells us she has been doing ballet since she was six years old. "It used to be my favorite form of exercise," she says. "Then I grew into a big girl and it became my second favorite form of exercise."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAG OHRLUND

"I put in a couple of hours every day," she says. "I used to belong to a dance troupe but I couldn't stand the regimentation, it was like being in the army. I love ballet, it's a pleasure for me as well as a way of keeping my body trim, I never want to get tired of it." And is it true what they say about dancers? "Oh yes," says Lisa, "we're very, very supple!"